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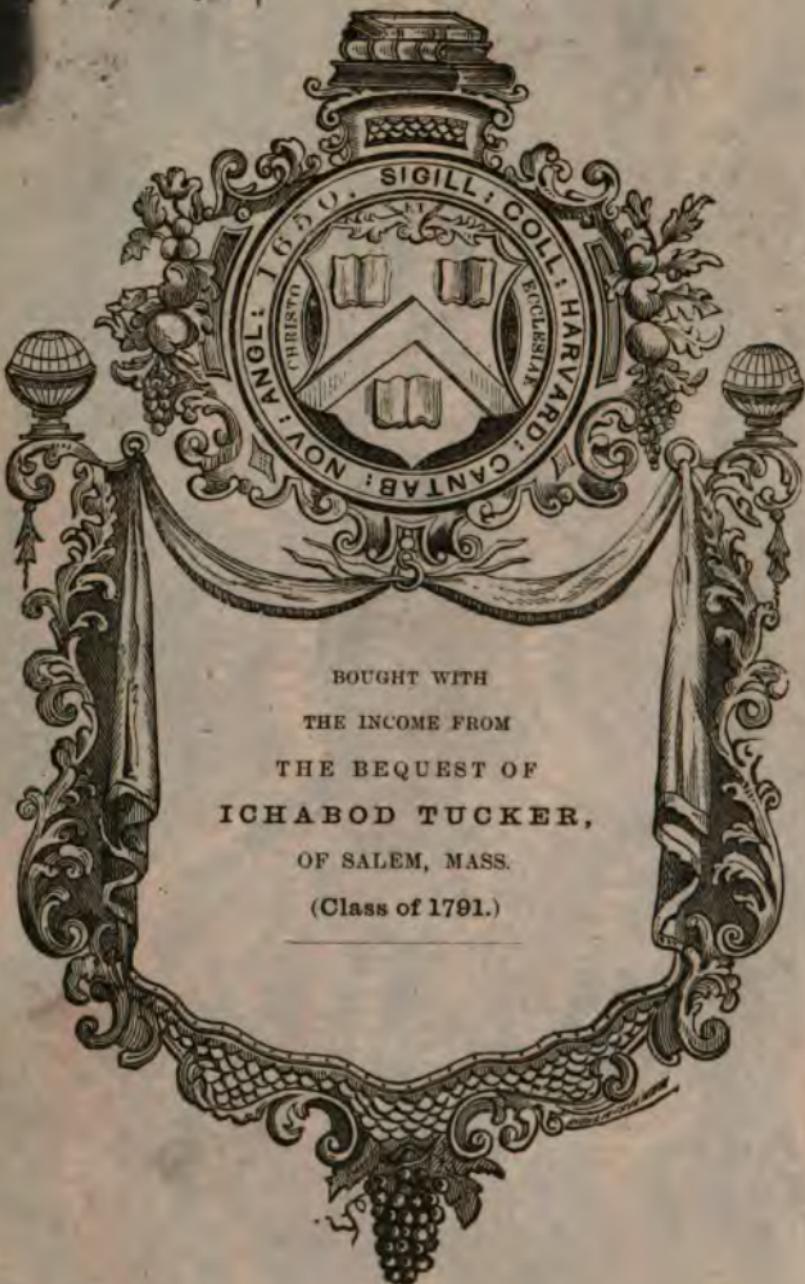
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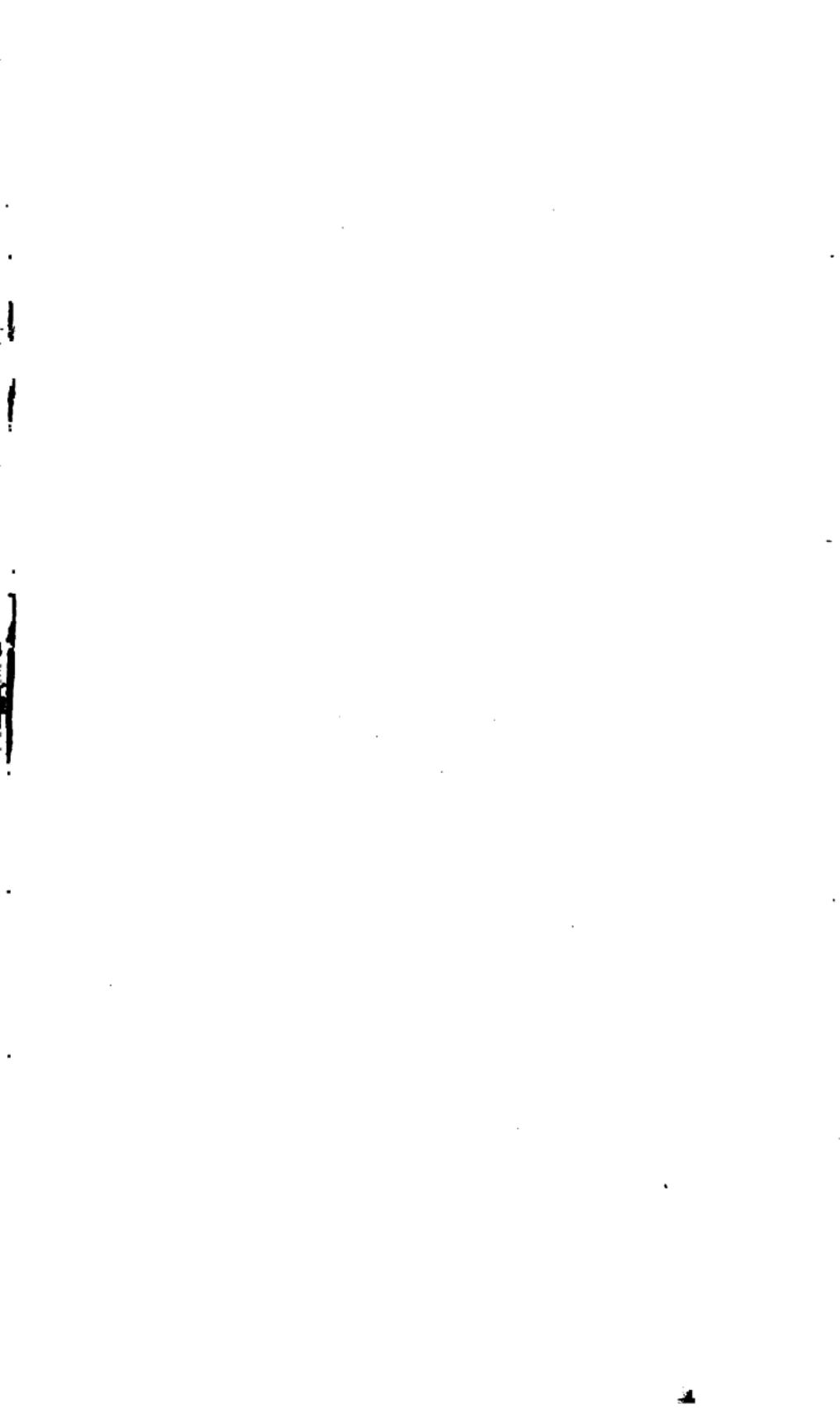
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THE

ATLANTIC CLUB-BOOK:

—

BEING

SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
Nor fade at last.—*Herrick.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

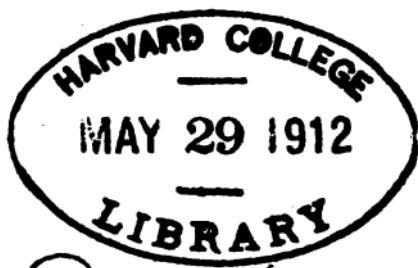
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LINES TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

AIR...."To ladies' eyes a round, boy!"

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE song that o'er me hovered
 In summer's hour, in summer's hour,
To-day with joy has covered
 My winter bower, my winter bower.
Blest be the lips that breathe it,
 As mine have been, as mine have been,
When pressed, in dreams, beneath it,
 To hers unseen, to hers unseen.
And may her heart, wherever
 Its hope may be, its hope may be,
Beat happily, though never
 To beat for me, to beat for me.

Is she a spirit, given
 One hour to earth, one hour to earth,
To bring me dreams from heaven,
 Her place of birth, her place of birth?
Or minstrel maiden, hidden
 Like cloistered nun, like cloistered nun,
A bud, a flower, forbidden
 To air and sun, to air and sun?
For had I power to summon
 With harp divine, with harp divine,
The angel, or the woman,
 The last were mine, the last were mine.

If earth-born beauty's fingers
 Awaked the lay, awaked the lay,
 Where echoed music lingers
 Around my way, around my way ;
 Where smiles the hearth she blesses
 With voice and eye, with voice and eye
 Where binds the night her tresses,
 When sleep is nigh, when sleep is nigh ?
 Is fashion's bleak cold mountain
 Her bosom's throne, her bosom's throne ?
 Or love's green vale and fountain,
 With one alone, with one alone ?

Why ask ? why seek a treasure,
 Like her I sing, like her I sing ?
 Her name nor pain nor pleasure
 To me should bring, to me should bring.
 Love must not grieve or gladden
 My thoughts of snow, my thoughts of snow,
 Nor woman soothe or sadden
 My path below, my path below.
 Before a worldlier altar
 I've knelt too long, I've knelt too long,
 And if my footstamps falter,
 'Tis but in song, 'tis but in song.

Nor would I break the vision
 Young fancies frame, young fancies frame,
 That lights with stars elysian,
 A poet's name, a poet's name ;
 For she, whose gentle spirit
 Such dreams sublime, such dreams sublime,
 Gives hues they do not merit
 To sons of rhyme, to sons of rhyme.
 But place the proudest near her,
 Whate'er his pen, whate'er his pen,
 She'll say, (be mute who hear her,)
 " Mere mortal men, mere mortal men ! "

Yet though unseen, unseeing,
We meet and part, we meet and part,
Be still my worshipped being,
In mind and heart, in mind and heart,
And bid thy song that found me—
My minstrel maid, my minstrel maid !
Be winter's sunbeams round me,
And summer's shade, and summer's shade.
I could not gaze upon thee,
And dare thy spell, and dare thy spell,
And when a happier won thee,
Thus bid farewell, thus bid farewell.

CHARLES MAITLAND, OR THE MESS-CHEST.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THERE are not many names on the list of those who have sacrificed their lives for freedom, which deserve more honorable mention than that of Riego. I was in the Mediterranean at the time of the brave attempt which terminated so fatally for him ; and I well remember how eagerly we sought every disjointed scrap of intelligence which could be gathered concerning the romantic adventures of Mina with his little army in Catalonia, and the firm and prudent efforts of his noble compatriot Riego. Old Port Mahon, according to custom, had been chosen for the winter-quarters of our squadron ; and though the Malonese were by no means well affected to the cause of Ferdinand, yet the habitual caution and reserve of those islanders prevented their disclosing a very full account of what little they knew concerning the progress of events on the continent. Such drops of news as dribbled from them, therefore, rather increased than quenched the flame of curiosity. This had arisen to a great height, when

it was at last suddenly and sadly extinguished by the arrival of a little polacca vessel from Barcelona, which brought the melancholy tidings of the defeat and flight of Mina, and of the capture and execution of his brother in arms. This vessel had been despatched to Mahon with an official account of the triumphal entry of Ferdinand into Madrid, just six days after the inhabitants of that city had witnessed the public termination of Riego's eventful career.

There were bonfires and illuminations in Mahon on the receipt of this intelligence ; but the outward demonstrations of rejoicing were rendered by fear not gladness ; and were as false as the hollow-hearted monarch whose success they were kindled to celebrate. Had the despatches communicated news of his death, and of the triumph of the constitution, the revelry would have been another sort of affair ; the faces of the people, as well as their casements, would have been lighted up for joy ; and hearts, as well as feet, would have joined in the bolero and fandango, and bounded to the music of the merry castinets.

One evening, during these mock rejoicings, I went on shore with Charles Maitland, one of our lieutenants, and as fine a fellow as ever trod a frigate's quarter-deck. He was young in commission, having been but recently promoted, after a tedious service of two whole lustres in the subordinate capacity of midshipman, during which period he had been the object of a full share of the "fantastic tricks," which naval commanders sometimes choose

to play off upon those beneath them. When I say beneath them, I mean the phrase, so far as Charles Maitland is concerned, to apply to the scale of military gradation ; for in any other respect he was beneath no man in the service. It had been his lot, as well as mine, to sail with a commander who allowed no opportunity to pass of proving his title to the nautical distinction he enjoyed, of being “the hardest horse in the navy.” But those days were over now ; and the more elevated rank, and more definite and important duties of a lieutenant, secured him, in a good measure, from a renewal of the annoyances he had so long endured.

Almost immediately on reaching the dignity of an epaulette, Charles had married a sweet girl, to whom he had been long attached, and whom his narrow and uncertain resources had alone prevented from espousing before. I stood groomsman on the occasion ; and I remember well how handsome the fellow looked, as he led his blushing bride to the altar. A forty-four, convoying a trig, snug, clean-rigged little Baltimore clipper, could not appear more stately than he alongside that modest and well-modelled girl. The truth is, Charley was one of the finest-looking men in the service—tall, well-built, round-chested, with an eye like an eagle’s, and a mouth, the habitual smile of which, or rather the slight pleasant curve approaching to a smile, denoted an excellent disposition. And never did dogvane show the course of the wind better

than that smile expressed his temper. But I am wandering from my story.

The honey-moon—that briefest moon that ever sheds its light on the matrimonial state—had hardly yet begun to wane, when Charles was ordered to sea in old Ironsides. The old craft was lying in the harbor, her topsails loose, her anchor short-stay apeak, and all ready to trip, sheet home, and be off. His name had been pitched upon at the last moment, to supply a vacancy left by somebody who had begged off; and as there was now no time for remonstrance, he had nothing to do but obey. I am no hand for painting scenes of the tender sort; so I leave Charley's parting with his young wife, and all that, "to sympathetic imaginations," as the girl in the play has it.

But, avast a bit and belay there! What am I doing all this while? A pretty piece of lee-way I have made of it! Here were we, a moment since, snugly moored in the harbor of Mahon, for winter-quarters; and now, in the turning of a glass, have I put the Atlantic between us and the scene of my story. Well, stations for stays!—helm's a-lee, and about she goes! And we must now crack on all sail, and make a short cruise of it, till we get back to our starting point. There is no time now for buckling knee-buckles, as the boatswain's mate says, when he calls all hands in a squall at night; so, to make a short story of it, let it suffice to say, that Charles bade adieu to his wife, old Ironsides sailed, reached the Mediterranean in due time, went

the usual rounds over that cruising ground, (delightful cruising ground it is, by the way,) and was now in daily expectation of the relief-ship, with orders for her to return to the United States.

Well, as I said before, Mahon was all in a bustle on account of the news from the continent. Bells were ringing, music playing, bonfires shone in one place, and illuminations glittered in another. Groups of people, of all ages and conditions, were in every square and open place ; and the expression of many a pretty face that peeped out from the folds of the red mantilla, or the scowl of many a dark eye that glared beneath the shadow of the sombrero, denoted any thing but pleasure at the intelligence that had been received. Of all the difficult tasks in the world, there is none harder than to put on the semblance of joy at that which stirs our righteous indignation ; and he who can best dissemble in such cases—no matter how strong the motive—is not the man I should choose for my friend.

Well, Charles and I went ashore one evening, as I said, during the rejoicings. We had no other object in view than to take a long stroll together, along the romantic shores of one of the prettiest and quietest bays in the world, and to converse without restraint (that, at least, I supposed was his motive) on the topic which was ever uppermost in his mind. We were yet in the midst of the town, and were threading our way through the crowd in one of the principal squares, when a woman—and

a pretty old one too, as well as one might judge by the withered and sallow face which her threadbare mantle was so disposed as only half to betray—suddenly presented herself before us, and whispered a single word, in a low, guttural voice, to my companion. One who has sat as many cold watches as I have, on the look-out, on the foretopsail-yard, naturally acquires a quick eye ; and it therefore did not escape me that the old woman, as she spoke to Charles, slipped a sealed note into his hand. She then passed on, mixed with the throng, and in an instant disappeared from my following glance. In Spain, the country of intrigue and romantic adventure, there was nothing so very singular in this as to justify great surprise ; and perhaps the circumstance would soon have passed from my mind altogether, had not subsequent events, which I could not but consider in some way connected with it, kept it continually in my thoughts.

On reaching the first convenient place, Charles paused to peruse the billet. Its contents, whatever they were, seemed to engage him deeply. He stood pondering over the paper for several moments, with the air of one in earnest and perplexed meditation ; and then, suddenly crumpling it in his hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, cast round him a quick, and apprehensive glance, as if fearful that some one might have overlooked him. There was more confusion in his manner, and more hesitancy in his speech, than I had ever before seen him exhibit, when he approached me, a moment or two after

this, and said that an unexpected engagement would oblige him to forego the intended walk, and leave me to pursue my way alone.

I had known Charles Maitland from a boy. We had studied our lessons on the same form ; had shot our marbles into the same ring ; had entered the navy within a few weeks of each other ; had been shipmates and messmates through two long and eventful cruises, and a good part of the time had been watchmates. I knew that he had a soul of honor ; that his principles were well established, his head clear, his morality nice, and that he loved his young wife with the most ardent attachment. Yet for all this, I could not help feeling a certain indefinite fear that there was something wrong connected with that note. It could not be a challenge ; for he was beloved by all the officers of the squadron, and I was very sure he had not been embroiled in any quarrel on shore. Besides, if it were so, he would have applied to me as his friend ;— and then, again, women are not chosen as bearers of such messages. Yet that the subject, whatever it might be, was of no ordinary kind, was evident from the impression which the perusal occasioned, and not less evident from his withholding the matter from me. Our communion had always been of the most frank and unreserved description ; we had been sharers of each other's thoughts, sentiments, and wishes, from boyhood up ; I had been in his confidence through his whole course of wooing ; and indeed, until the present moment, he had never

shown a desire to keep any thing from my knowledge. Reflections of this kind caused me, perhaps, to give undue importance to the circumstance which had just occurred. I began to fear that Charles was in some way concerned in an unworthy adventure ; and a vague suspicion, which I did not like to entertain, and could not altogether reject, took possession of my mind, that woman was at the bottom of it. I turned with a slow step towards the quay, and hummed, as I descended the long lateral road that is excavated from the perpendicular cliff which overlooks the bay—

“Though love is warm a while,
Soon it grows cold ;
Absence soon blights the smile,
Ere love grows old.”

From this day forward, Charles's visits to the shore were more frequent than before, but always in the evening, and now he invariably went alone. If other officers happened to go in the same boat, he was sure to separate himself from them on reaching the quay, and pursue a direction different from the rest. This soon came to be noticed and to be talked of, and it was whispered about in the mess that, on two or three occasions, he had been seen, late in the evening, walking with a female closely muffled, in an unfrequented and lonely part of the shore, at some distance from the town. Different officers professed to have seen this female with him, and their descriptions of her person tallied with each other. In the minds of the mess generally, who

did not know Charles so thoroughly as I, and whose morality was not of so scrupulous a kind as his—or as I had always thought his to be—this matter created no surprise, and was only laid hold of as furnishing an opportunity for sundry nautical jokes and witticisms. These jests, however, met with such a reception as by no means encouraged those who offered them to a repetition.

It chanced one day that Charles and I were sent on shore on a piece of duty together, and that our business lay in that part of the town to which it had been noticed that he always directed his steps. As we passed through the streets, we discovered that there was a considerable hubbub among the inhabitants, and we soon ascertained that it was occasioned by a party of soldiers who had lately arrived from the Maine, commissioned to search the island for certain proscribed constitutionalists, who were supposed to have taken refuge in Minorca. A good many of these wretched fugitives had been discovered and executed; but the individual, against whom the proclamation of Ferdinand was chiefly directed, had hitherto eluded the vigilance of the bloodhounds. This person was a brave young chief, who had filled a confidential and important post under Riego, and who, by his intrepidity, activity, and ceaseless vigilance, had been greatly instrumental in the success of that partisan warfare in Catalonia, which cost the royalists so much blood and treasure, and so long upheld the sinking hopes of his compatriots. To seize and slay Don Castro de Va-

lero, the name of the youthful and interesting chief, was deemed so important an object by the monarch, that immense rewards had been offered for his apprehension, and numerous parties had been sent in every direction in which rumor alleged that he had fled. The troop of mercenaries who had been despatched to Mahon were stimulated by the hope of reward, to much greater activity than usually characterizes Spanish soldiers, who are at once a by-word for indolence and rapacity. They had closely searched the house of every person suspected of the slightest disaffection, and had followed every imaginary clue with the keenest zeal of avarice. They had even visited the foreign national ships in the port, and had procured strict orders to be issued, forbidding the officers from harboring or rendering any assistance to those who were held as traitors by the government within whose waters we lay.

On the afternoon in question, in consequence of certain hints which had been communicated to this party, they had renewed their search, and at the time we came up were about entering an humble dwelling, which, as I learned from the crowd, was occupied by a poor old widow woman and her niece. We were yet at some distance when we noticed the house at which the soldiers paused, and we could perceive the withered old duenna standing on her threshold, throwing her arms about with great vehemence, and sputtering with amazing volubility every variety of guttural execration, of which the Spanish language has so large a store. The blood

mounted to Charles's forehead, and the fire to his eye, as this sight drew his attention ; and springing forward with great eagerness, he rushed by the crowd of mendicants and idle spectators whom the circumstance had collected, broke through the ranks of the soldiers, and stood in the midst of the dwelling, before the foremost of their number had gained admittance. I did not pause to consider whether this impetuosity of my friend arose from a generous but imprudent feeling of indignation at the object of their search, or from some less selfish motive ; but made all haste to follow him. My progress, however, met with more obstruction than his unlooked-for movement, and I was not able to rejoin him for more than a minute. When I at length forced my way into the building, I found him defending a door which led to an inner apartment, and surrounded by the mercenaries, all jabbering together their vehement and incoherent menaces. As yet, no blow had been struck ; but it was evident, from the violence of their gestures, that hostilities would not much longer be delayed. As I entered, they huddled closer round my companion ; and pushing against him with one sudden and united impulse, the door broke from its fastenings, and the whole party fell violently to the floor. I have before said that Charles was strong and agile, but I was not prepared for such a display of muscular energy and activity as he now exhibited in releasing himself from the superincumbent crowd of prostrate and grappling soldiers. In an instant he was on his

feet, and beside a bed, which I now observed in one corner of the room. The apartment was lighted by a curtained lattice ; but though the illumination was not strong, particularly to vision that had just passed the broad glare of day, it was sufficient to show that the bed was occupied by a female, who had partly risen from the couch, whose cheek was flushed, and whose dark eyes glowed like fire, probably with indignation at this rude intrusion. Charles threw his arms round the neck of the female, replaced her head upon the pillow, kissed her burning brow, and with a tremulous, but soothing voice, bade her not be alarmed, for that he would defend her with his life. Then, turning sternly to the leader of the Spanish soldiers, he commanded him to pursue his search with all despatch, and leave the apartment. The Spaniards, who by this time had risen to their feet, looked at each other, at Charles, and at the female, with blank astonishment ; nor was their confusion lessened by the torrent of invective which the old woman, who had now also entered the room, poured out upon their heads. The officer who had charge of the party, after a moment spent in casting scrutinizing glances into every corner of the room, directed his men to withdraw ; and then mumbling out an apology, in which he intimated, with an impudent leer, that he was now convinced that Charles's visits to this house had a different object from what had been suspected, he also left the apartment. There was no further excuse for me

to protract my stay, and I turned and followed his retreating steps.

“She is handsome,” thought I, as I walked slowly up the street, pondering on the secret which had thus been accidentally revealed to me, and thinking how I might disentangle my friend from the net of this fair Spanish woman—“yes, she is handsome—just the cast of countenance which I should suppose would have fascination for one of his brave and romantic nature. Her black and piercing eye, her noble profile, the scornful expression of her lip, as she darted her keen glance upon the soldiers—these traits of beauty did not escape me, feebly lighted as her apartment was.” And my mind reverted from this Spanish paramour to the contemplation of the delicate and tender beauties of the fair-cheeked and blue-eyed wife, who, far away, was anxiously counting the hours that should restore her husband to her arms, and who, herself incapable of change, had probably never entertained a doubt of his fidelity. I am not much given to the melting mood, but I confess that my meditations on this subject drew from me a heart-felt sigh.

I was still brooding on what had just passed, when Charles rejoined me. The few words that passed between us on our meeting satisfied me that that was not the time for expostulation or rebuke. He bade me remember that I owed to accident the discovery I had made, and enjoined upon me, by our ancient friendship, neither to question him nor utter a syllable to any other person. I gave the

Required promise the more readily, as I reflected that in a very few days we should sail, and that distance, in all human probability, would put an end to this unworthy attachment, as it had made him forgetful of the ties of honorable love. We soon executed the duty we were sent upon, and returned to the ship.

The relief-vessel, of which we had been in daily expectation, arrived on the evening after this adventure, and sailing orders were thereupon immediately issued. All further going ashore was forbidden; and the signal, commanding on board all who were ashore, was run up at the fore. Charles was among this number, and by all but him this order was promptly and gladly obeyed. A fine breeze had sprung up at sunset, and for more than an hour we lay waiting for him with our anchor apeak, and our loose topsails flapping idly against the mast. The capstan-bars were shipped and manned, the crew all at their stations, the accommodation-ladder unrigged, and every thing ready to be off. The commodore walked the quarter-deck with quick, impatient steps, and murmurs were heard from various groups, chiding the delay of the dilatory officer. A midshipman, who had been despatched in one of the cutters for him, had returned some time before, after a fruitless search.

At length the patience of our commander was entirely exhausted, and he had given the order to weigh and make sail, when the quartermaster on the lookout hailed a boat, which had just pulled

into sight through the gathering dusk of evening. The answer of "Ay, ay!" told that it was Charles, and directly after a shore-boat glided alongside. In reply to the sharp rebuke of the commodore for having been so tardy in obeying the signal, he said something about the necessity he had been under of purchasing certain stores for the mess; though it was observed that his explanation had not all the clearness of tone and manner which usually characterized his official communications. The displeasure which the delay had occasioned, was not diminished when it was found that the mess-chest, in which he had brought off these stores, was so large and cumbrous, that a yard-tackle had to be got on the main-yard in order to hoist it on board. The men themselves, though Charles was a great favorite with them, seemed to be displeased that he had caused so long a detention; and when the tackle was hooked on, they ran away with the fall with a degree of spiteful velocity that made the chest run swiftly up to the yard-block before the boatswain's mate could pipe *belay*. My eye happened to be fixed on Charles while this manœuvre was performed, and I thought he evinced more anxiety on the subject than a few sea-stores were worth. The chest, however, was lowered more gently than it was hoisted, and by Charles's direction was conveyed into his own state-room. The ship now got under way, the canvas swelled out to the breeze, and the Mahonese pilot, for a time the commander of our frigate, took his stand on the

after-hammock-cloths, and issued his orders in the dictatorial tone which those are wont to use who are dressed "in a little brief authority." In less than an hour we were laying our course, under a pleasant topgallant breeze, for the straits of Gibraltar.

I need not dwell on the incidents of our home-ward passage ; for I have no storms or shipwrecks to tell of ; no hairbreadth escapes, or moving incidents of any description. A mystery seemed to hang around the mess-chest in Charles's state-room, and some strange stories got to be whispered through the ship concerning it. For my part, I had my own suspicions, and they were of a kind which troubled me a good deal. One thing we all noticed ; that though this chest professedly contained stores for the mess, no stores were ever produced from it. On the contrary, it was affirmed, that various delicacies from our table found their way to the chest. Another voice than Charles's, too, it was said, had been heard there, two or three different times ; and one young officer, more prying than the rest, had whispered to his companions that through a crevice of the door he had once beheld a female figure sitting in the narrow apartment. A fresh, fair wind, and a short passage, allowed less time for gossip of this sort than there would otherwise have been ; and the demeanor of Charles, too, was not of a kind to encourage loose jests or prying curiosity.

We at length came to anchor in the noble bay of New-York. I remember the evening well. I remember how gloriously the sun, as it sunk behind

the romantic promontory of Weehawken, burnished the spires and roofs and windows of the city, till it seemed a city of sapphire and topaz and gold. And when these hues faded away, and night succeeded, I remember how beautiful its thousands of lamps shone through the darkness, while every here and there a long thread of fire ascended into the air, denoting the spots where gay throngs were assembled for evening recreation. At last the full round moon rose over all, shedding its mellow lustre through the air, and "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

I had the first watch that night ; and as I paced the deck to and fro, various, tumultuous, and mixed emotions occupied my breast. Charles and his poor wife were prominent subjects of my thoughts ; and I need hardly tell the reader that I feared the happiness of the latter was about to receive a cruel shock. And yet I had some strong misgivings on this head. As many officers as could be spared from the ship had already been permitted to leave her, and Charles was among the number. The same big, clumsy, cumbrous chest, which had already been the subject of so many painful reflections in my mind, accompanied him ; and I was half disposed to turn away from him in anger, when he paused at the gangway to say a parting word to me. " You will breakfast with Matilda and me to-morrow morning ?" said he, and a faint smile curled his lip as he gave the invitation. I could not satisfy myself wholly what was the meaning of that smile ; and

in pondering upon that and other kindred topics, my watch passed away, and my relief was on deck before I was aware that half the time had expired.

Never was guest more punctual to his appointment than I was with Charles the following morning. As I entered the hall, the first thing I noticed was the mess-chest, which had given me so much uneasiness. In the breakfast-parlor I found my kind friend his sweet wife. She was all radiant in smiles, and never before looked half so charming. Charles looked happy, too—very happy; but there was an expression of mischief mingled with his smile that I could not exactly comprehend. The explanation, however, was at hand. In the recess of one of the windows sat a young man, whom I had not noticed as I entered the room. Charles turned to introduce me to him. It was the young and handsome chief, Don Castro de Valero; and, as he rose and extended his hand to me, I caught a side view of his features, and beheld the same noble profile which had so struck me in the supposed niece of the old duenna in Mahon. I comprehended the whole mystery now in a moment, and only wondered at my stupidity in not conjecturing the truth before.

"And you see," said Charles, "that I was not so great a villain as you were inclined to think me."

"Forgive me, my dear friend. But why this long concealment? Surely, after we were at sea—"

"We were officers of a national vessel, and our government was responsible for any violation of the strict laws of neutrality. If the king of Spain could shew that De Valero was brought to this country by one of our frigates, how should we resist his right to have him rendered up? How he reached this country is therefore his own secret; and, remember, you yet only know by conjecture the contents of the mess-chest."

THE DISCARDED.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"No doubt she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"—BALLAD.

I LIVE, as lives a withered bough,
Blossomless, leafless, and alone ;
There is none left to love me now,
Or shed one tear when I am gone.

When I am gone—no matter where,
I dread no other world but this,
To leave it is my only prayer,
That hope my only happiness.

For I am weary of it—black
Are sun and stars and sky to me;
And my own thoughts are made the rack
That wrings my nerves in agony.

There's not a wretched one that lives
And loathes like me the light of day ;
And I shall bless the hour that gives
My body to its kindred clay.

And yet at times, I know not why,
There comes a foolish, feverish thought,
Of where these shrivelled limbs shall lie,
And where this death cold flesh shall rot,

When the quick throbbing of my brain,
That now is maddening me, is o'er,
And the hot fire in each swoln vein,
Is quenched at last to burn no more.

And then I shudder at the tone
Of my heart's hymn, and seem to hear
The shrieking of my dying groan,
The rattling clod upon my bier;

And feel the pang which he who dies,
Welcomes—the pang which gives me rest—
Ere the lead-weights are on mine eyes,
Or the white shroud is on my breast;

When the death foam is on my lip,
And the death-dews are in my hair,
And my clenched fingers in the grip
Of agony, are clinging there.

And then I feel how sad it is
To know there's none my fate to weep,
Print on my lip the unanswered kiss,
Or close mine eyes in their last sleep.

For all unheard the damp earth flung
Upon my coffin-lid must be;
By strangers will the bell be rung,
That tolls in mockery for me.

And he who tolls will laugh the while,
And whistle his light song of mirth;
And he who digs my grave will smile
As senseless as its senseless earth.

Some dark-robed priest, perhaps, will pray
Beside my bier—because he must,
And some hoarse voices sing or say
The unfeeling adage, "dust to dust."

And if perchance I leave behind
 Enough of worldly pelf to raise
 A marble tomb—my name enshrined
 In prodigality of praise,

May meet the passing stranger's eye,
 A sculptor's monument and pride ;
 Telling that man was born to die,
 And I—was born and lived and died.

And men will trample on my grave,
 And keep the grass from growing there ;
 And not even one poor flower will wave
 Above me in the summer air.

For there are none to plant it—none
 To water it with patient tears ;
 My cradle-watchers—they are gone—
 The monitors of my young years

Are silent now—there was a time—
 It is a long, long time ago—
 When in a pure and holy clime
 I breathed—and if the clouds of woe

Dimmed the blue heaven of my thought,
 Like summer storms they flitted by,
 And when they vanished they were wrought
 Bright rainbows in the twilight sky,

On which my wild gaze lingered till
 Their colors faded far away ;
 Those clouds—I feel their dampness still—
 But the bright rainbows—where are they ?

And she I loved ? I must not think
 Of her, “ for that way madness lies ! ”—
 Boy, start that champagne cork—I'll drink,
 And dream no more of Mary's eyes.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

NEW-YORK CITY.—“How it strikes a stranger,” is always an amusing, though not always a correct light for looking at the picture of a great city. I occupy a sky parlor in the city hotel, celebrated for its Willard of immortal *memory*, and its accommodations of inexhaustible capacity—the most convenient and thronged hotel, perhaps, this side the water, though it is a pity it is not a little more visited by one universal guest—the common light of heaven. Hence, over innumerable chimneys and through a medium like a smoked glass, I see the broad mouth of the Hudson, and Hoboken with its industrious ferry-boat plying to and fro, and, nearer to my eye, the flags and long pennants of vessels at the pier, and the black pipes of steam-boats smoking and hissing, and more immediately in the foreground scenes of poverty and misery that would have moved the heart of Howard with the deepest yearnings of compassion. I know not how it is, but poverty in New-York seems to me incomparably wretched. In Boston, the poor never im-

press you with that sick-hearted sense of their misery that is unavoidable in crossing their unhappy pathways here. They are cleaner elsewhere, or not so closely pinched by necessity, they have more cheerful faces, and move with a less broken and dejected gait, and their children do not acquire "the trick of sorrow" so unchangeably. There is a poor woman, now, hanging clothes upon a line on the top of a building, some three stories below my window level. She is perfectly gray, and her hair is tied together and falling over her back, hardly distinguishable, in its mingled dingy sprinkling of white, from her smoked and wrinkled forehead, and her hands, lean and cramped, stretch up to the line, with a weakness and effort that seem like the struggling of sickness more than the healthy action of labor. The expression of her face is that of the most worn and hopeless anxiety. I never saw one of more wretchedness. But this is enough of such a picture.

The great impression made upon a stranger's mind on leaving his room, is that of general and undistinguishable hurry and confusion. The carmen halloo and lash their horses into a trot almost impossible from the nature of the vehicle, the omnibuses whip and hurry to pass each other, the jareys, with their handsome coaches and "frames of horses," (perfect miracles of leanness,) outwhip both carmen and omnibuses; every man you meet avoids you by a most adroit instinct, apparently without being aware that you are near him; the

boys are never seen playing, but hurry about with shop-bills, or Magdalen reports, or lottery programmes—every moving creature (save the ladies and the dandies) seems bent upon its extreme errand, and the stranger walks through it all like a man in a dream, bewildered beyond the power of rallying. At twelve or one, however, Broadway, like a well-contrived panorama, changes its aspect. The perspective of the sidewalk, as far as you can see, is becoming brighter and brighter with gay colors ; the busy, careworn faces disappear, or occur less frequently ; slight airy figures, with their feet dressed more daintily than any you have ever seen, pass you at every step ; well-dressed men of all ages, and foreigners of all complexions and fashion of apparel and manner, throng the way ; the shops look like drawing-rooms on a bridal morning visit, and the whole scene is gay and dazzling and delightful. Broadway against the world—we allow it ! No other city in America, at least, can show its equal. I do not know that the women are prettier than ours, but they dress so tastefully ! I do not know that they have more grace or are more delicately framed, but they walk with the prettiest affection in the world, and Mrs. Cantelo's "philosophy" is perfect. No women *appear* so well—apply the unction to what department you will. By the time you have reached Canal-street, you have seen more striking figures, and faces to be remembered, than in all your life before. The men too are better dressed, the horses more tastefully caparisoned,

the shops and hotels more thronged, and more showily set out. You gaze at the first citizen that passes you with his look of domesticity, and wonder how he ever became accustomed to such a turmoil, or can think two consecutive thoughts without interruption.

A week's acquaintance with New-York does not diminish your surprise. The coffee-houses, with their admirable adaptation to the wants of all comers, and the size of all purses; the readiness with which every thing you want springs to your call, showing you modes of getting a living, of which, in more primitive cities, you never dreamed; the facilities for going to every quarter of the city or the world; the wondrous union of business and courtesy in the wealthy inhabitants, their profuse hospitality and their regular return to their vocations; the prodigious extent of the city, and its singular crystallization of pursuits and classes; the total absence of quietness, and the absolute order beneath all—the whole city unravels to you like a beautiful enigma—order out of disorder—contrivance and system out of apparent confusion and turmoil.

"It is not by money, or money's worth, that man lives and has his being. Is not God's universe *within* our head, whether a fool's skull-cap or a king's diadem be *without*?" So says German Richter, who, it is clear, never lived in the city of my present writing.

The one broad and long picture stamped upon.

the face of every street, creature, and countenance in this large city, is—*gain!* Nature designed New-York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destinies. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by any of its avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the Sound, sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east—the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the very feet of its “merchant princes”—the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state in the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world flocks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous—and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence—and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking as gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower—what could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has so seconded nature—beginning their canals where she stopped her rivers, and opening waters three hundred miles

to her inland seas—and you have a picture of facility and prosperity, which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world.

All this, of course, gives a character to the society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits. There are here none of the professed idlers, such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia. The gentleman, according to the dictionary, "one who has no visible employment for his support," is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a "vocation." The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand at the morning auction. You will find the unexceptionable exquisite who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon with his superb four-in-hand, ready to shave your note with equal adroitness at his broker's box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon. The man that gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to-day, is the model of "cent. per cent." to-morrow—a slave to slate and pencil from daylight till three, and the prince of gay hospitalities from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception—they have no *ennui*. Business takes its place. Their pleasures are, of course, more delightful from the relief, and I think, on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing, at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation

should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of "*gentleman*."

My mind is hardly made up about the New-York society. I hear it every where said that it is superficial and showy—that the ladies are accomplished, but not educated, and the young men more tractable to tailors than tutors. I have heard that the mothers were bad housekeepers, and sickly from constant dissipation, and that the daughters were no more notable, and almost as dyspeptic. It is my misfortune that I have not as yet fallen in with the part of society answering to this description. My female acquaintances, so far, are as intelligent as the women of other cities, and in all the visible departments of housekeeping I can detect no particular neglect. I am inclined to think I have fallen upon an unfashionable vein of society. On running over my visiting list, it strikes me that I number an unusual proportion of what are called "solid" and "sensible" people; and when to this are added the grace and manner which are conceded to belong to them all, the case is made out by so much at least they are *superior* to their plainer sisters of the east. The Boston ladies, with some few brilliant exceptions, want "*style*"—that indescribable air of good-breeding which would show their station in life through all disguises. It is not essential to salvation, I know, and may therefore be called by many a style; but it is desirable, and where it can be attained, as it unquestionably is in New-York and Philadelphia, without a sacrifice of more weighty

excellences, it is certainly just as well to give it a little attention. This is an ungracious thing to say ; but the women of the east have a reputation which will bear an offset, and as it may open the eyes of the rising circles to see a very common opinion expressed in print, why, let it pass ! I care not how soon it becomes an injustice.

I was agreeably disappointed in one thing—the *literary society*. New-York has no reputation for this. And it is partly because business is so much more salient a point in its main impression, and partly because the literary men are not organized as in other cities, into a particular circle. There are fine scholars here, however, and very fine private libraries. I have been in more than one merchant's study, and found all my choice old friends, and many that I had supposed scarcely heard of, upon their shelves ; and I have stumbled every day upon some self-cultivated and unsuspected scholar, with whom a book was a topic to be mentioned in a suppressed tone, but still a topic well understood and well talked upon. There seems a tacit feeling that such subjects are a kind of offence against the prevailing customs of conversation—a sort of intellectual treason. And, like all half-subdued opinions, perhaps they are cultivated with proportionately greater zeal in secret. To my taste these *unprofessed* scholars, too, are infinitely more agreeable. There is an ambition of the *lucus a non lucendo* about all men—a desire to shine in that for which they are *not* famous—which drives a notoriously literary man

away from the only ground on which he could show to advantage. I like to see every man ride his real *bona fide* hobby. An author, if you let him have his own way, will talk of any thing but books; whereas the subject he avoids is the very one on which you are anxious to engage him. If he had no reputation, (I have frequently thought in such cases,) how delightful he would be. And there you have the reason why I record here that I have found more real, authentical, literary conversation among the merchants of New-York than I ever encounter in the widely celebrated literary circles of Philadelphia and Boston.

PHILADELPHIA.—Just at this season, the beginning of November, the city from which I date is the pleasantest in this country. The climate is perfect. It is just between the chilliness of the east and the prolonged summer of the south. The principal streets, too, run from east to west, and consequently you can choose between sun and shade at any hour of the day—no trifling circumstance to those who breathe delicately. He who has broiled in Broadway in fashionable hours, or, like Sancho Panza, “heard his brains frying in his skull,” in the Washington-street of Boston, will know how to appreciate the forethought of William Penn.

And, speaking of that, it is a little singular how it has proved the best policy of this eventful city to follow the minutest points even of the original

founder's design. No institution of his establishment has fallen through. No street has been cut, and almost no appropriation of land made, which the worthy old patriarch had not foreseen and projected. It is a great pity that the only exception to this remark should be such an important one. The bank of the river was laid out originally for a broad and spacious quay ; in the thirst of his less liberal descendants, however, it has been built over ; and instead of a fine broad terrace, covered with merchandise, you see only unsightly buildings and crowded narrow piers, the whole bearing an impression of confusion and want of room, not at all in keeping with the beautiful order and spaciousness of the rest of the city. It should appease the shade of the sturdy quaker, however, that it is so universally regretted ; and if he is permitted to walk the handsome streets built after his judicious landmarks, and witness the happy result of his wise contrivance both for use and beauty, he needs little of the quiet philosophy of his sect, I should think, to reconcile him to his proportion of ghostly vexation.

Philadelphia is a city to be happy in. At any rate, he who has no internal uneasiness need not be annoyed by any thing external. Delightful cleanliness every where meets his eye. The side-walks are washed constantly ; the marble steps are spotlessly neat ; the wealthy dress handsomely, of course, and drive well-appointed and compact equipages ; and the poor are quakers, or in the hands of

quakers, and have not, in a single instance, as far as I have seen, the look of dirty and squalid wretchedness so common and obtrusive in New-York. Every thing that meets the eye is well conditioned and well cared for. If any fault could be found, it would be that of too much regularity and too nice precision. There is such a verisimilitude about the houses and streets, that one is puzzled to remember where he has been. I have frequently regretted the want of that *individuality* of taste so peculiar to Boston, where every house has a character of its own, and every street is so unlike its neighbors, that there is little danger of confounding them.

BALTIMORE.—I feel as if I had scarce a right to speak of this flourishing city, having been here but half a day, and leaving it almost immediately. I have seen its principal buildings, however, and it is not necessary to know the people, that one should have been here, for its better classes are to be met every where at the north during the summer months, and I have beheld most of its beauty and talent under the pleasant circumstances and in the genial humor of travel. The consequence is a strong attachment to them as a people, and a conviction that their character, like their meridian, unites the excellencies of north and south, without the salient faults of either. There is no place, probably, where a stranger would be more cordially welcomed and generously entertained ; and the style of living I have always heard, and have partly seen,

is princely. The town itself is like Boston in many of its features. Its cathedral and churches are celebrated for their beauty. I regret not a little the driving haste with which I am compelled to pass it, both now and when I return.

WASHINGTON.—Here, too, I can give but a day to objects of curiosity, which might employ me much longer to the greatest advantage. The capitol surprised me agreeably. It is truly a magnificent structure, and evident as its faults are, I do not believe the most critical observer could see it for the first time without admiration. The dome is too heavy, or the pillars of the *façades* are too slight ; but the side view from the Potomac does not present even this fault, and the effect is highly imposing. The house of representatives is the most beautiful room by far in this country. The pillars of native brexia are splendid, and the whole architecture seems, to my unpractised eye at least, perfect. I visited the president's house also, and was honored by an introduction to General Jackson. He had just recovered from a severe attack of the intermittent fever. He sat with his family reading when we entered, and though paler than usual, I was struck with the fidelity of the common portraits I have seen of him. Alexander's, I think, however, is far the best, and his reflection in the mirror is not more like him. He rose with a dignified courtesy to receive us, and conversed freely and agreeably. I left him with a decided impression in

his favor. His whole appearance is imposing, and in the highest degree gentlemanly and prepossessing. I dislike and disapprove of his administration; but, if his face is an index of his character, General Jackson himself is both an upright and a fearless man. I shall ever entertain the high personal respect for him with which this interview has inspired me. He remarked by the way, that he had been sometime intending a visit to the northern states, but could not compass it till the next year. I hope, in such an event, that no party feeling will interfere with his reception, that he will be treated with the universal distinction to which his services to the country and his private worth, quite apart from his office, fully entitle him.

I visited Mount Vernon yesterday. This, of course, is the most interesting pilgrimage that can be made by an American. We took the steam-boat down the Potomac to Alexandria, thence pursued its banks seven miles to our destination. This celebrated spot has been described often, and I have no time, if it were worth while, to describe it minutely again. The estate is the most superb gem of national scenery, I do not hesitate to say, in this country. It stands on a terraced bank of the Potomac, eighty or a hundred feet above the water, overlooking that majestic river for a great distance, and commanding from the front piazza its boldest bend towards the sea. All this fine natural beauty is a proper preparative for the associations of the place; and after gazing at the scene till my mind

was elevated and calmed, I followed the decrepid old family servant, who had served Washington himself forty years, to his master's tomb. It is an humble place enough—a mere mound, with a brick front and a plain slab of marble inscribed with the name of WASHINGTON—but no man could stand before it without emotion. My heart swelled, and my eyes filled with tears. I stood by the side of his old white-headed servant, I know not how long, without the power or the disposition to ask a question. I came away, after breaking a branch from one of the cedars that grow on the spot—sure that wherever I might tread amid the relics of human greatness, I should find nothing which would move me so much, nothing which had about it associations of such moral sublimity, as the undorned and humble tomb of Washington.

THE SABBATH BELL

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHERE mid the crowded city glide
The gorgeous trains of pomp and pride,
Till even the laboring pavement groans
As folly's surges wear the stones,
And through the reeking hour doth rise
The tide of fashion's heartless sighs,
What speaks from tower and turret fair
With solemn knell,
To break the tyranny of care,
And fearless warn the proud to prayer?—
The sabbath bell.

From yonder cottage-homes where meet
Round the low eaves the woodbine sweet,
And the young vine-flower peering through
The rustic rose-hedge, rich with dew,
Pours on each passing zephyr's breast
A gush of fragrance pure and blest,
What lures gay childhood's throng away?
Why quit they thus at morning's ray
Their sweet sequestered dell?
What guides them to God's temple-door,
Their holy lessons conning o'er?—
The sabbath bell.

The chastened spirit worn with care,
That scarce can lift its burdened prayer
Above the host of ills that thrust
Its broken pinion down to dust,

That loves the path where faith doth rise
In contemplation to the skies,
Yet crushed beneath a rugged chain,
Betakes it to its task again,

What bids its sacred rapture swell,
And brings, though sorrow lift the rod,
Communion with its Father-God!—

The sabbath bell.

And thou, whose glance of rapid ray
Does lightly scan this simple lay,
When to thine eye yon astral spark,
And earthly skies and suns are dark,
What to the fair and lighted hall
Where cherished friends hold festival,
What to the pensive, listening ear,

The tidings of thy death shall tell?
And summon to thy lowly bier
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear!—

The sabbath bell.

THE AUTHOR.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

THE INTRODUCTION.

"Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail,
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where in nice balance truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise."

I WALKED out one summer afternoon, to amuse myself after the troubles of a long and toilsome day, spent in poring over musty volumes of the law. As I rose from my fatiguing studies, and breathed the fresh, free air of heaven, I enjoyed that natural cheerfulness which is always felt when the elastic mind soars from the object to which it has been bound down, and sports away at pleasure through the regions of fancy. After having groped among the shadowy labyrinths of ambiguous science, wearied and bewildered in its mazy path, I rejoiced to be in a lighter sphere, amid merriment and bustling adventure—where the brilliant confusion of Broadway gave a livelier character to my meditations, and the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls who passed by me imparted a sweeter sensation to my mind.

It had been extremely warm and sultry, but now

a light breeze cooled the air; the pigeons pecked and cooed and sported about in the shade; a privileged dog might now and then be observed trotting along behind his master, panting and tired, with his tongue hanging from his unclosed mouth, and those unpoetical animals in the records of our Common Council, denominated—hogs, grunted through their long and dreamless slumber, in all the glory of independence and mud.

It is an old maxim that something may be learned in whatever situation we are placed. The darkness of a solitary dungeon improves the contemplative disposition, and the mid-day splendor of the city is replete with instruction.

The vast and wonderful variety of face and figure which on every side met my view, afforded an amusement for my ramble, of which I did not fail to take advantage.

Sometimes brushed by me the smart beau, ready dressed, and polished for his lady's eye; his new, shining hat, upon a head each particular hair of which possessed its assigned station, like well disciplined soldiers at a military post. In *dark* contrast behind him dragged the lazy sweep—wrapping his dusky mantle around his gloomy form, the personification of a moonless night. The man of broad dimensions waddled before the thin, consumptive, meagre wretch—poverty and plenty, emblematic of the rapid vicissitudes of life. Bullies, thinking of thunder and lightning—Dandies, thinking of nothing but themselves—and fools, thinking of nothing

at all, went one after another before my observing sight. Editors, composing extemporaneous editorial articles—Players, conning over their half-learned parts—Lawyers, calculating what no one but lawyers could calculate—and Doctors in rueful, but resigned anticipation of their patient's demise, passed by, and disappeared like Macbeth's visions in the regions of Hecate. Now came a crowd of

“Noisy children, just let loose from school,”

in high glee at having escaped from the vicissitudes of their mimic world—some from the troubles of incomprehensible ancient languages, and lines terrible to scan—and other young literary Bonapartes, who “had fought and conquered” whole troops of mathematical problems, who had surmounted obstacles seemingly insurmountable, and labored far up the rugged hill of science in spite of the brambles and shadows with which it so plentifully abounds. Then I beheld the philosopher, in his ordinary habiliments, scrupulously plain, careful to owe no portion of his celebrity to the vanities of dress—his brow clouded with a sublime frown, which spoke of crucibles, air-pumps, powerful acids, and electrical machines—pacing his steady way, with measured strides—all science and severity from head to foot. After him came the poet, in a poetical dress, with short sleeves to his coat, short legs to his pantaloons, and short allowances for his hunger—his hat was put back from his forehead in negligent

grace—there was no awkwardness in his moving attitudes—no rose upon his thoughtful cheek—and no cravat around his neck; but bewildered, Byron-like, and brimfull of imagination, and wrapped up in splendid visions, invisible to all but himself—through the various multitude he pursued his unerring career

“In lofty madness, meditating song,”

The richly dressed, fashionable belle dashed by me like a blazing meteor, sparkling and flashing in transitory brightness—and in bashful beauty, like some softly-passing dream, followed the sylph-like figure of a charming girl, with eyes cast down in the modesty of merit, and cheeks blushing at the earnest gaze which their loveliness attracted. It passed away from before me like the evanescent hopes of youth, and gave place to a person who monopolized all my attention. It was the short, prim form of a middle-aged, negligently dressed man, who wore an air of drollery, entirely irresistible. As he passed, maiden purity and philosophic sternness lent the tribute of a smile, and the little boys paused from the fascinations of their hoops and marbles to look and laugh. The clouded visage of misfortune, by his ludicrous appearance, was cheated into a temporary illumination, and in the wildness of my disenthralled fancy, methought the very birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, or, in plain English, the pigeons and the pigs, gave a

glance of merry astonishment upon the object of my notice.

His coat (for although he was an author he had a coat) had once been of handsome black cloth; but its charms had vanished "like fairy gifts fading away"—many winters had scattered their snows upon the shoulder-blades and elbows, from the pinnacles of the latter of which peeped something not *very* white, concerning which I had my own peculiar calculation. The collar, I mean of his coat, for that of his shirt had long since retired to the dignity of private life, beneath the complicated folds of his slovenly cravat—by the by, it would be well if some of our political *dirty shirt collars* would follow its example—I say, the collar of his coat, by long acquaintance with the rim of a hat, venerable on account of its antiquity, had assumed a gloss which was by no means the gloss of novelty, and a dark brown waistcoat was buttoned carelessly around a body that seemed emptier than the head upon which it had depended for support. His pantaloons,

"Weak, but intrepid—sad, but unsubdued."

were shrivelled tightly over a brace of spindle-shanks, withered, weary, and forlorn, that would have put Daddy Longlegs to the blush. Uncleaned pumps covered every part of his feet but the toes, which came forth to enjoy the fresh summer breezes, shoes and stockings to the contrary notwithstanding. A pair of tattered kid gloves, "neat but not

gaudy," fluttered about his hands, so that it would be difficult immediately to discover whether the glove held the hand or the hand the glove.

But it was not the dress which gained him so many broad stares and oblique glances, for our city annually receives a great increase of literary inhabitants, but the air—the "*Je ne sais quoi*"—the nameless something—dignity in rags, and self-importance with holes at the elbow. It was the quintessence of drollery which sat upon his thin, smirking lip—which was visible on his crooked, copper-tinged, and snuff-bedaubed organ of smelling, and existed in the small eyes of piercing gray.

As I love to study human nature in person, and have always believed the world was the best book to read, I formed a determination to become acquainted with him of the laughable aspect, and proceeded to act in conformity thereto. I was striving to hit upon some plausible method of entering into conversation with him, when fate being in a singularly good humor, took it into her whimsical head to favor my design. As I walked by him near the end of the pavement, when the multitude were by no means so numerous, and their place was supplied by the warbling birds, the bleating lambs, and all those sounds which constitute the melody of country breezes, with a slight inclination of his pericranium he turned towards me and spoke.

"Pray, sir, can you favor me with the hour?"

"It is four o'clock," answered I, "I believe—but

am not sure ; walk on with me, and we will inquire of yonder gentleman."

" You are excessively good," said he, with a smile, which gave much more expression to his face—" I am afraid I give you an infinite degree of trouble ; you are enjoying rural felicity, poetically correct—pray, do not let me interrupt you."

As he spoke the clock struck.

" Fortune favors the deserving," I remarked, as a continuation of the converse so happily commenced.

He spoke with more familiarity—" Upon my honor, sir, you are very complimentary : if every body thought of me as you do, or at least, if they thought as much of my productions, I flatter myself I should have had a watch for myself."

" I'll warrant me," I replied, " many have the means of ascertaining time better than yourself, who know not how to use it half so well."

" Sir," said he with a bow, " if you will buckle fortune to my back—but you don't flatter me—no, no. My excellent, good friend, you have much more penetration than people in general. Sir, I have been abused—vilely, wretchedly, da—, but I won't swear—I don't follow the fashions so much as to make a fool of myself ; but on the honor of a perfect gentleman, I do assure you, sir, I have been very strangely used, and abused, too."

" I have no doubt, sir," observed I, " but *that* your biography would be interesting."

" My biography—you've hit the mark ; I wish I

had a biographer—a Dunlap, a Boswell, a Virgil, or a Homer—he should begin his book with the line

—“*Multum ille et terris, jactatus et alto,
Vi superum.*”

I have been a very football, sir, for the gods to play with.”

“*Tantæ animis cælestibus iræ,*”

said I, willing to humor the pedantry which I already began to discover, “but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.”

“Aha! sir,” he exclaimed with a gentle squeeze of my hand, “I know what you are—some kindred spirit—one of those kind, high beings who come upon this world ‘like angel visits, few and far between.’ I see it, sir, in your eye,” continued he, with a gesture that might have spurred even Miss Kemble to new exertions. “I see it in your eye—charity, benevolence, affection, philosophy, and science. Ah! my dear sir, I know you are better than the rest of mankind; you’ve done a great deal of good in the world, and will do a great deal more—

“ You portioned maids—apprenticed orphans blest—
The old who labor, and the young who rest :
Is there a contest ? enter but your door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more ;
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.”

“Sir?” ejaculated I, not very well pleased with this last slash at my beloved profession—

—“Or, perhaps,” continued he with increasing rapidity of speech, “you are a lawyer, my dear sir,—the grand path to political glory—sweet occupation ; to put out the strong arm, and save drowning innocence ; to hurl the thunderbolt of eloquence against proud and wealthy oppression ; to weave a charm of safety around defenceless beauty ; and catch clumsy, and otherwise unconquerable power in your mazy net of law—Pray, sir, can you lend me a shilling ?”

I handed him the money, and he turned to be off, when I seized him by the arm, and asked him where he was going ? He laid one hand upon his receptacle for food, and with the other pointed to a tavern, before which hung the sign “Entertainment for Man and Horse.”

“My dinner—my dinner—my dinner !” said he, “I haven’t eaten a particle these three weeks ; poverty and poetry, sir, go arm and arm, sworn friends and companions, through this vale of tears ; one starves the body and the other rarefies the soul—my way has been rough and rugged as the Rock-away turnpike road, and misfortune jerks me along as if life went upon badly made cog-wheels. Will you be so kind as to lend me another shilling ? I want a dinner for once in my life—beefsteaks and onions, butter, gravy, and potatoes—

“*Hec olim meminisse juvabit.*”

It will be a grand era in my poetical career.”

There was something so exquisitely whimsical

in the fellow's demeanor, that I determined to spend the afternoon in his company. I never shall forget the look and squeeze which he bestowed upon me when I proposed that we should adjourn to the inn, and dine together at my expense. He seized hold of my hand, and drew himself up erect in all the enthusiasm of poetic madness—

“Sir,” said he, informing me that he could not speak, with a rapidity of pronunciation, which reminded me of a horse running ‘away—“Sir, Mr. a-a-a—my dear, dear friend—my tongue falters—I can’t speak—I’m dumb—gratitude has shut up the sluices of my heart; and the cataract of my oratorical powers is dried up—*pro tem.* But it will come directly—Stop till I get in the house—

“*Arma virumque cano.*”

that is to say, I’ll tell you my history; but just at this moment,” continued he, smacking his lips, and his little eyes dilating with the eager anticipation of epicurean delights, yet to come—“just at this crisis,

“Oh! guide me from this horrid scene,
These high arched walks, and alleys green.”

then with a slight pause and smile,

“Let’s run the race—he be the winner,
Who gets there first, and eats his dinner.”

As he spoke, he pulled me forcibly by the arm, and I found myself in a neat, clean room, with the

hungry poet fastened close to my side. The conversation which occurred between us, and the history of his literary vicissitudes, must be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE NOVEL.

“Now mayors and shrieves all hushed and satiate lay,
Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day,
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.”

Though no spirit is so lofty but that starvation can bend it, yet in the tranquillity of our replenished bodies we are always wicked enough to enjoy the extravagant emotions which agitate authors and other hungry individuals, when by any strange variety of life they happen to get a good dinner.

My friend, who had delighted me with his volubility of speech, no sooner perceived that the preparations were ended, than he fell upon his defenceless prize like a lion on his prey. Poetry and prose, fanciful quotations and lofty ideas, for a time were banished from his busy brain. Our conversation, the whole burthen of which had at first been borne by him, was now lost in the superior fascinations of beefsteak and onions ; and a few unintelligible monosyllables, uttered from a mouth crammed

full of various articles, were the only attempts made toward an interchange of soul.

The enthusiasm of his attack began at length to abate, and the fire of anticipated delight to give way to an expression less anxious and fluctuating. The discomfited steak lay before him mangled and in ruins. The onions shed a fainter perfume from the half-cleared dish—and the potatoes were done in the strictest sense of the word. The sated author threw himself back in his chair, and exclaimed, “The deed is done—the dinner is eaten—*Fidus Achates*—my beloved friend—I feel I know not how—a strange combination of various sensations gives me a new confidence to brave the storms of life, or to look back upon the dangers already passed. And now, that I am comparatively composed, and have time to think, you will do me the favor to answer me, what in the name of all that’s beautiful in prose, poetry, or real life, induced you to give this strange conclusion to a hungry day?”

“Because,” I replied, “your face pleased me more than all the others which I saw—there was talent and taste in your very dress.”

“Ah come,” said he, casting a slight glance upon his well-worn garments, “that won’t do—I am perfectly aware that my external appearance is by no means prepossessing, but what of that? ‘she must marry *me* and not my clothes.’ I cannot help it, if fate, in her unequal distribution of mutual effects, gives you a pair of breeches whose use is to come—and me one whose value has passed

—I don't feel ashamed of what a superior power has done for me. It is the mark of merit to be poor. Homer was poor—Johnson was poor—and I am poor. Besides, a rich man cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven—that's flat."

"If poverty," said I, "is a passport through the happy gates, then—"

"Then," interrupted he, "I should have been there as soon as I commenced my literary life; for though self-praise is no recommendation, I flatter myself I am as poor as any man in New-York, and what's more, I confess it—I'm proud of it"—

"*After dinner,*" said I.

"Oh, you're a wag—but rich or poor, I've had my hopes and disappointments as well as the rest of mankind. Sunshine and shadow have chased each other over my path—and now, by your kindness, I am warming myself in the rays of benevolence and friendship. Ah, it is a treat for me, I do assure you, to find the true feeling of generosity—the real, genuine virtue, cleansed from the ore of vanity and ostentation, and so unlike the pompous charity of the common world,

"Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick and solace to the swain."

"You are the man of my mind, and to you I will speak my sorrows, although my parched lips almost refuse them utterance"—and he cast a sidelong glance at an empty bottle which stood near us on

a table. I took the hint, and called for some wine. He swallowed a glass full, smacked his lips, and assuming a serious and important air, thus commenced the narrative of his literary horrors :

“ Sir, my name is William Lackwit, Esquire. I am an author, whose greatest failure has been in not getting his works into notice, but a fatal oblivion seemed always to engulf my productions in its lethean stream—and fate, I do sincerely believe, has been trying upon me some philosophical experiment, to see how many privations human nature could bear. I have been tossed about, sir, like a juggler’s ball—and in all the poetical labyrinths in which I have been lost, memory cannot behold

One solitary resting place,
Nor bring me back one branch of grace.

“ I was cast upon the world when about seventeen years of age, and possessing a vast share of vanity, which, by the by, is the staff of an author’s life, I determined to write for a living. Animated by the fame of great men who had lived before me, I plunged deeply into literary madness, and fell a victim to the present prevailing epidemic, the *cacoethes scribendi*, which is now sweeping many young gentlemen from professional existence. I wrote for the newspapers, but made no noise—heard no approbation—and ‘ last but not least,’ received no pay. Sometimes, perchance, a very particularly complaisant friend would laud the little offsprings of my pen ; but it did not gain me bread and butter, and could not satisfy the cravings of hungry nature.

With a full heart and an empty stomach, I relinquished my attempt, and bade farewell to my sweet lyre, in a manner that, I thought, could not fail of attracting universal sympathy. I walked out the next morning, expecting to meet many a softened heart and friendly hand, but the bell-man heaved his unaltered cry as he did the day before ; the carts rattled along with their usual thundering rapidity ; the busy crowd shuffled by me as if I was not in existence ; and the sun shone upon the earth, and the changing clouds floated through the air, exactly as they were wont to do before I determined to shed no more music upon an unfeeling world.

“ At length I recovered from my disappointment, and issued a little paper of my own ; but it dropped dead from the press, as silently as falls the unnoticed flake of snow : no buzz of admiration followed me as I went ; no pretty black-eyed girl whispered ‘*that’s he*’ as I passed ; and if any applause was elicited by my effort, it was so still, and so slyly managed, that one would scarcely have supposed it was there.

“ Something must be done, thought I—while the great reward of literary fame played far off before my imagination, a glorious prize, to reach which no exertion would be too great—I walked to my little room, where a remnant of my family’s possessions enabled me to keep my chin above the ocean of life. In the solitary silence of my tattered and ill-furnished apartment, I sat me down upon a broken bench, and lost myself in ‘ruminations sad’ as to what

course I should next pursue. Suddenly, and like a flash of lightning, an idea struck me with almost force enough to knock me down—I'll write a novel—I'll take the public whether they will or not—*'fortuna faveat integros,'* and if fame won't come to me, I'll go to fame. I don't wonder that I did not succeed before. The public want something sublime, and I'll give it to them wholesale. I'll come upon them by surprise; I'll combine the beauties of Addison with the satire of Swift, Goldsmith's sweetness and Pope's fire. I'll have darkness and storm, battle, treachery, murder, thunder, and lightning: it *must* take. The author of a novel like this will make an immense fortune. Old ivy-grown castles, moonlight landscapes, Spanish feathers, and Italian serenades, floated in brilliant confusion through my enamoured fancy. Daggers and despair, eloquence, passion, and fire, mingled in a delightful cloud of imagination, and heaved and changed in the dim and dreary distance like a magnificent vision of enchantment, which only wanted the breath of my genius to fan it into shape and exquisite beauty.

“At it I went, ‘tooth and nail,’ and watched over my young offspring with as much fondness as the mother bends over the cradle that contains her only boy. Already I began to hold up my head, and think how differently people would look at me if they only knew who I was, and what I was about to do. The splendid dresses, the ten dollar beaver hats turned upside in a basin of water, the handsome canes, and polished Wellington boots, which

daily obtruded themselves upon my eager eye, as if in mockery of my miserable apparel, I began to look upon as objects already my own. Was I thirsty and hungry while musing on the variety of macaronies and cream-tarts, cocoanut-cakes and coffee, in a confectioner's shop? 'Only wait,' thought I to myself, 'only wait till I get out my new novel.' Was my coat threadbare and my hat old, only wait for my new novel. Did a coach and four dash by me, footman taking his ease behind, and driver with new hat and white top boots? Drive away, coachee, thought I, drive away, but only wait for my new novel. Extreme impatience kept me on pins and needles till my work was done. 'Twas indeed 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' A kind of restless anticipation kept me in continual excitement till the development of my greatness, or what was the same thing, the publication of my work.

"At length it was finished, and off it went, two volumes duodecimo, with a modest blue cover, and its name on the back. Long enough, thought I, have I labored in obscurity, but now—I pulled up my collar (it was a long time ago) and walked majestically along in all the pride of greatness incog.

"Alas! alas! 'twas but a dagger of the mind. It dazzled for a moment before my enraptured sight, and left me again to descend into the nothingness from which, in fancy, I had risen. Although it was printed and published, with a preface artfully acknowledging it to be unworthy public patronage;

although I wrote a puff myself—do you know what a puff is?"

"An author's opinion of his own works, expressed in a daily paper, by himself or his friends," I answered.

"Right," continued he, "although I wrote a puff myself, informing the public that rumors were afloat that the new novel, which created such a sensation both abroad and at home, was from the well-known pen of the celebrated William Lackwit, Esq., poet, editor, orator, and author in general—although I paid the editor of one of our most fashionable evening papers six shillings for reading it himself, and six and sixpence for recommending it to the perusal of his subscribers, '*credat Judeus appellas*'—it 'went dead,' as the Irishman says; a newspaper squib, a little pop-gun of a thing, first brought it into disrepute, and a few would-be critics ridiculed it to death. Herbert and Rogers, merchant tailors, lost a customer and I a fortune, and my unhappy book was used to carry greasy sausages and bad butter to the illiterate herd, who took more care of their stomachs than of their heads, and liked meat better than mind. Oh! that ever I was an author: oh! that ever I panted after literary fame. I have chased the rainbow reputation over crag and cliff. I have waded through rivers of distress, and braved storms of poverty and scorn, to get one grasp at the beautiful vision; and though I see it yet, as lovely and as bright as ever, yet still it is as cheating, and still as far from my reach. My next trial was of a

higher nature, which, after we have again partaken of your excellent Madeira, I will relate to you"—

And he proceeded to describe that which I shall lay before the indulgent reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAY.

"Fierce champion, Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears;
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake,
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling's sake."

My eccentric companion proceeded in his story, gathering new animation as he recapitulated the battles which he had fought, and the victories which he might have won.

"For a long time, sir, after the melancholy catastrophe of my novel, I was completely discouraged. I felt an indifference towards the world: I had soared so high upon the wings of hope that the fall almost broke my heart; but soon the disappointment began to lose its bitterness, and I received a consolation (which, wicked as it was, I could not repress) in discovering that hundreds of unsuccessful authors were exactly in my condition: then I remembered that as great fame, once acquired, would be everlasting, I could not expect to acquire it without immense trouble and assiduous application. Gradually I shook off the hateful fetters of gloomy despair, and, like some deluded slave, to a

false woman's charms, I allowed cheating hope to lead me captive again. My brain began to effervesce with exuberance of imagination, and gave promise of something more exquisite still. Novel-writing was out of the question: I had manufactured one, and if the public did not like it, they might let it alone; and so they did—the more shame for them.

"I felt as proud as Lucifer in my defeat, and was resolved never to compliment with another the world who had used my last so villainously. No, thought I, I'll write a play, and give Shakspeare and Otway a little rest. If I cannot get in the great temple one way, I'll try another; and, with increasing avidity, I went at it again. It was not long before I began to entertain the idea that my mind was peculiarly adapted for dramatic writing. I was not formed to wade through the dull drudgery of novel descriptions—to expatiate upon little rivulets, tinkling among big rocks—and amorous breezes making love to sentimental green trees. In my present avocation, the azure heavens, the frowning mountain, the broad ocean, the shadowy forest, and 'all that] sort of thing,' would fall beneath the painter's care: skies would be manufactured to give light to my heroes, and cities would sprout up, in which they could act their adventures. My play would present a great field for triumph, and 'young, blushing Merit, and neglected Worth,' must be seen, and consequently admired. Now would the embodied visions of my fancy go to the hearts of the

public through their ears, as well as their eyes, and genius would wing its sparkling way amid the thundering acclamations of thousands of admiring spectators. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'I have the eel of glory by the tail, and it shall not escape me, slippery as it is.'

"With a perseverance which elicited praise from myself, if from nobody else, I mounted my Pegasus, and jogged along this newly discovered road to immortality. The external and common world melted from my mind when I sat down to my task, and, although it was evanescent as poets' pleasures generally are, few men enjoyed more happiness than I—as the tattered trappings of my poor garret seemed dipped in the enchanting magnificence of my dreams, and I rioted in visions of white paper snow-storms, and dramatic thunder and lightning. I sought every opportunity for stage effect—to have trap-doors and dungeons, unexpected assassinations, and resurrections more unexpected still.

"My undertaking seemed very easy at first, but I soon found myself bewildered amid difficulties seriously alarming. At one time I brought a whole army of soldiers on the stage, and made them fight a prodigious battle, without discovering, till half the poor fellows were slain, that the whole affair had taken place in a lady's chamber! This was easily remedied, but I experienced infinitely more trouble with the next. I had formed a hero, in whom were concentrated all the virtues, beauties, and accomplishments of human kind: a real Sir William

Wallace—gigantic in person and mind—who never opened his lips but to speak blank verse—who did not know that there was such a person as Fear on the face of the globe, and could put a whole army to flight by just offering to draw his sword. It was my design artfully to lead him into the greatest extremes of danger, and then artfully to lead him out again; but, in the paroxysm of my enthusiasm, I at length got him into a scrape from which no human power could possibly extricate him.

“ His enemies, determined not to give so terrible a fellow the slightest chance of escape, had confined him in a tremendous dungeon, deep, and walled around on all sides, by lofty rocks and mountains totally impenetrable. To this dreadful abode there was only one little entrance, which was strictly guarded by a band of soldiers, who were ordered never to take their eyes off the door, and always to keep their guns cocked. Now here was a predicament, and I knew not what to do. The whole of the preceding was so beautifully managed, that to cut it out would be impossible. Yet there he was, poor youth, without the slenderest hope of freedom, cooped up among everlasting mountains, beneath which Atlas himself might have groaned in vain. What was I to do? He must be released. The audience would expect it, as a common civility, that I would not murder him before their eyes. It would have been ungenteel to a degree. At length I hit it, after having conceived almost inconceivable plans, and vainly attempted to manage ponderous ideas

which were too heavy for my use. I proposed to introduce a ghost—a spirit, which would at once please the pit, and be a powerful friend to the imprisoned soldier.

“At the dead of the night, when he sat ruminating on the vicissitudes of life, and spouting extemporeneous blank-verse soliloquies, (at which I had spent many midnight hours,) the genius of the mountain comes down in a thunder cloud, and thus addresses the pensive hero. You will be pleased to observe the rude and natural dignity of language, which it was a great point with me to preserve.

Genius. Hero of earth, thine eyes look red with weeping.

Hero, (*laying his hand upon his sword.*) Who says he e'er
saw *Bamaloosa* weep?

Gen. Nay, hold thy tongue, and shut thy wide-oped jaw :
I come to save thee, if thou wilt be saved.

Hero. I will not perish, if I help it can ;
But who will cleave these cursed rocks apart,
And give me leave to leave this cursed place,
Where lizards crawl athwart my sinking flesh,
And bullfrogs jump, and toads do leap about ?

Gen. I—I can do whate'er I have a mind :
I am the genius of this lonesome place,
And I do think you might more manners have,
Than thus to speak to him that is your host.

Hero. If thou art really what thou seem'st to be,
Just let me out of this infernal hole.
Oh ! my dear fellow, take me hence away—
‘My soul’s in arms, impatient for the fray !’
Take me from deeds I’ve often thought upon,
Down deep in dreadful dungeons darkly done !

“The alliteration in the last line melts the tender heart of the genius: he waves his hand in the air ;

his cloudy throne streams thunder and lightning from every side ; instantaneously a convulsion ensues ; the stage becomes the scene of general conflagration ; a number of small imps, and little devils, fiery-breathed dragons, and red-nosed salamanders, are seen sporting about in the confusion, till the whole explodes, and out walks my man through a prodigious crack in the mountain, which heals up after him as he goes along. The consternation of the guards may be imagined, but unless I had the ms. here, I could not attempt to describe it.

“At length it was written, rehearsed, and advertised, and its name, in great capitals, stared from every brick wall and wooden fence in the city.

“Delightful anticipations of immortality began to throng upon my mind, and I could almost hear the various theatre cries of ‘bravo,’ ‘encore,’ and ‘author.’ With some trouble, I had prepared a very handsome speech, to be spoken when I should be called out, and practised bowing before a looking-glass with great success. Indeed, by the time the evening of representation arrived, I was prepared for every triumph which fate could have in store for me ; and I had vowed an unalterable determination not to lose my firmness of mind in the heaviest flood of prosperity that could possibly pour in upon me.

“The evening arrived—a fine, cool, moonlight night. The stars twinkled upon me as I hastened to the theatre, as if congratulating me from their lofty stations in the sky, and the most refreshing

breezes played around my head, methought, whispering soft nonsense in my ear. I walked with a proud step to the door, entered majestically, and took my seat modestly.

"The house was already thronged with ladies and gentlemen, with their various appendages of quizzing-glasses and bamboo canes; and frequent murmurs of impatience buzzed around, by which I felt extremely flattered. The end of my troubles seemed already at hand, and I thought Fame, on her adamantine tablet, had already written 'William Lackwit, Esquire, Author in general,' in letters too indelible for time itself to erase. Fear faded away in the dazzling brilliancy of that smiling multitude, and my soul floated about in its delicious element of triumphant hope, with a sensation such as arises after a good dose of exhilarating gas.

"Alas! 'twas but a dream!" I soon perceived that fortune frowned on my efforts, and had taken the most undisguised method of blasting my hopes. A most diabolical influenza had for some time raged in the city, which on this very evening seemed at its height. A convulsion of coughing kept the whole audience in incessant confusion; and with the most harrowing apprehensions, I listened to noises of every description, from the faint, sneeze-like effusion of some little girl's throat, to the deep-toned and far-sounding bellow of the portly alderman. Besides this, I had the pleasure to observe some of my most devoted enemies scattered, as if

intentionally, through the critical pit, scowling in tenfold blackness upon the scene, and apparently waiting in composed hatred, an opportunity to give me 'the goose.' Meditation raged high, as I observed these significant and threatening appearances, and I could scarcely have been in greater trepidation if I had been attacked with hydrophobia itself.

"The curtain rose soon, and my first characters appeared ; but, fire and fury ! I did not recognize them myself !

"The play proceeded, and a scene ensued which gentlest moderation might denominate 'murder, most foul.' My dear sir, you can have no idea of it. They had cut out my most beautiful sentiments. The very identical remarks which I had intended should bring the house down, were gone, and 'left not a trace behind.' One recited a speech which was intended to have been spoken by another, and he spouted one that should not have been spoken at all. My finest specimens of rhetoric failed, from their clumsy manner of delivery, and all my wit missed fire. Oh ! if you could have seen them, like a pack of wild bulls in a garden of flowers, breaking rudely over all those delicate bushes of poetry, and trampling down the sweetest roses in the field of literature. The prettily turned expressions, which should have been carefully breathed upon the audience, with a softened voice and pensive eye, were bawled out in an unvaried, monotonous tone of voice, and a face as pas-

sionless as a barber's block. The whole play was destroyed.

“ ‘There was nip, and snip, and cut, and slish, and slash,’ till the first act ended, and then was a slight hiss. ‘Cold drops of sweat stood on my trembling flesh ;’ but I pulled my hat fiercely over my beating brow, and, angry and desperate, prepared for the brooding storm. On my mountain scene I laid my principal dependence ; and if that failed me, ‘then welcome despair.’ At last it came : there was the dungeon and a man in it, with a wig, which covered the greatest part of his real hair, and a face sublimely cut and slashed over with a piece of coal. Instead of the beautiful countenance which had gleamed upon me in my poetic vision, there was a thin, hump-backed little fellow, with a tremendous pair of red whiskers, and a pug nose ! My fac-simile of Sir William Wallace with red whiskers and a pug nose !! Sir, it threw me into one of the most violent fevers I ever had. Besides all these, ‘his face was dirty, and his hands unwashed ;’ and he proceeded to give such a bombastic flourish of his arm, and his voice rose to such a high pitch, that he was hailed with loud laughter, and shouts of ‘Make a bow, Johnny—make a bow,’ till my head reeled in delirious despair.

“ But the language and stage effect might redeem the errors of the actor, and I remained in a delightful agony for the result. Lazy time at length brought it upon the stage ; but oh, ye gods ! what a fall was there ! As the thunder-cloud and genius

were floating gracefully down, one of the ropes cracked, and the enchanter of the cavern hurt his nose against the floor, notwithstanding a huge pair of gilt pasteboard wings, which spread themselves at his shoulders. He got up, however, and went on till the explosion was to have taken place: then he waved his wand, with an air which was not intended to have been resisted; but, *miserabile dictu!* the crack would not open, and Bamaloosa trotted off by one of the side-scenes, amidst hoots of derision from every part of the house.

“The green curtain fell. A universal hiss, from ‘the many-headed monster of the pit,’ rung heavily in my ears. I had seen my poor play murdered and damned in one night, and it was enough to quench all future hopes of literary eminence. I rushed, desperate, from the spot, not choosing to stay for the farce; and, in the confusion of unsuccessful genius, I kicked two little red-headed fellows into the gutter for asking of me a check.

“In the anguish of my disappointment, I dreamed a combination of every thing horrible, to tantalize and terrify my poor, tired brain; and I arose with a head-ach and a heart-ach, and no very great opinion of any one in the world, but myself.

“You have convinced me that generosity has not taken French leave of every bosom, and I shall always look back upon the moments I have spent with you as bright exceptions to those of my past life. And, now,” continued he, pocketing the re-

maining bone, putting a couple of potatoes in his bosom, and taking a long draught of wine—"and now, I trust, we are square: you have provided me a dinner, and I have treated you to 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul.' If I see you again, 'I shall remember you were bountiful;' if not, God bless you and yours."

He gave me a hearty shake by the hand, and darted from the room. I caught a glimpse of his figure as he passed the window—and saw the poor author no more.

TO WALTER BOWNE, ESQ.

SENATOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, MEMBER OF THE
COUNCIL OF APPOINTMENT,
&c. &c. &c.

AT ALBANY, IN THE SPRING OF 1821.

—
BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.
—

I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me.—*Shakespeare*,

We do not blame you, Walter Bowne,
For a variety of reasons,
You're now the talk of half the town,
A man of talent and renown,
And will be, for perhaps two seasons.
That face of yours has magic in it,
Its smile transports us in a minute,
To wealth and pleasure's sunny bowers :
And there is terror in its frown,
Which, like a mower's scythe, cuts down
Our city's loveliest flowers.

We, therefore, do not blame you, sir,
Whate'er our cause of grief may be,
And cause enough we have to stir
The very stones to mutiny.
You've driven from the cash and cares
Of office, heedless of our prayers,

Men who have been, for many a year,
 To us, and to our purses, dear,
 And will be to our heirs for ever.
 Our tears, aided by snow and rain,
 Have swelled the brook in Maiden-lane
 Into a mountain river.
 And when you visit us again,
 Leaning at Tammany on your cane,
 Like warrior on his battle-blade,
 You'll mourn the havoc you have made.

There is a silence and a sadness
 Within the marble mansion now ;
 Some have wild eyes that look like madness
 Some talk of kicking up a row.
 Judge Miller will not yet believe
 That you have ventured to bereave
 The city and its hall of him ;
 He has in his own fine way stated,
 “ The fact must be substantiated,”
 Before he’ll move a single limb.
 He thinks it cursed hard to yield
 The laurel won in every field,
 Through sixteen years of party war,
 And to be seen at noon no more
 Enjoying, at his office door,
 The luxury of a tenth segar.
 Judge Warner says that, now he’s gone,
 We’ve lost the true Dogberry breed ;
 And Christian swears that you have done
 A most *un*-Christian deed.

How could you have the heart to strike
 From place the peerless Pierre Van Wyck ?
 And the twin colonels, Haines and Pell,
 Squire Fessenden and Sheriff Bell ?
 Morrell, a justice, and a wise one,
 And Ned M’Laughlin, the exciseman ?

The two health officers, believers
In Clinton and contagious fevers ?
The keeper of the city's treasures,
The sealer of her weights and measures ?
The harbor-master, her best bower
Cable in party's stormy hour ?
Ten auctioneers, three bank directors,
And Mott and Duffy, the inspectors
Of whisky and of flour ?

It was but yesterday they stood
All (*ex officio*) great and good—
But by the tomahawk struck down
Of party, and of Walter Bowne,
Where are they now ?—With shapes of air,
The caravan of things that were,
Journeying to their nameless home,
Like Mecca's pilgrims from her tomb—
With the lost Pleiad—with the wars
Of Agamemnon's ancestors—
With their own years of joy and grief,
Spring's bud and autumn's faded leaf,
With birds that round their cradles flew,
With winds that in their boyhood blew,
With last night's dream and last night's dew.

Yes, they are gone, alas ! each one of them,
Departed, every mother's son of them.
Yet often, at the close of day,
When thoughts are winged and wandering, they
Come with the memory of the past,
Like sunset clouds along the wind
Reflecting, as they're flitting fast,
In their wild hues of shade and light,
All that was beautiful and bright,
In golden moments left behind.

BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.*

BY WILLIAM COX.

He is a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.—*Shaks.*

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron *Nabem*, a person who has a very *taking* way with him.—*Tom and Jerry.*

PERHAPS there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is gradually increasing. The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbor, and expect to have his own written in return ; interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editors of this paper† intend to take Longworth's

* This was written during an awful prevalence of biographies.

† The New-York Mirror.

Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favor—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pickpockets, horse-jockeys, and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiae of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every-day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like any ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men ate, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding further, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report afloat that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in a morning, in consequence of their lying too heavily on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was

born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acmé of constabulatory power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation, during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will "have old Hays (as he is affectionately and familiarly termed) after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

"Bring forth the secret'st man of blood?"

That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a store has been robbed, he, without stop or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "these are they"

—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim, “you're wanted!”—or how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity that makes him “here and there and everywhere” at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet:

“Long may he live! our city's pride!
Where lives the rogue, but flies before him!
With trusty crabstick by his side,
And staff of office waving o'er him.”

But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is “unwritten,” as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with

nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck—no, he is more in the petit larceny manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villany, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair :

There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of hate and fear ;
And where his glance of “apprehension” fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell !

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes, his slightest action is watched and criticized ; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman’s shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever

greatness exist without some penalty attached to it ?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city-hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy, and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"hats off there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much, of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer's day, and may thy

salary be increased ! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast “wanted” so many, art in turn “ wanted and must go,”

“ Mayst thou fall
Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth !”

AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE quiet August noon is come ;
A slumberous silence fills the sky ;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng ;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out ;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout !—

When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell !

But now, a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away ! I will not be, to-day,
 The only slave of toil and care ;
 Away from desk and dust, away !
 I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
 Among the plants and breathing things,
 The sinless, peaceful works of God,
 I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
 The gentle meaning of the heart,
 One day amid the woods with thee,
 From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
 The shadow of the thicket lies,
 The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
 Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come—and when, mid the calm profound,
 I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,
 They like the lovely landscape round,
 Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
 And on the silent valleys gaze,
 Winding and widening till they fade
 In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
 Still as its spire : and yonder flock,
 At rest in those calm fields, appear
 As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
 Where the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
 While a near hum, from bees and brooks,
 Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem, that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the sons of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life,—

Like the deep quiet, that awhile
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes them to a happier shore.

THE OCEAN.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER.

"There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

I KNEW of nothing in the whole compass of Byron's varied productions which equals in sublimity of conception and vividness of coloring, his portraitures of the ocean. Though, for the most part, the bold and masterly touches of genius are displayed in every thing which came from his hand, yet when his imagination fixes upon the "dark blue sea," he appears to surpass all other poets. As you muse over his immortal sketches in the hush of midnight and by the waning lamp, the wild note of the seabird and the low murmur of whispering waters and their silvery light—or the death-shriek of the drowning mariner and the roar of billows, together with the lurid and appalling wave-flash of the reflected lightning, break in upon the silence and dimness of your chamber. Time and space are annihilated by the magic of his numbers, and you feel yourself snatched away to the far-off sea, and regaled by its fresh cool breezes as you go bounding over its glo-

rious expanse. He was emphatically the poet of the ocean, for the proudest march of his genius was upon its "mountain waves." He appears to have possessed a delight in its wild scenes amounting almost to a passionate fondness. In his boyhood, seated on some retired crag, he hung over it hour after hour in the still summer evenings, and felt in the excitement of his glowing fancy a yearning towards it; and when in after years the ties which held him to his country were severed, he flew to its trackless solitudes as to a refuge and a home. Like a proud vessel which, after having been becalmed and ingloriously confined in some narrow bay, has gained the broad deep and the rushing gale, the indignant bard swept forth in the buoyancy of freedom, rejoicing as the breeze freshened, and exulting in the rudest commotion of the elements. At that stirring hour he could "laugh to flee away" even from the land of his fathers, for in the thrill of his emotions there was less of sadness than of joy. I can see him in imagination as he trode the deck, now soothing the sorrows of his little page, and now sweeping his deep-toned lyre as he poured his farewell to the receding shores, and a welcome to the waves that came dashing onward from the far stretch of the seaward horizon. The void in his heart, which no father's love and no mother's endearing tenderness had preoccupied with images of parental affection, and which had been widening from his boyhood by the death or estrangement of early associates, was now filled with the beauty and stirring majesty of

the great deep. The loneliness that brooded like a dark spirit over his melancholy bosom was dispelled for a season by the strange grandeur of the prospects around him ; and in the romance of poetical enthusiasm, he regarded the ocean as a living and intelligent existence. As he bent over the prow in the gentle moonlight, he discoursed with it as with a friend, and in its billowy commotions he gazed upon it with mingled joy and reverence. And who has not experienced such sensations, even when far away from the ocean, while his thoughts were hovering over its azure domains ? I remember what a novel and indescribable feeling used to steal upon me when a boy, whenever I fell in with Virgil's description of the sea. I had never been beyond the mountain boundaries of my native valley—never enjoyed even a remote prospect of the sublime object of his inspiration, and therefore my young fancy was introduced in those passages to a fairy world, and left free to expatiate amid the glorious imagery of the Mantuan bard. After reading of Palinurus or the sweet-voiced sirens, I have gazed at the little lake which lies embosomed in the green hills near my father's cottage till my eyes grew dim, and its rippling surface seemed to stretch away to a misty and limitless expanse, whilst the sweep of the winds among the rough crags and pine forests of the neighboring mountains uttered to my imagination the voice of the sounding deep. But how far short of reality, both in grandeur and beauty, did I find the conceptions of fancy when I

beheld the object itself some years after. My first view of it was on a clear but gusty afternoon of autumn. The winds had been abroad for many hours, and as I looked seaward from the high promontory and beheld the long rough surges rushing towards me, and listened to their wild roar as they were flung back from the caverned battlements at my feet, I felt as if the pillars of the universe were shaken around me, and stood awed and abased before the majesty of excited nature. Since then I have been on lofty precipices while the thunder-cloud was bursting below me—have leaned over the trembling brink of Niagara, and walked within its awful chambers, but the thrill of that moment has never returned. The feeling of awe, however, gradually gave place to an intense but pleasing emotion, and I longed to spring away from the tame and trodden earth, to that wild, mysterious world, whose strange scenes broke so magnificently upon my vision. No wonder that our first roving impulses are towards the ocean. No wonder that the romantic and adventurous spirit of youth deems lightly of hardship or peril when aroused by its stirring presentations. There is something so winning in the multiplied superstitions of its hardy wanderers—something so fascinating in its calm beauty, and so animating in its stormy recklessness, that the ties of country and kindred sit looser at our hearts as curiosity whispers of its unseen wonders. In after years, when the bloom of existence has lost much of its brightness, when curiosity has become ener-

vated, and the powers of the imagination palsied, where do we sooner turn to renew their former pleasing excitement than to our remembered haunts by the ocean? We leave behind us all the splendor and magnificence of art, all the voluptuous gratifications of society—we break from the banquet and the dance, and fly away to the solitary cliffs where the sea-bird hides her nest. There the cares, perplexities, and rude jostlings of opposing interests are for a while forgotten. There the turmoil of human intercourse disquiets no longer. There the sweat and dust of the crowded city are dispelled, as the cool sea-breeze comes gently athwart our feverish brow. In the exhilaration of the scene the blood gathers purer at the heart—its pulse-beat is softer, and we feel once more a newness of life amounting almost to a transport. Delightful remembrances, that lie buried up under the dross of the past, are reanimated, and the charm, the peace, and the freshness of life's morning innocence again find in our bosom a welcome and a home. The elastic spring of boyhood is in our step as we chase the receding wave along the white beach, or leap wildly into its glassy depths. In the low billowy murmur that steals out upon the air, our ear catches the pleasant but long unheard music of other years, like the remembered voice of a departed companion ; and while leaning over some beetling crag, glorious visions pass thronging before our eyes, as, in fancy, we rove through the coral groves where the mermaids have their emerald bowers, or gaze at the

hidden beauties, the uncoveted gems, and the glittering argosies that repose amid the still waters. The soul goes forth, as it were, to the hallowed and undefiled temples of nature to be purified of its earthly contaminations. She takes to herself wings and flies away to the "uttermost parts of the sea," and even there she hears the voice of the Divinity, witnesses the manifestations of his power, experiences the kind guardianship of his presence, and returns cheered and invigorated to renew her weary pilgrimage. The ocean is a world by itself, presenting few analogies either in form or scenery with the continents it embraces. It seems to stand aloof from the dusty and beaten paths of human ambition in the dignity of conscious independence. Man may bring desolation upon the green earth, or dwarf its gigantic pinnacles to the stature of his grovelling conceptions, but over the beauty and majesty of ocean he has no power. He may mine the solid mountains, dig up buried cities upon which the lava has mouldered for centuries, and fix his habitation in their silent courts; but he cannot fathom the abysses of the deep, or walk the lonely streets of St. Ubes or Euphaenia. He may visit the sepulchres of the first patriarchs, he may lift the cerements from the queens of the Ptolemies; but he cannot go down to the ocean grave of his yesterday's friend to close his eyes or cast the wild-flower upon his uncoffined bosom. I do not know whether we are capable of forming a true platonic attachment for an inanimate object, but I sometimes

believe that we may. The shrine in which friendship has treasured up its cherished keepsakes, the ring that sparkled on the finger, and the ringlet that once shaded the brow of the departed—whatever, indeed, serves as a remembrancer of the absent, or a memento of the dead, speaks eloquently of the existence of such a passion. The home of our childhood has a spell of gladness for our hearts long after the beloved ones who formed its endearments have passed for ever from its portal. In the devotion of the idolator also there seems to be too much of reality to be the calculation of hypocrisy. The rivers, the hills, and the deep forests have their worshippers—the sun and moon listen to the hymn of the Gheber, who regards them with the expression of affection and reverence. With feelings akin to these, the astrologer gazes at the star, whose benignant influence, like an invisible guardian, has, in his belief, wrought out whatever there has been of happiness or prosperity in the unfolding of his destiny. Nor has the ocean lacked its admiring votaries. Byron, as I have before remarked, loved it with a poet's fondness. He rejoiced in the "*cælum undique, et undique pontus;*" a striking image of his far-reaching mind. The imaginative Shelley passed his brightest hours upon its waters, and at last found a welcome grave in their hidden bosom. I once heard a romantic story of a seaman, whose attachment for the ocean was peculiarly striking. He became acquainted with it when young, and after having spent many years amidst its scenes, he

ceased from his wanderings and returned to his native village. The remaining companions of his early days kindly welcomed him back, while his old fond mother clung tenderly and with tears to her rough but warm-hearted son. For a while he forgot the delights of his wild rovings in the pleasing associations which filled his mind, and in narrating to the listening villagers the wonders of the deep, and his own perilous, yet congenial adventures. At length he grew silent and evidently discontented, and the expression of delight passed from his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. All perceived the change, and all strove to dispel his hidden despondency; yet still he continued melancholy and ill at ease. At last his mother, on entering his chamber one morning, found an affectionate farewell written on an old chart and directed to herself, with the collected earnings of his years of peril. But the endeared inmate had gone. He took his way back to the ocean and wandered from port to port, but broken down by age and hardship, he could find no employ among its adventurers. With a heart aching from the dull monotony, the tame, listless quietude of the land, he retired to a small hamlet on the coast, and with the assistance of some kind fishermen built him a little bark. Once more he committed himself to the guidance of the rough elements, and once more the look of gladness settled on the hard features of the old sailor. Alone, but not solitary, he went forth upon the deep, and for many years after, the floating home of the ocean

hermit was seen at all seasons in the Caribbean Archipelago. No one, not even the ruthless pirate, molested him in his quiet wanderings, but all greeted him with a hearty salutation, and all received a warm God-speed in return. During the day he sailed gently along the luxuriant islands of the tropics, singing some wild old ballad of the sea as he cast his fishing lines into its sparkling depths ; and at night, after having filled his can from the fresh spring and laid in a supply of fruits, he moored his little vessel in some calm bay, and slept soundly as under the roof-tree of his mother's cottage. Time passed on, and severer infirmities began to steal upon his once vigorous frame, so that it was with difficulty he could now provide the common necessaries of life. At length some soldiers seeing his boat in the vicinity of their fort, went down to the beach to welcome their old acquaintance. Slowly and irregularly it drifted ashore, when they found its debilitated possessor stretched insensible in his narrow cabin. They conveyed the famished man to their quarters, and used the best means in their power for his recovery. He was restored to reason, seemed grateful for their kind attentions, and for a while appeared convalescent. One evening, however, after one of those tremendous hurricanes so common in those latitudes, the roar of the sea swelled up into his silent apartment, and fell upon his ear. In the absence of the attendant, he crept languidly from his couch and crawled to the terrace, which overlooked a wide extent of ocean. The winds had

died away—not a cloud blotted the bright azure of the horizon, and the moon and stars were looking peacefully down upon the troubled deep. Far as the eye could reach, all was one wide, awful commotion. The old mariner bent forward upon the parapet, as if to spring away towards the scenes he loved so well. Before him, on the strand, lay the wreck of his little shallop, and a groan escaped him as he recognised its shattered form ; but he knew that his wanderings were ended, and he sent his swimming glance far out upon the waters. And here they found him, his gray head resting on his shoulder, his withered arms thrown forth upon the wall, and his eyes fixed intently upon the deep ; but his spirit had passed away in the transport of that fond, lingering, farewell gaze.

LINE S

Written at an auberge, upon the Appenines, August 3, 1832.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

'Tis midnight the lone mountains on—
The east is fleck'd with cloudy bars,
And, gliding through them one by one,
The moon walks up her path of stars—
The light upon her placid brow
Borrowed of fountains unseen now.
And happiness is mine to-night,
Thus springing from an unseen fount,
And breast and brain are warm with light,
With midnight round me on the mount—
Its rays, like thine, fair Dian, flow
From far that western star below.
Dear mother ! in thy love I live ;
The life thou gav'st flows yet from thee—
And, sun-like, thou hast power to give
Life to the earth, air, sea, for me !
Though wandering as this moon above,
I'm dark without thy beaming love.

THE WILL AND THE LAWSUIT.

BY WILLIAM C. BALDWIN.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE DUCK, of Duck hall, was one of the most downright, hearty, and thorough-going patriots that ever mounted a table and spouted about freedom at a ward-meeting.

“Liberty,” said he, “consists in law. We are not governed by men, but principles. Beshrew those false-hearted knaves who deny the perfectibility of human governments! They are common slanderers of human nature. It is as plain as a pipe-stem,” (although Mr. Duck had not been through college, he cherished a natural taste for classical allusions,) “it is as plain as a pipe-stem that a constitution may be constructed philosophically, and laws may be enacted so as to diffuse justice uniformly and universally. Why look you now,” continued he to his uncle Peter Crane, “look you, uncle, what can be more perfect than our present form of government? Our senate is a check upon our house of representatives—our house of representatives is a check upon our senate—the president is a check upon both of them, and both of them are checks upon him. By such a legislature,

assisted by the states, no laws can be passed but such as are indubitably for the good of the people; and when passed, what an admirable institution are our courts of justice, where learned counsel on each side show the question in all its bearings, and leave it for judge and jury to decide upon after careful examination."

This Mr. Peter Crane was a famous hand for horses. After immense preparations to gain the purse offered at the races just then ensuing, he was prevented from participating in his usual amusement by an unpleasant accident. He "died one day" of an apoplectic fit, and left a will, for the drawing of which he had paid twenty-five dollars to his friend, Timothy Fifa, Esq., attorney and counsellor at law, commissioner of deeds, notary public, solicitor in chancery, corporation attorney, and notary to the "Yorkville New-York Washington United States Cahawba Agricultural Bank."

It is reported that Mr. Crane had originally drawn his own will; and being a plain man, and not anticipating any trouble touching the disposition of his estate after he should be gathered to his fathers, had just declared in ordinary English, and in the presence of competent witnesses, that he bequeathed so and so to such and such a person.

Timothy Fifa, Esq., attorney and counsellor, commissioner, and so forth, as aforesaid, dropped in accidentally and detected this fraudulent proceeding against the interest of the profession. When he perceived what they were at, he rested his chin

on the top of his cane, then fixed his eyes full upon the testator, and informed him that the phraseology of the document would invalidate the claims of his heirs.

“Lawyers,” said he, “are sharp-eyed people; they’ll detect a quibble and ruin the business. I’ll prepare a substitute, which shall puzzle the whole fraternity.”

The substitute which was to puzzle the whole fraternity, to use the language of Mr. Duck, of Duck hall, “contained the following *claw* :”

“And I, the said Peter Crane, of Crane hall, Craneville, in the county of Crane, on the north border of Crane river, do hereby give and bequeath unto my dearly-beloved nephew, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, Duckville, in the county of Duck, all the four-legged quadrupeds belonging to me, and situate, lying, walking, standing, or in any manner whatsoever of howsoever being upon my estate.”

By virtue of this will, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, claimed twenty-seven full-blooded race-horses, belonging to the estate of the testator. But lawyers are not so easily “puzzled.” The executors firmly refused to deliver the horses. Mr. Duck was actually thunderstruck. He had set his heart upon them. To lose his uncle was bad enough in all conscience, but to lose the horses too was intolerable.

“Pray, sir,” said Mr. Duck to one of the executors.

tors, smothering his feelings, "on what ground do you detain my property?"

He was referred to counsellor Capias, of Casa hall, Casaville. Burning with indignation did Napoleon Bonaparte Duck enter the office of counsellor Capias.

"Counsellor Capias," said he, laying his hand on his heart, "I am Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall."

"The devil you are," replied the counsellor, "and who said you were not?"

"I've come, Mr. Counsellor, to consult you about my horses."

"Horses, sir?" said the counsellor, looking into his face keenly, over his glasses, as if he did not understand what he meant, "horses, my friend, what horses?"

"My uncle's horses, sir—*my* horses, sir—the horses situate, lying, and being upon Crane hall, Craneville, sir, in the county of Crane, on the north side of Crane river, sir."

"Crane hall? Horses?" said the lawyer, pausing and placing his fore-finger on his forehead, as if striving to call some forgotten thing to mind. Then his face lighted up suddenly. "Oh! ah! yes! oh, you're Mr. Duck?"

"Why, sir, who the devil should I be but Mr. Duck? Every inch a Duck."

Mr. Duck was very fond of Shakspeare, and always quoted him when he was getting into a passion.

"Well, Mr. Duck," inquired the counsellor, composedly, "what can I do for you?"

"You can give me my horses, sir."

The counsellor laid his pen down upon the table and looked surprised.

"Do you take me for a livery stable-keeper, sir?"

"Look you, Mr. Counsellor," said Duck, drawing from his pocket a copy of the will, "there, sir, is my uncle's will; here he bequeathes me, sir, his dearly beloved nephew, sir, Napoleon Bonaparte Duck, of Duck hall, sir, *all* the horses on his farm. The executors have refused them to me, and referred me to you. Will you have the kindness to give me an answer?"

"I see nothing here about *horses*," said Capias, after humming over the contents of the will.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Duck, losing his patience; "read that *claw*, sir; don't you see—all the four-legged quadrupeds, sir, 'to my dearly beloved nephew I bequeathe all the four-legged quadrupeds,' sir, &c. &c. What do you say to that, sir?"

"Mr. Duck," said the lawyer, mildly, "I perceive you are not much acquainted with these matters. This document entitles a person calling himself Duck, to claim all the *four-legged* quadrupeds—all the *four-legged*, you see—now we contend that the quadrupeds on the Craneville estate have *five legs*."

"Fire and fury!" said Napoleon Duck, "quadrupeds with *five legs*? I did not expect to be

insulted, sir. I'll commence a suit instantly—you are a—”

“Pardon me, Mr. Duck,” interrupted the counsellor. I am well aware that, philosophically speaking, quadrupeds have only four legs. But philosophy is one thing, Mr. Duck, and law is another, Mr. Duck. Now *Barbeyrac*, in his notes on *Puffendorf*, accedes that four are not five; and your uncle, although *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, should have worded his will so as to include all animals, *feræ naturæ*, as well as others, without any reference to legs whatever, for *Justinian, lib. 2, tit. 1, section 12*, declares that *feræ igitur bestiæ simul atque—*”

“The man's mad,” thundered Duck, leaving the room and slamming the door violently after him. He went straightway to counsellor Fifa, gave him fifty dollars, with orders to institute an action immediately against the executors. In due time a verdict was recovered for the plaintiff, who, however, had to pay a heavy bill of costs, notwithstanding his success.

“Executors never pay costs,” said lawyer Fifa. “Lord, sir, didn't you know that? I thought every body knew that.”

Fifa took a pinch of snuff, the clerk giggled, and Duck started for the office of counsellor Capias, a little dashed with the bill of costs, but evidently gratified with the triumph he was about to consummate over his old friend.

“Counsellor Capias,” said he, with a smile of sa-

tisfaction bordering on scorn, "I suppose you'll give me the horses now?"

"Not at all, Mr. Duck."

"Why, I have gained the suit, have I not?" asked Mr. Duck, with a stare of astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"And the court decided that the horses should be delivered to me?"

"Oh, yes; but what of that? I'm going to carry it up."

"Carry *it* up!—carry *what* up?"

"The case, sir—the horses, sir. I'm going to *certiorari*. I told you you didn't understand these matters."

Duck absolutely evaporated with surprise, vexation, anger, and terror; and the next thing that was seen of him was that he was giving another fifty dollar note to lawyer Fifa.

"They've *certioraried*," said Fifa. "I'm glad of it. Don't be afraid, Duck, we'll beat them at last as sure as four aint five."

It being an issue in law, the case was argued before his honor, Mr. Justice Dobbs, of Dobbs hall, Dobbsville, in the county of Dobbs. Timothy Fifa, Esq., appeared for the defendant in error, and Casa Capias, Esq., for the plaintiff.

Capias for the now plaintiff. This was an action commenced in the court below, by the present defendant against the now plaintiff. The declaration states that Duck was entitled to twenty

seven horses from the estate of Crane hall, founding his claim upon a will, which bequeathed to him all the *four-legged quadrupeds* therein being. A verdict having been rendered for the plaintiff below, the defendant sued out a *certiorari*, and assigns for error, that the declaration, and the matters therein contained, were not sufficient in law to maintain an action. We rest our case on two points. The will gives the claimant a right to the four-legged quadrupeds *being on the estate of the testator*. Now, we contend, in the first place, that the testator, being dead, defunct, and not alive in law, cannot have an estate. The ambiguity of the document renders it utterly impossible and unjust for the claimant to recover. Secondly—the horses are not mentioned in the will. We think it may be easily proven to the satisfaction of your honor, that the horses claimed have legs. *Fleta, Bracton, Puffendorf, Locke, Barbeyrac, and Blackstone* declare that a leg is a part of the body. Now let me ask your honor what is a tail?—*Quicquid autem eorum ceperis eo usque tuum esse intelligitur*, why a part of the body. Now, a leg is a part of the body, and a tail is a part of the body, *ergo* in law, a tail is a leg, and a leg is a tail, *ergo*, a horse or quadruped with a tail has five legs, *ergo*, the quadrupeds in question are not quadrupeds, but animals, *quinquepedanti*. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Fifa contra. May it please your honor, this is

one of the most important cases that ever came under the consideration of a court of justice ; a case which involves the liberties of millions ; a case, the decision of which will go down as a precedent to posterity ; a case which has the most direct bearing upon the happiness of the whole human race. For, your honor will perceive, that if quadrupeds or animals *quadrupedanti* can be metamorphosed into animals *quinquepedanti*, animals *quinquepedanti*, *vice versa*, can be turned into animals *quadrupedanti*—those into *trespedanti*, those into *bispedanti*, those into *unus* or *monospedanti*, and those into the Lord only knows what. Now, horses have always been considered, animals *quadrupedanti*, as *vide* Fleta, b. 3, c. 2, p. 1008—Bracton, b. 2, c. 1, p. 700, therefore they have but four legs. Secondly : the tail of a horse cannot be considered one of his legs, it being a distinct and less noble part of his body. *Cum vero tuam evaserit custodiam*, as *Justinian* saith. Suppose your honor cut off the tail of my horse, it will not prevent him from walking. But let your honor *rursus occupantis fit*, cut off one of his legs, and *multa accidere soleant ut eam non capias*, he will not be able to walk at all ; therefore the tail of a horse is not one of his legs, *ergo*, a horse has but four legs.

Per curiam. The tail of a horse is one of his legs. It is evident that it is in a manner connected with his body. If you cut off the tail of a horse, the blood will run. If you cut off one of the legs,

the blood will run. *Ergo*, the tail of a horse is one of his legs. The defendant in error, Mr. Duck, is not entitled to the horses. If there are any of them without tails, *deinde ut fera, ita inclusa sit ut exire inde nequeat*, then Mr. Duck is clearly entitled to them.

THE REPULSE

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

WHEN first I sought my Lydia's love,
I talked of flames and rapture ;
And with unceasing ardor strove
Her gentle heart to capture.
“ I'll quit the world if I'm denied”—
I said without reflection ;
“ If you think best,” the fair replied,
“ I've not the least objection.”

“ Hard-heated girl ! for your embrace,
To dastard fear a stranger,
Arabia's desert sands I'll trace,
And laugh at every danger ;
Or scale the Andes' steepest side,
To merit your affection !”
“ As you think best,” she still replied,
“ I've not the least objection.”

“ Can nothing move you ?—Is he doomed
To years of gloom and sorrow,
Who fondly thought you would have bloomed
His lovely bride to-morrow ?
My family, with joy and pride,
Expect the blest connection.”
“ As you think best,” she smiling cried,
“ I've not the least objection.”

A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF TENNESSEE.

BY D. SEALSFIELD.

"AND can you tell us whether we are right in our way to Brown's ferry?" demanded I from a man on horseback, who came pacing towards us, in a narrow cart track on the banks of the Tennessee.

It was growing dark; the mists hung gray and heavy over the woods and waters, and gave to the landscape a bewildering chaotic appearance, so as to render it impossible to discern any object at more than three yards distance. Nearly as long as this digression was the pause of the rider. At last he answered in a tone which, from its singular modulation, I think must have been accompanied with a shake.

"Way to Brown's ferry? Mayhap you mean Coxe's ferry?"

"Well then, Coxe's ferry," replied I, with some impatience.

"Why now, you are long five miles off, and may as well turn your horse's head. I guess you are strangers in this part of the country?"

"The devil," whispered friend R——ds; "we are in the hands of a yankee. He guesses already."

The rider had in the meanwhile pressed closer to our gig, in spite of the thorns and brambles, and the narrowness of the cart track. As far as we could discern, he was still young, but lean and lank, with a cadaverous countenance, and metal buttons on his coat.

"And so you have mistaken the road?" said he, after a due pause, during which the heavy mists had gathered into a moderate rain. "A strange mistake, when the ferry lays not fifteen rods out of the way, and that leads broad and open down the river. A strange mistake, to go up the river, instead of going down!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked both of us at the same time.

"Why you are gone up the Tennessee, and are on the road to B——e," replied the presumptive yankee.

"To B——e!" exclaimed we, in a voice in which a sort of ludicrous stupor and astonishment were so strongly blended, that the yankee asked,

"And didn't you intend to go to B——e?"

"How far is it from here?" asked I.

"Why, how far?" quoth the man of the metal buttons; "it aint very far, but not quite so near neither as you may reckon. I guess you know Squire Dimple?"

"I wish your Squire Dimple was at ——," muttered I. "No, we don't."

"And where may you be going to?" now began our tormenting rider, who seemed to be water-proof.

"To Florence—to embark for New Orleans," was our reply.

"Ay, as fine a town as there is in the country, now aint it so? and a fine market too. How is flour up country? They say it is six and four levies, and corn seven and a fip. Butter three fips."

"Are you mad?" burst I out, and raising the horsewhip at the same time; "to keep us here with your flour and butter, and fips and levies, when the rain descends in streams."

"Ay," drawled the young man out, however without changing his posture, or accelerating the motion of his tongue. "If you will try your butt-end, I don't care a farthing. I should like to see the man who could whip Isaac Shifty."

"The road, the road, Mr. Isaac Shifty," interjected my friend in a soothing strain.

The young man turned to him, and said after a while,

"I guess you are storekeepers?"

"No sir."

"And what profession may you be following?"

The answer brought another of his scrutinizing glances at us.

"And so you intend to go down the Mississippi in the Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"A fine steamboat she is, sure enough, now aint

she? But you won't take that there thing with your nag down the river?"

"Yes, we will."

"Why, you haven't seen two women in a dear-born?"

"No, we have not."

"Well, then," said our yankee, "it is too late at any rate to go back to the ferry, and mayhap there might be danger too. So keep jist that road till you come to a big walnut-tree—there it forks; take the right hand road for half a mile, till you come to Dim's fence—turn then into the lane, to the right through the sugar-camp for about forty rods, take then the left hand road till you come near Breaknecksink—there you turn hard to the right, and that will bring you to B—e. You cannot miss the road," added he in a confident tone, giving at the same time his horse a lash, and riding on as fast as mud and wilderness would permit him.

I must have resembled, during these directions, the stolid French recruit, who is thought worthy the honor of being admitted among the listeners to the wonderful tales of a bewhiskered member of the imperial guard, who had seen, in his Egyptian campaign, mile-long serpents and crocodiles, that swallowed the tambour-major, staff and all. I was so benumbed by the rights and lefts, that I had even forgotten to explain to the man of the metal buttons our utter incapability of discerning the big walnut-tree and lanes. My blood is none of the coolest, nor am I very patient; but the man's im-

perturbable phlegm amidst the streams of rain operated so powerfully on my risible nerves, that I broke into a loud fit of laughter, crying, "Turn to the right, and then to the left—mind the big walnut-tree, but beware of the Breaknecksink."

"I wish the yankee to the d—l," said friend R—ds. "I am astonished that you can laugh."

"And I that you can swear."

"But how could we miss the ferry, and what is worse, turn back nearly the same way we came?"

"Why," said I, "these cursed by-ways, and tracks, and paths, and forkings, and the swamp. It is impossible to discern which way the water runs; and then you slept, you know, and I had to look to the horse."

"And in a marvellous fine style you have looked to it," replied R—ds. "To go back the same road we came—nay, it is too bad."

"To sleep," retorted I.

But as we understood and loved each other thoroughly, there was an end to all unnecessary discussions and allusions. The truth is, there was little to be wondered at. It was on the last days of the month of May that we arrived on the banks of the Tennessee. The country around bears a singular character. There are no mountains, except a branch of the Appalachian chain and the Grange, which rise at some distance. The whole is a vast plain—an immense flat, or, to speak in the language of the country, a sugar-camp, with as many cart tracks as there are owners. The morning had

been fine, but in the afternoon the atmosphere assumed a hazy appearance. The mists which hovered heavy and immovable over the broad expanse of the Tennessee, began to creep towards the banks, and to condense into a thick fog. Thus we had no landmark; we could not even see the magnificent Tennessee, expanding there and waxing wide and broad. Was it a wonder that I, whose eyes were bent in the direction of the rushing waters, forgot Brown's and Coxe's and heaven knows what ferries?—But to the prosecution of our tour.

The night had closed in—such a night as frequently comes in these months over these southwestern backwood sinners, as a due punishment to their frailties. It was as wet as a December night on Newfoundland banks, and as dark—as dark as Erebus; with just a sufficient chill to bestow the ague. The longwinded directions of our yankee were lost of course. It would have required owl's eyes to discern a tree, yea, the screaming of these agreeable birds, the nightingales of these parts—a couple of them struck against our heads—convinced us that they were mistaken as to their road as well as ourselves. But we were worse off in many respects. The track approached often within a few yards of the river, and as the stream was, owing to copious rains, rising rapidly, we had every reasonable prospect of a watery grave before us.

“We had better alight,” said I, “or we may find our night’s and eternal rest in the Tennessee.”

“Never mind,” replied R——ds. “Cæsar,” meaning the pony, “is an old Virginian.”

A jerk that brought both our limbs and ribs into imminent danger, put a stop to the praises of Cæsar, who had thrown himself on his haunches, and us almost out of the gig.

“Something is in the road,” exclaimed R——ds. “Now it is time to look about.”

We did so, and found a huge tree, torn by the roots, from the ground, lying across the cart track. There was an end to our progress. To pass, or to lift the gig over the vast trunk, was a matter of absolute impossibility ; its limbs stretched so far out, that the horse had received a somewhat dangerous admonition.

“The track is so narrow that turning about is out of all question,” said R——ds. “We must go crab-like.”

“Well then,” muttered I, “try to find out the forking, and I’ll do my utmost to turn the gig.”

Friend R——ds went back, and I began to examine, viz. to tap for an opening in the underwood ; but I had promised more than I ever could accomplish ; I was already stopped *in limine* ; for scarcely was I with the right foot out of the track, and my greatcoat hung on a branch of native thorns. To penetrate with a whole skin through this wilderness could only have been achieved by a knight-errant of the thirteenth century. I disentangled my greatcoat, and stept soberly back. Friend R——ds returned after a long while with the words,

"This is the most villainous wilderness in the whole west ; no road, no path, and to complete my misfortune, I have lost one of my Monroe boots."

"And I shall find as many holes in my great-coat, I presume, as there are thorns on this cursed locust tree," said I, by way of comfort.

These were the last expressions that savored of something like good humor, for by this time we were soaked through to the skin ; and I verily believe, that among all possible situations, a wet one is the least productive of good humor ; witness the Dutch, who are any thing but witty, a defect, or as others are pleased to term it, a virtue, which is to be ascribed most undoubtedly to their living along and amidst canals, ditches and dikes. Now for my part, I like a moderate adventure that won't cost much ; and I hate a dull, straight, quaker journey, where every thing is tame and smooth, and a little shy and cunning withal and pleasant to look at, as these lovely people are themselves—but to be benighted in a sugar-camp, for that it was, sure enough—how else could R——ds have lost his Monroe boots and stumbled over threescore troughs—to be benighted in a sugar camp, to have on the one side the Tennessee filled to the brim, and what was worse perhaps, not three yards from us—on the other the trackless forest, the rain pouring down like a deluge ; the night of an Egyptian darkness ? With all our love of adventure, it was no joke.

"Well, what is to be done?" said R——ds, standing

with one foot in the mud, and stemming the other, viz. the bootless one, against the wheel of the gig.

"You step into the gig, force it back where the copse-wood opens, and I will explore the road," said I, in my usual short manner.

Would our task had been equally short, but wishes are seldom or never fulfilled. However we set to work, and fretted ourselves with infinite difficulty, perhaps twenty yards back, where something like an opening was perceptible.

Friend R——ds has inherited from his English ancestors very sound lungs, and I enjoy none of the worst. Was it owing to these, or to our lucky star, the conversation between us and Cæsar was all at once interrupted by a loud "halloo!" A relieving army is not received with more cheers—no, nor even the defeat of an opposition candidate by the patriotic betters, than the halloo was by us. We answered the melodious sound with an eagerness which might have awakened the red generation sleeping along the banks of this far-famed river.

"Now," said friend R——ds, "be patient and keep your tongue, or you will spoil all again. It is the yankee."

"Never fear," said I, whose hot temper had been considerably cooled by the shower-bath and the subsequent chill, not to mention the lost Monroe boot of my friend. Truly would I have given the long-winded yankee an account of all the butter, potatoes, flour, and corn in the United States, provided he took us out of this deluge.

It was he, sure enough. He had been halting, in true Connecticut style, a tolerable while before us, without exchanging a single word. It seemed as if neither of the parties were in a hurry to come to terms. We certainly had some reason to act the part of a wary belligerent, who has lost a campaign. Friend R——ds broke the ice by saying,

“Bad weather.”

“Why I don’t know,” returned the yankee.

“You have not met with the women you was hunting,” said R——ds.

“No; I suppose they’ll remain in Florence.”

“You do not intend to go there, do you?” said R——ds.

“No; I’ll go home. Why, I expected you was not very far from B——e.”

“Why,” said R——ds, we did not wish to go there—but if you will be of our company, we don’t care if we do.”

“Why to be sure,” said the man, to our infinite joy, “the best would be to let me drive your gig, and I tie my nag behind.”

Thus we had at last, after fifty whys and twice as many windings, which would have done honor to an *attaché*, entered into a sort of alliance with Isaac Shifty, and were on the road to one of the hundred famous towns of Alabama; all of which were as fine as any in the country.

Now it is rather a fault of mine to be too sanguine in my expectation. I had hoped the distance from our place of refuge, would be in just proportion to

the pleasantness of our pilot, vix. not very great. But heaven knows what sins I have committed ; I find myself continually and sorely disappointed. Horace's impatience during his famous walk was nothing compared to mine. Our yankee had ample time to discuss, like the Roman tattler, at least a dozen different subjects and objects. The first he touched upon was, of course, his own worthy person. From the biographical notice thrown out by him we understood that he was highly connected ; that his original capacity had been that of a pedler, but that in course of time he had become a store-keeper, quite respectable, as he modestly insinuated. The next point was the goods shipped and obtained. These gave rise to numberless accidents that happened on that famous river Tennessee and its Muscle Shoals, with steamboats and keelboats, and barges and flatboats, or, as they are fondly termed, bread-horns ; these were succeeded by the covered sleds, the ferryflats, the common skiffs, the degouts, and finally, the canoes. Our narrator lunched then into the canalization plan, by which the waters of the Tennessee were to be connected with heaven knows what sea. A monstrous plan it was I remember indistinctly ; but whether the junction was to take place merely with Raritan bay or Connecticut river, I have utterly forgotten. At last he came, to my unspeakable joy, to the history of B——e. A sure sign, so I fancied, that our troubles were going to see their end. But even this spark of joy, moderate as it was, vanished again—for we had to hear

the whole topography of this celebrated place, and how it was laid out in straight lines, intersecting each other at right angles, and how flourishing and thriving a place it was, and whether we would not choose to settle there ; he had a dozen of building-lots, first rate lots to be sure, and how the town contained already three taverns, a sad disproportion to ten houses, as he pleased to style these log dwellings. Two of these taverns were filled with people, there being an electioneering in the place, and the third was not much of a public house. Thus went the report of Mr. Isaac Shifty, when the word electioneering put a stop to it.

“An electioneering !” repeated friend R——ds.

“An elec—tioneer—ring,” subjoined I. *Vox fauci—bus hæsit*, as I heard these horrible tidings. “An electioneering in Alabama, going even in old Kentucky by the appellation of the backwoods. Farewell fire, dry clothes, supper, and night’s rest, after such a tour.”

We had no time to say a word more, for our gig, which had ploughed for a long time through a sea of mud, became stationary. A dim vacillating light, languishing in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and the roaring of at least twenty voices, indicated the tavern. A leap brought us on somewhat firmer ground. While our pilot tied our horse to the post, we stepped towards the door, when we were caught by the folds of our greatcoat :

“It aint here—that there house is the better one,” said Mr. Isaac Shifty, pointing a little farther.

"Never mind him," said I, glad to cross this intolerable fellow at least in one point. Already I had laid my hands on the latch of the door and we entered.

There they sat with their heels on the table, and stood, namely, those who could, and reeled and roared. Bless my soul! I wish I had been anywhere but in this neighborhood. But there we were. Friend R——ds advanced first. I was astonished at his temerity, thinking on the ill-fated Monroe boot. The merry roisterers seemed to have taken it into their heads to show us good manners. They gave way to the right and left, leaving thus an alley of six feet and upwards, high pallisadoes, through which we were to pass, they mustering us all the while from head to foot. The bootless state of my friend, however, escaped their lynx eyes: but still I was trembling, you may believe, when, judge of my astonishment, R——ds burst out into a "Hurrah for old Alabama, and hang the waymaster of —— county."

"Are you mad?" whispered I, but he scarcely minded me.

"May I be shot if he shan't wear the print of them five knuckles," roared a voice that came from the gulf of mammoth jaws just opening to swallow half a pint of Monongahela.

His thirst however must have been the greater; he quite deliberately poured the liquor down and then strode forwards, laying his flat hand on the shoulder of my companion with a softness that

sheek his whole frame. The linsey-woolsey dressed Goliath glanced over him, and the natural harshness of his sharp features and owl's eyes contracted into a ferocity that was, to use a quaker phrase, any thing but pleasant to look at.

"And hang the waymaster," repeated friend R——ds, half laughing, half serious. "So I say again," raising at the same time his bootless foot to the edge of a chair; "look, boys, it is gone—my boot—in that infernal road between here and the ferry."

A roar of laughter ensued, that would infallibly have burst the windows had there been glass panes in them, but happily they were supplied with cast-off wearing apparel.

"Come, boys, ejaculated R——ds, "no harm done I hope; but sure enough my boot is lost."

It was the happiest impromptu that ever introduced weary travellers into a similar company. Peace, harmony, and good will were all at once established.

"May I be shot, if that aint Mister R——ds from old Virginia, and now from the Missisip," cried that very formidable being, who had laid rather unceremoniously his hand on R——ds's shoulder—his ferocious look yielding gradually to something like a good-humored grin. "May I never drink a bottle of genewine Missisip with you, if you shan't take half a pint with Bob Shags the waymaster."

It was then the very dignitary whom friend

R——ds had hit so marvellously, and at the risk of his eyes and bones.

“Huzzah for old Virginia,” cried the master of ways, biting at the same time a morsel of chewing tobacco from that renowned state. “Come, doctor,” said the man, holding still with the one hand his tobacco, and in the other the formidable half pint.

“Doctor!” cried the united chorus of the assembly.

“Ay, to be sure, and as great a one as ever trode the Mississippi ground.”

“A doctor!” repeated a dozen voices with a sort of reverential awe.

A man who has power over gin and brandy, whose verdict may give an efficient ~~veto~~ even against a smaller, is at all times a *tribunus plebis*, and in these feverish regions the most influential personage. In this case it had the twofold advantage of freeing us from the pint glasses, and of rendering us privileged visitors; a circumstance of no trifling importance in a tavern which enjoys the honor of being the head-quarters of a party.

Cæsar was the first who reaped his advantage; for Bob had no sooner ascertained that he was still standing in the rain, than he gave orders to the purpose in a tone which bespoke consciousness of importance.

The lord chancellor will not take his seat on the woolsack with more stateliness than friend R——ds spread his cloak, and took possession of his chair.

“Why,” roared the master of ways, after a due pause, “may I be shot, if I aint glad to see you.

Bob's never afeard of a real gemman. Come, boys, none of your jimmaky and slings and poorgun and French drinkings; real genewine Monongahela. Hurrah for old Virginia!"

Thanks however to the grave mien and the condescending look of R——ds, Bob & Co. kept their distance and disposed of their half pints in their own way. My wet clothes began to lie heavy on my shoulders; besides, the atmosphere was none of the most agreeable. Bob seemed to perceive something like an unpleasant feeling on my part.

"And who is that there man?" asked he, casting a glance at ourselves.

"A neighbor of mine," said R——ds.

I would have pardoned the omission of a ceremony which literally brought tears into my eyes. My hands were really shaken and pressed, that I became convinced the blood would dart from beneath my nails. The blacksmith's vice was nothing compared to these hands, each of which was as rough as a turnpike.

"I am glad ye are come, boys," said Bob to my friend in a sly whisper; "I am jist trying the campaign for the next election—and ye know it are always good to have a character for respectability. How long is it since I left ——ville?"

"Five years," replied R——ds, "to the best of my recollection."

"Harry," whispered the master of ways urgently, "no, I am sure it aint as long—no, boy, it aint

more than three years. Yes, yes, three; it aint three?"

The candidate had, as I understood, cleared out from the place of his former residence, the birth-place of R——ds, for reasons best known to himself; and after having strolled about, had at last become stationary in B——e, and turned steady, as far as human frailty would permit. We could not help laughing in our sleeves at the confidential manner in which Bob began to sound both his and our praises, and on the vast importance he thought it worth while to bestow on us. Dr. Rush shrunk into utter insignificance; Theophrastus Paracelsus was a mere cobbler compared to Dr. R——ds; his twenty-five negroes waxed to hundreds under the hyperborean breath of his lungs. It would have been dangerous to contradict him, ready as his five knuckles were to prove the argument.

"You are not going to speechify now?" asked R——ds, the new protector.

"May I be shot if I aint. To be sure, I'll go the whole."

"Well, then, we must hurry," replied R——ds. "Perhaps we might still change our dress and take supper."

"Change clothes?" said Bob with a contemptuous smile. "Why, boys, you needn't do that. But I don't care if you do; jist let's see Johnny."

And so forth he began the negotiation with Johnny, viz. the tavern-keeper, who, to our great

satisfaction, took the candle and led the way into a sort of back parlour, giving us a fair hope of a speedy supper.

“ You have no room besides?” asked I, “ where we might put on dry clothes.”

“ To be sure,” said the publican, “ there is the garret; but my family are some of them in their beds. No there aint none besides.”

I looked despairingly, for the table was setting, and what was the worst, one of the four doors communicated with the kitchen. There was no prospect of enjoying, even for a few minutes, the undisturbed possession of this vestibule. I looked after our portmanteau.

“ Six small ones it aint buffalo-skin,” vociferated a young bore from the kitchen.

“ Six small ones it is,” cried another.

“ I should be very much disappointed if our portmanteaus are not at present honored by these gentry with their attention,” said R——ds, pointing through the open door towards the kitchen.

“ I hope not,” replied I.

There was no fear of losing the portmanteaus, or of having them injured, but even the getting them out of the hands of these roisterers could not, I was sure, be accomplished without a joke, and I feared these jokes; there is always a risk of having one's arm or leg broken. The kitchen was peopled to overflowing. In the midst stood a knot with a candle burning. We advanced both of us to the door, when one of the sonorous voices cried,

"No, I won't pay if I don't see the inside."

"It is surely our portmanteaus," said R——ds.

And so it was ; the group was just disputing whether the cover of our portmanteaus belonged to the buffalo or the ox species. They had seen them when carried into the back-parlor, and without ceremony they made them the topic and the object of their betting.

"Sixteen smallers," cried R——ds, "it is deer-skin."

"Sixteen it aint," re-echoed as many voices, with a loud laugh.

"It is a bet," said my friend, "but let us see on what I have betted."

"Make room for that gemman," cried the assembly.

"It is our portmanteaus," said R——ds. "To be sure it aint deerskin ; I have lost my bet. There is the stake."

The dollar brought a hurrah forth, which is still thrilling in my ears ; but it put us at the same time in possession of our portmanteaus.

There was one thing more necessary, viz. to have the exclusive possession of our room for five minutes.

"We desire to be left alone," said I to the buxom wench, who ran backwards and forwards with a dozen of plates containing jellies, cucumbers, etc. etc. The nymph of the kitchen looked full in my face.

"Please to shut the door," said I, in a tone rather sharper.

"That is the surest means," whispered my friend, laughing, "of having it burst open again."

The door was scarcely closed before it flew wide open, accompanied by a roar of laughter.

"Tail," again cried one of the merry youngsters.

"They want another dollar," said R——ds. "We will let them have it."

"Head," cried he.

"Lost," fell the chorus in.

"There is a treat for you," said my valiant friend, whose admirable temper and presence of mind led happily through all the intricacies of backwoods life, with a facility that was truly astonishing.

We now were at liberty to shut the door, and had thus gained the desired time to change our dress. We had scarcely done, when a light tapping at the only window of the room directed our attention to this quarter. We looked through the solitary glass pane, with which the frame was decorated—and whom should our eyes meet but Mr. Isaac Shifty, who had absconded, at the door?

"Why, gentlemen," said the man of trade, "I was mistaken. You aint come electioneering; our scouts say, you are from the lower Mississippi."

"And what then?" replied I, drily. "Did we not tell you so?"

"Why, so you did," quoth the man; "but you mought have told a story, you know. And you see, they are canvassing here, and we have got an

opposition in yonder tavern, and we knowd that they expected two men from below, and I thought jist it was you."

"And thinking us on the wrong side of the way, you left us a fair chance of breaking our necks or tumbling down the banks of the Tennessee," said R——ds, in the same shrewd, jocular tone.

"Why, not exactly," replied our late pilot; "we would, true enough, have liked you better in Broad Swamp than here, if you was the two men. But we now know better, and as there will be frolicking this night in your tavern, you best clear out. If you choose, you may as well come to my house, where you'll find as quiet a night's rest as any where in the country."

"That would not do," said R——ds, with a glance at the yankee, which, if his eyes had served him right, must have convinced him that he was looked through.

A rustling at the door which opened into the kitchen closed rather suddenly the conversation. The yankee's bright gray eyes had alternately watched persons and objects, and as soon as the latch clicked, the frame fell, and the urgent solicitor disappeared.

"He wants us to go," said R——ds, "because he is afraid our protecting presence may give too much respectability to Bob. You see they are informed of the proceedings here. Should the scouts be found out, there will be a real fight."

The waiting-girl now brought the last requisites

for an excellent supper, the coffee-can ; and we sat down in the hope of enjoying a quarter of an hour the Alabama delicacies. Our appetites had been edged during full eight hours ; and the dishes, to do justice to B——e, were of the most inviting appearance. We were just in full discussion of their merits, when the voice of Bob was heard.

It was time, high time, to have done with our supper, and enter the circle of the friends of the puissant master of ways, under the wings of whose protection we had hitherto fared tolerably enough, that is, without a leg or an arm broke. The back-woods etiquette required our presence, and we, in compliance with her dictates, entered the bar-room.

At the upper end, close to the bar, was placed a table, at whose head stood Bob Shags as chairman, president, speaker, candidate, all and every thing, in his own person. An ink-stand, placed before a huge, square-built personage, indicated the secretary. Bob's countenance lowered, as we entered, and he cast a displeasing glance at us, owing, no doubt, to our procrastinated appearance. But Cicero himself might still have learned a good turn for another *oratio ex abrupta* against that arch conspirator Catiline.

“And them there two gemmen,” he began, “mought tell you, ay, and be witness of my respectability—may I be shot, if it aint the very best.” Bob looked round with a most ominous expression, but every countenance seemed fully to acquiesce, so he continued : “We wants men who aint fools, and who is able to tell ginal government what is what,

and to defend our sacred invisible vested rights against ministration. May I be shot, if I yield an inch of ground to the best of them, if ye boys choose me, ay, and trust me with your confidence for our legislater. Ay, and so I shall."

"We'll go the whole," shouted the assembly.

"The whole," vociferated Bob, with solemnity; "that's the very thing. There is too much deprivation and extravagation with the people's money, says I, Bob Shags says it. Six teams mought have a snug load to draw the silver which the ministration has got. There it is, boys, black on white."

Bob had a bundle of papers in his hand, which we at first mistook for a dirty handkerchief, but which proved to be the county papers, in one of which the salary which one of the chief magistrates had drawn for more than twenty-five years' public services was very ingeniously popularized by reducing it to teams. Bob paused a moment as the paper went, in its bundle form, round, and continued thus:

"And what have the people got for their own money? One of the creators of ginral government, a Ginral Tariff, one of your foulest aristock rats that ever lived, has passed an act by which we shan't have any more trade with the British. Where shall we get flannels and stockings?"

"Hear, hear," cried one of the auditors, who puzzled us not a little, whether the brown hue around his neck belonged to a flannel shirt or to his skin.

"Besides," roared Bob, "they have distrained the

shipping of our cotton and rice, and they have made a law to work in their manifacters. But, boys," added Bob, rising at the same time on his heels, and erecting himself with an air of the most mysterious importance, " there is more corruptious doings, boys, and you the free enlightened people of Alabama are called upon to look to it. Ministration and the yankees have sent clothes and arms and money to the Creeks ; two vessels are gone with full cargoes. And they says loudly, that it is right to help them."

" Hear, hear," shouted the assembly, while Bob went on :

" And they will come back across the Missisip, and take their lands in Georgia, and mayhap Alabama to boot."

Deep murmur of disapprobation—Bob raised his voice a tone higher :

" And they holds speeches for the Creeks, and says that we thanks them our enlightening, and they call their chiefs Alexander and Pericles and Socrates and Plato and the like names, and say that they are the greatest men. Ay, and these cursed red-skins are fighting against another chief, whom they call Sultan, and who is somewhere in the east, and they say they should be free, and their country be restored to them. Now," said Bob, " aint I right in calling ginral government a fool when they does sich a sort of things, and tells us that we thanks our enlightening to them miserable red-skins, and sends them money and clothes, and mayhap guns,

to come back—and we have to pay for it and **fight**, ay, and **fight too.**"

The storm that had been gathering broke out at last into a tremendous howl, that shook the log-house to its very foundations; but amidst the deafening uproar a laugh was heard, which had escaped our ears; but the sound of which had been unfortunately caught by Bob and a couple of his stanch supporters. The fearful word, "a spy, a scout," were no sooner heard, than all of them rushed towards the door, through which had stolen a man whose appearance seemed to justify the epithet bestowed on him. The unfortunate wight, however, was caught and dragged before the high tribunal; his bellowing soon brought the whole body of his friends to his assistance, assembled in the next tavern for the same purpose. A fight was inevitable—to escape from it now became our principal care, and we strove as fast as we could, through the crowd pressing from the kitchen department, and from thence into the yard.

"Stop," muttered a husky voice; "you are on the brink of a mud-hole that might drown an ox. Now you will accept my offer."

It was Isaac Shifty, a truer pilot after all than we had imagined. We took his offer, and were safely bestowed in a bed, not exactly the very best in the state, but well qualified to hold both our worthy selves.

The next morning found us better acquainted with our new landlord. We shook hands heartily,

and passed over to the tavern. It stood still on the same place, but it bore strong marks of the hard battle fought within its precincts. Chairs, benches, and table had gone to pieces ; even the sanctuarium, of the hostelry, the bar, had not escaped a partial destruction, and mugs and tumblers lay strewed on the ground. Our gig was pasted over and over with electioneering tickets and huzzas, which we had not a little ado to clear away. But the guests and roisterers had gone ; and, strange to say, our reckoning had been paid by the master of ways and means Bob Shags.

THE INDIAN CHIEF REDBIRD.

A distinguished Winnebago sachem, who died in prison at Prairie du Chien.

BY WILLIAM PITTS PALMER.

LONELY and low in his dungeon cell
The captive chief was lying,
While the mourner-wind, like a spirit's voice,
Mid the grated bars was sighing.

The full bright beams of the midnight moon
From his wampum belt were streaming,
But keener the glance of the warrior's eye,
In its fitful wildness gleaming.

No kindly friend at that fearful hour,
By his dying couch was kneeling,
To whisper of that far sunny clime,
Whither his spirit was silently stealing.

Pale was the hue of his faded cheek,
As it leaned on its damp cold pillow;
And deep the heave of its troubled breast,
As the lift of the ocean billow:

For he thought of the days when his restless foot
Through the pathless forest bounded,
And the festive throng by the hunting-fire,
Where the chase-song joyously sounded.

And he thought of his distant hut the while,
By the bending hemlock shaded ;
And the frowning ghosts of his awful sires,
By his own sad doom degraded.

But ah ! the thought of his Indian boy,
In his wind-rocked cradle sleeping,
And the wail forlorn of his bosom one,
At his fated absence weeping !

He heard, too, the voice of the shadowy woods
O'er the night-bird's music swelling,
And the jocund note of the laughing brook
As it danced by his lonely dwelling.

He heard those sounds—to his bosom dear
As the dreams of friendship parted,
While a gleam of joy o'er his withered cheek,
Like a flash of sunlight darted.

It fled—for the chill of the white man's chain
O'er its lightning trace came stealing,
And his frenzied spirit in darkness passed
In the rush of that conquering feeling.

He had stood in the deadly ambuscade,
While his warriors were falling around him ;
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him ;

He had mocked at pain in every form—
Had joyed in the post of danger ;
But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.

THE FIGHT OF HELL-KETTLE.

BY TYRONE POWER.

NEVER let it be said that the days of chivalry are fled ; heralds may have ceased to record good blows stricken, to the tune of “ a largesse worthie knights ” —pennon and banner, square and swallow-tail’d, sleeve and scarf, with all the trumpery of chivalry, are long since dead, ’tis true ; but the lofty, generous feeling with which that term has become synonymous, is yet burning clear and bright within ten thousand bosoms, not one of which ever throbbed at the recollection the word itself inspires in “ gentil heartes,” or could tell the difference between or and gules, or vert and sable, as the following narration of a combat between two “ churles,” or “ villains,” as the herald would term my worthies, will, I trust, go nigh to prove.

It was the fair-night at Donard, a small village in the very heart of the mountains of Wicklow, when, at the turn of a corner leading out of the Dunlavin road, towards the middle of the fair, two ancient foemen abruptly encountered. They eyed

one another for a moment, without moving a step, when the youngest, a huge six-foot mountaineer, in a long top-coat, having his shirt open from breast to ear, displaying, on the least movement, a brawny chest, that was hairy enough for a trunk, growing rather impatient, said in a quick under-tone, that a listener would have set down for the extreme of politeness,

“ You’ll lave the wall, Johnny Evans ? ”

To which civil request came reply, in a tone equally bland,

“ Not at your biddin’, if you stand where you are till next fair-day, Mat Dolan.”

“ You know well I could fling you, neck and heels, into that gutter, in one minute, Johnny, mo bouchil.”

“ You might, indeed, if you called up twenty of the Dunlavin faction at your back,” coolly replied Evans.

“ I mane, here’s the two empty hands could do all that, and never ax help, ather,” retorted Dolan, thrusting forth two huge paws from under his coat.

“ In the name o’ heaven, thin, thry it,” said Evans, flinging the alpeen,* he had up to this time been balancing curiously, over the roof of the cottage by which they stood ; adding, “ here’s a pair of fists, with as little in them as your own ! ”

“ It’s aisy to brag by your own barn, Johnny Evans,” said Dolan, pointing with a sneer to the

* Little stick.

police guard-house, on the opposite side of the way, a hundred yards lower down ; "the peelers would be likely to look on, and see a black orangeman, like yourself, quilted, in his own town, under their noses, by one Mat Dolan, from Dunlavin, all the way !!"

"There's raison in that, any way, Matty," replied John, glancing in the direction indicated. "It's not likely thim that's paid by government to keep the pace, would stand by and see it broke, by papist or protestant ; but I'll make a bargain wid you ; if your blood's over hot for your skin, which I think, to say truth, it has long been—come off at onst to Hell-kettle wid me, and in the light of this blessed moon, I'll fight it out wid you, toe to toe ; and we'll both be the aisier after, whichever's bate."

"There's my hand to that, at a word, Johnny," cried Dolan, suiting the action to the word—and the hands of the foes clasped freely and frankly together.

"But are we to be only ourselves, do ye mane ?" inquired Matthew.

"And enuff, too," answered Evans ; "we couldn't pick a friend out of any tint above, without raisin' a hulabaloo the devil wouldn't quiet without blows. Here, now, I'll give you the wall, only you jump the hedge into Charles Faucett's meadow, and cut across the hill by Holy-well, into the road, where you'll meet me ; devil a soul else will you meet

that way to-night : I want to call at home for the tools."

" Kape the wall," cried Dolan, as Evans stepped aside, springing himself at the same time into the road, ankle deep in mud ; " I'll wait for you at the bridge, on the Holy-wood glin road. Good bye."

A moment after, Dolan had cleared the hedge leading out of the lane into Mr. Faucett's paddock, and Evans was quietly plodding his way homeward. To reach his cottage, he had to run the gauntlet through the very throng of the fair, amidst crowded tents, whence resounded the ill-according sounds of the bagpipe and fiddle, and the loud whoo ! of the jig-dancers, as they beat with active feet the temporary floor, that rattled with their tread. Johnny made short greeting with those of his friends he encountered, and on entering his house, plucked a couple of black, business-like looking sticks from the chimney, hefted them carefully, and measured them together with an eye as strict as ever gallant paired rapier with, till, satisfied with their equality, he put his top-coat over his shoulders, and departing by the back door, rapidly cleared two or three small gardens, and made at once for the fields. As Dolan dropped from the high bank into the lane near the bridge on one side, Evans leaped the gate opposite.

" You've lost no time, fegs," observed Matthew, as they drew together, shoulder to shoulder, stalking rapidly on.

"I'd bin vexed to keep you waitin' this time, any how," replied Johnny—and few other words passed.

Just beyond the bridge, they left the road together, and mounting the course of the little stream, in a few minutes were shut out from the possibility of observance in a wild narrow glen, at whose head was a water-fall of some eighteen feet. The pool which received this little cascade was exceeding deep, and having but one narrow outlet, between two huge stones, the pent waters were forced round and round, boiling and chafing for release; and hence the not unpoetic name of Hell-kettle, given to this spot. The ground immediately about it was wild, bare, and stony, and in no way derogated from this fearful title.

Near the fall is a little plafond or level of some twenty yards square, the place designed by Evans for the battle-ground. Arrived here, the parties halted; and as Dolan stooped to raise a little of the pure stream in his hand to his lips, Evans cast his coats and vest on the gray stone, close by, and pulling his shirt over his head, stood armed for the fight, not so heavy or so tall a man as his antagonist Dolan, but wiry as a terrier, and having, in agility and training, advantages that more than balanced the difference of weight and age.

"I've been thinkin', Johnny Evans," cried Dolan, as he leisurely stripped in turn, "we must have two thries after all, to show who's the best man; you've got your alpeens wid you, I see, and I am not the

boy to say no to thim, but I expect you'll ha' the best ind o' the stick, for it's well known there's not your match in Wicklow, if there is in Wexford itself."

"That day's past, Matty Dolan," replied Evans. "It's five years since you and me first had words, at the Pattern o' the Seven-churches, and that was the last stroke I struck with a stick. There's eight years betune our ages, and you're the heavier man by two stone or near it; what more 'ud yez have, man alive?"

"Oh, never fear me, Johnny, we'll never split about trifles," quietly replied Dolan; "but, see here, let's dress one another, as they do potatoes, both ways. Stand fairly up to me for half a dozen rounds, fist to fist, and I'll hould the alpeen till you're tired, after id."

"Why look ye here, Matty, you worked over long on George's Quay, and were over friendly with the great boxer, Mister Donalan, for me to be able for yez wid the fists," cried Evans. "But we'll split the difference; I'll give you a quarter of an hour out o' me wid the fists, and you'll give me the same time, if I'm able, with the alpeen after; and we'll toss head or harp, which comes first."

Evans turned a copper flat on the back of his hand, as he ended his proposal, and in the same moment Dolan cried,

"Harp for ever."

"Harp it is," echoed Evans, holding the coin up

in the moon's ray, which shone out but fitfully, as dark clouds kept slowly passing over her cold face.

In the next moment they were toe to toe, in the centre of the little plain, both looking determined and confident : though an amateur would have at once decided in favor of Dolan's pose.

To describe the fight scientifically would be too long an affair. Suffice it, that although Johnny's agility gave him the best of a couple of severe falls, yet his antagonist's straight hitting and superior weight left him the thing hollow ; till five quick rounds left Evans deaf to time and tune, and as sick as though he had swallowed a glass of antimonial wine instead of poteen.

Dolan carried his senseless foe to the pool, and dashed water over him by the hatfull.

"Look at my watch," was Johnny's first word, on gaining breath.

"I can't tell the time by watch," cried Dolan, a little sheepish.

"Give it here, man," cried Johnny, adding, as he rubbed his right eye, the other being fast closed, "by the Boyne, this is the longest quarter of an hour I ever knew—it wants three minutes yet," and as he spoke, again he rose up before his man.

"Sit still, Johnny," exclaimed Matthew ; "I'll forgive you the three minutes, any how."

"Well, thank ye for that," says Johnny ; "I wish I may be able to return the compliment presently ; but, by St. Donagh, I've mighty little consate left in myself, just now."

Within five minutes, armed with the well-seasoned twigs Johnny had brought with him, those honest fellows again stood front to front, and although Evans had lost much of the elasticity of carriage, which had ever been his characteristic when the alpeen was in his hand and the shamrock under his foot, in times past ; although his left eye was closed, and the whole of that side of his physiognomy was swollen and disfigured through the mauling he had received at the hands of Dolan, who opposed him, to all appearance, fresh as at first, yet was his confidence in himself unshaken, and in the twinkle of his right eye a close observer might have read a sure anticipation of the victory a contest of five minutes gave to him, for it was full that time before Johnny struck a good-will blow, and when it took effect, a second was uncalled for. The point of the stick had caught Dolan fairly on the right temple, and laying open the whole of the face down to the chin, as if done by a sabre-stroke, felled him senseless.

After some attempts at recalling his antagonist to perception by the brook-side without success, Evans began to feel a little alarmed for his life, and hoisting him on his back, retraced his steps to the village, without ever halting by the way, and bore his insensible burthen into the first house he came to, where, as the devil would have it, a sister of Dolan's was sitting, having a goster with the owner, one widow Donovan, over a "rakin' pot o' tay."

"God save all here," said Johnny, crossing the

floor without ceremony, and depositing Mat on the widow's bed. "Wid'y, by your lave, let Mat Dolan lie quiet here a bit, till I run down town for the doctor."

"Dolan!" screamed the sister and the widow in a breath, "Mat, is it Mat Dolan! that's lying a corpse here, and I, his own sister, not to know he was in trouble!"

Loud and long were the lamentations that followed this unlucky discovery. The sister rushed frantically out to the middle of the road, screaming and calling on the friends of Dolan, to revenge his murder on Evans and the orangemen that had decoyed and slain him. The words passed from lip to lip, soon reaching down to the heart of the fair, where most of the parties were about this time corned for any thing.

"Johnny Evans," cried the widow Donovan, as he made in few words the story known to her, "true or not, this is no place for you now; the whole of his faction will be up here in a minute, and you'll be killed like a dog, on the flure; out wid you, and down to the guard-house, while the coast's clear."

"I'd best, may be," cried Evans; "and I'll send the doctor up the quicker—but mind, widow, if that boy ever spakes, he'll say a fairer fight was never fought—get that out of him, for the love o' heaven, Mrs. Donovan."

"He hasn't a word in him, I fear," cried the widow, as Johnny left the door, and with the ready



ness of her sex, assisted by one or two elderly gossips, who were by this time called in, she bathed the wound with spirits, and used every device which much experience in cracked crowns, acquired during the lifetime of Willy Donovan, her departed lord, suggested to her. Meantime Evans, whilst making his way down through the village, had been met, and recognised by the half-frantic sister of Dolan and her infuriated friends, who had been all for some time puzzled at the absence of him who was proverbial as

“ Best stick on the flure,
First stick in the fight.”

“ There’s the murderer of Mat Dolan, boys,” cried the woman, as some ten or twelve yards off she recognised Johnny, who was conspicuous enough, wearing his shirt like a herald’s tabard, as in his haste he had drawn it on at Hell-kettle. With a yell that might have scared the devil, thirty athletic fellows sprang forward at full speed after Evans, who wisely never stayed to remonstrate, but made one pair of heels serve, where the hands of Briareus, had he possessed as many, would not have availed him. He arrived at Mrs. Donovan’s door before his pursuers; he raised the latch, but it gave not way—the bar was drawn within, and had his strength been equal to it, further flight was become impracticable. Turning with his back to the door, there stood Johnny, like a lion at bay, uttering no word, since he well knew words would not prevail against the fury of his foes. Forward with

wild cries and loud imprecations rushed the foremost of the pursuers, and Evans's life was not worth a moment's purchase; a dozen sticks had already clattered like hail upon his guard, and on the wall over his head, when the door suddenly opening inwards, back tumbled Johnny, and into the space he thus left vacant stepped a gaunt figure, naked to the waist, pale and marked with a stream of blood yet flowing from the temple. With wild cries the mob pressed back.

"It's a ghost! it's Dolan's ghost!" shouted twenty voices, above all of which was heard that of the presumed spirit, crying in good Irish,

"That's a lie, boys, it's Mat Dolan himself! able and willing to make a ghost of the first man that lifts a hand agin Johnny Evans; who bate me at Hell-kettle like a man, and brought me here after, on his back, like a brother."

"Was it a true fight, Mat?" demanded one or two of the foremost, recovering confidence enough to approach Dolan, who, faint from the exertion he had made, was now resting his head against the door-post.

A pause, and the silence of death followed. The brows of the men began to darken, as they drew close to Dolan. Evans saw his life depended on the reply of his antagonist, who already seemed lapsed into insensibility.

"Answer, Mat Dolan!" he cried, impressively, "for the love of heaven, answer me—was it a true fight?"

The voice appeared to rouse the fainting man.

He raised himself in the door-way, and stretched his right hand toward Evans, exclaiming,

“True as the cross, by the blessed virgin!” and as he spoke, fell back into the arms of his friends.

Evans was now safe. Half a dozen of the soberest of the party escorted him down to the police-station, where they knew he would be secure; and Dolan’s friends, bearing him on a car, departed, without an attempt at riot or retaliation.

This chance took place sixteen years ago; but since that day, there never was a fair at Dunlavin that the orangeman Evans was not the guest of Dolan; nor is there a fair-night at Donard that Mat Dolan does not pass under the humble roof of Johnny Evans. I give the tale as it occurred, having always looked upon it as an event creditable to the parties, both of whom are alive and well, or were a year ago; for it is little more since Evans, now nigh sixty years old, walked me off my legs on a day’s grousing over Church-mountain, and through Oram’s hole, carrying my kit into the bargain. Adieu. It will be a long day ere I forget the pool of “Hell-kettle,” or the angels in whose company I first stood by its bubbling brim.

APOLOGUE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

My little girl, the other day
(Three years of age a month ago)
Wounded her finger while at play,
And saw the crimson fluid flow.
With pleading optics, raining tears,
She sought my aid, in terror wild ;
I smiling said, "Dismiss your fears,
And all shall soon be well, my child."
Her little bosom ceased to swell,
While she replied, with calmer brow,
"I know that you can make it well,
But how, papa ? I don't see how."

Our children oft intreat us thus
For succor, or for recompense,
They look with confidence to us,
As we should look to Providence,
For each infantile doubt and fear,
And every little childish grief
Is uttered to a parent's ear,
With full assurance of relief.
A grateful sense of favors past,
Incites them to petition now,
With faith in succor to the last,
Although they can't imagine how.

And shall I doubtingly repine,
When clouds of dark affliction lower ?
A tenderer Father still is mine,
Of greater mercy, love, and power ;
He clothes the lily, feeds the dove,
The meanest insect feels his care ;
And shall not man confess his love,
Man, his own offspring and his heir ?
Yes, though he slay, I'll trust him still,
And still with resignation bow ;
He may relieve, he can, he will—
Although I cannot yet see how.

FIRE AND WATER,
OR THE PIRATE'S NIGHT-CRUISE.
A SCENE ON THE SEA-COAST.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

"I am beset and stunned,
And every sense bewildered. Violent men!
If ye unto this fearful pitch are bent—
When such necessity is pressed upon me,
What doth avail resistance?"—JOANNA BAILLIE.

A GUSTY September day was drawing to a close ; and the prospect from the little cabin on the sea-coast, where our story opens, was unusually bleak for the season. The house was situated in a nook, at the foot of a range of high hills, which bounded the view on three sides, while on the fourth nothing met the eye but the monotonous ocean, for ever rolling its surges to the shore. The hills, behind the cabin, were sandy and barren, and afforded scanty nourishment to the dwarf pines and cedars which clothed their ridgy sides. Whatever soil of a more fertile kind once covered them, had been washed by many a storm to the area below, which was enclosed and cultivated as a vegetable garden,

and yielded hardly enough to pay the laborer for his toil.

The day in question was blustering and cold, and contrasted strongly with the previous one, when not a breath of wind had mitigated the fervor of the sun, which glared on the burning waters and sparkling sands, till the air quivered like the atmosphere of a furnace, and objects seen through it had a vibratory and dazzling appearance. But with that suddenness of change so frequent in our climate, this sultry day was succeeded by one uncomfortably cold, and a person might almost fancy he had passed in a night from September to January, or from the torrid to the frigid zone. A dense volume of smoke poured from the chimney of the little cabin, and diffusing itself over the hill in the rear, added to the indistinctness of the dusky landscape. The ocean was roughened by billows, which, at a distance, leaped and tumbled in multitudinous confusion, and as they approached the shore, extended into long curling ridges, which rolled up and broke upon the beach, with a sullen and melancholy roar. The sky was overcast, and a driving scud floated so low that it seemed to touch the summit of the hills as it hurried by. As night approached, the wind grew more chilly, and it had that damp and clammy feeling which characterizes our easterly storms.

At some distance to the left of the cabin, a group of seamen sat on the beach, under the lee of a spur or projection of one of the hills. At anchor, opposite to them, just beyond the break of the surf, lay

a small schooner, the size and model of which, her taunt, raking masts, sharp bows, and general trig appearance, showed she was one of those fine sea-boats, in which our hardy pilots cruise off for weeks together, and brave all the vicissitudes and perils of the sea. She lay rolling and heaving in the swell with an easy motion, and floated on the surface, as light and buoyant as a cork. A small boat, painted in the same fashion with the schooner, was hauled up, and turned bottom upwards on the beach, furnishing a rest against which some of the men carelessly leaned, while others trimmed a fire, the smoke of which rolled up from the midst of the circle.

“We shall have a gale to-night,” said one of them, as he eyed the weather, and held the back of his skinny hand to the wind, with the knowing air of an experienced seaman; “it will blow great guns before morning.”

“Yes, and I’m thinking,” said another, turning his eyes seaward, “that yonder black privateer-looking craft in the offing had better stand out for sea-room, instead of backing and filling round here, like a cooper round a water-cask. If she don’t mind her weather-helm, she’ll be slap ashore before she’s much older.”

“She’s a regular beauty, any how,” observed a third. “She’s as trim as a lady, and sets the water like a duck. She stays like a top, too, and lays dead up in the wind’s eye. Now do but mind her spring her luff.”

“She’s a suspicious craft, though; d—n my

chainplates, if she isn't," said the first speaker, who was a rough, red-faced man, somewhat stricken in years, with small gray eyes, that twinkled deep in their sockets, and a mouth like a mackerel's; "I hauled my wind, and ran under her counter; but she didn't want a pilot—no, not she!—and didn't even tip me a thank'e for my pains."

"What thundering short tacks she makes!" said another of the group. "There, she's heaving about again. Ay, that's the way to rub her copper bright, and keep all hands busy, like the devil in a gale of wind."

"They'll have business enough on their hands, if old Chase gets the word I sent up," replied the elderly man. "If the cutter only runs down to take a look at that brig, she'll bring her to in short order, and make her sing small."

"Here's a hulabaloo!" said the one who had before spoken of the beauty of the craft, which furnished the theme of conversation. "Can't a vessel lie off-and-on for a day or two, waiting, perhaps, for some word from her owner or consignee, without being suspected as a pirate?"

"Pirate or no pirate, you mind my words," said the old man; "if the cutter comes down, yonder black and rakish-looking chap will be off like a shot off a shovel."

"I wish the honest fellows aboard of her could hear your palaver, Bill Sneering; if they wouldn't clew up your jaw-tacks, I'm mistaken. They'd

show you their papers, and you mightn't find it easy to read them, either."

"Honest fellows, do you say?—honest devils! A set of piratical rogues, I'll engage, with fingers like fish-hooks that hold all they touch. And see, yonder's the fellow that has been staying at Jim Fisher's cabin these three days past—just the time that the queer-looking craft has been dodging about. I shouldn't wonder if he had something do with her."

"Small helm, Bill, small helm! What's the use of yawning about in that style? There's no telling which way you'll drive next. What has the young man done, that you must let fly a shot at him?"

"What? why what is he doing here, alone, and without any acknowledged business? Why does he bear away when any one sheers alongside of him, as if he was afraid to show the cut of his jib? And why does he keep such a bright lookout for that brig from morning to night, tacking when she tacks, and watching all her motions, as close as a shark does a Guinea-ship? I tell you what, that 'mawphrodite yonder is either a smuggler or pirate, and that young fellow has more to do with her than he cares to have known."

"Come, side out for a bend!" said one of the group, rising to his feet. "Avast, Bill Sneering, and take a turn o' that. Come, lads, let's freshen the nip all round, and then be off. It is time we were under way.

So saying, he drew from underneath the boat a

bottle and tin cup, poured out a draught, and tossed it off. As he finished, he drew a long breath, and attested the excellence of the beverage with a hearty smack. The others either did not understand the meaning of this eulogium, or were not disposed to trust their comrade's evidence. Every man chose to judge for himself, and that the decision might rest on a proper foundation, they gave the matter a full trial, each helping himself to such a portion of the contents of the bottle as might leave no doubt as to its quality. This grave business duly despatched, they turned their boat upon its keel, ran it into the surf, and returned to their little schooner, the white canvas of which soon glanced at a distance, like a sea-bird on the edge of the horizon.

In the meanwhile, the individual who had been, in part, the subject of conversation among these pilots, continued to walk along the beach, pausing now and then to gaze seaward over the wide waste of billows, which tossed their foaming crests about, like a turbaned host in all the confusion of a slaughterous fight. He was a pale young man, of a slender figure, and rather above the middle size. His mouth had a mingled expression of sweetness and irascibility ; the one, probably, the effect of natural temper, and the other of ill health. His brown hair clustered thickly round a high and pallid brow, on which the lines of anxious thought were imprinted.

The vessel to which he occasionally turned his gaze was such a craft as a seaman's eye delights to look upon. Her long and graceful hull, of unmin-

gled blackness, was formed on the best model of marine symmetry; and her spars ascended to a height which, to an unpractised observer, might seem to threaten continual danger. She was of that description of vessels which combine the character of brig and schooner. Forward, she was a brig; and her sails, gradually decreasing as they rose one above another, dwindled at last almost to a point, and presented an appearance like the surface of a pyramid. Abaft, her mast was formed of one long taper spar, (a noble stick!) which raked so far over that it seemed in danger of falling, and yet supported a sail of such extent that it might have furnished a main-course for a frigate of the largest class.

The motions of this vessel had in truth something in them well calculated to attract attention. At one time, with her yards braced sharp to the wind, she would stretch far out at sea, until the proportions of her figure were lost in the cloudy atmosphere, and she appeared but as a speck on the verge of the ocean. Then squaring away before the breeze, she would thrash along at a furious rate towards the shore, nor haul her wind, until she seemed on the very point of plunging among the breakers. Her yards would then swing round, as if by magic, and in a moment, with every sail braced up, she would again plough her seaward course, her taper spars bending like wands under their pressure, and her keel leaving behind a broad track of snow-white foam to attest the velocity of her motion.

The manœuvres of this vessel strongly attracted the attention of the young man on the beach. It might have been that the abstract beauty of the spectacle won his admiration ; for surely there are few objects of more true grace and majesty, or that are connected with more interesting associations, than a stately and well managed bark, defying the turbulence of the ocean, and compelling even the adverse gale to speed her on her way. Or the interest with which he viewed her might have been because there was nothing else on which his eyes could repose with pleasure. The hills behind were rough and sterile, and looked dark and gloomy through the heavy air ; the shore was sandy and uncultivated, save one little plot ; and the sea, in all its wide extent, except that solitary bark, presented nothing to his view but a desolate prospect of black and tumbling waves—deep calling unto deep with a wild and melancholy sound.

Even the one object of interest which his eye dwelt upon, soon faded from sight. The graceful movements of the vessel grew indistinct—her neat proportions were swallowed up in the increasing dusk of evening, and the stranger at length turned, and pursued his way to the little cabin.

It was a low-browed building, of rude exterior. Its sides and roof were blackened by many an easterly storm, the dampness of which had also caused them to be overgrown by a species of moss. Implements stood about, which denoted the occupation of the inhabitant. A net was stretched on

poles to dry ; a skiff lay bottom upwards near the house ; a rake, such as are used in taking oysters, leaned against the eaves ; and various rods and other kinds of fishing-tackle were scattered round. Within, however, the aspect of things was more cheery. The furniture was of the simplest sort, and every thing was humble ; but the greatest neatness pervaded the cottage, giving to it that air of true comfort without which neatness can never exist, and showing that the part under female superintendence, at least, was properly conducted. And thus it always is. There is no condition of which woman is not the better angel. How poor an abiding-place this world would be, were her care withdrawn ! Men may manage the business of existence, but its elegancies are her handiwork. He may throw her off in the hours of strife and tumult ; but how few would be his intervals of peace and repose, without her smile to enliven his hearth, and her hand to smooth his pillow ? The other ingredients in the cup of life he may mingle himself, but she drops into it its balm.

Soon after reaching the cabin, the stranger joined the fisher and his family at their simple repast, of which he partook with an appetite he had earned by his walk. He then retired to his own apartment, and drawing a little table to the fire, threw fresh fuel on the expiring flames, and sat down before them. The wind roared dismally round the corners of the house, and the roar of the ocean swelled the mournful wail. These sounds, perhaps, gave the tone to

his thoughts, the shadows of which mounted to his face, and betrayed their nature. He leaned his head on his hand, and his contracted brow and compressed lip showed he was revolving painful subjects. Once or twice, as the casements jarred, or the wind swept in an abrupt and louder gust, he started from his chair; but becoming aware of the nature of the noise, he sank down again, with a glow on his pale cheek, as if ashamed of his nervous trepidation. A vessel of water, and another containing some fluid of a different kind, stood on the table; and the stranger at length turned, and with a precipitate and flurried action, as if determined to dispel his unpleasant meditations, poured a draught from these, which he hastily drank. He then threw himself back in his chair, and closed his eyes, and his countenance wore the constrained look of one who endeavors to force his mind into a new channel, against its natural tendency. It is not for us to unveil the young man's thoughts and show his naked heart. If the reader is charitable, causes enough for his uneasiness may be readily imagined, without resorting to any injurious to his character. If he is of a different disposition, a wider field is before him.

The stranger's musings at length took a more agreeable turn. His brow relaxed, his lip curved into a smile, and his breath came in easier respirations from a bosom that no longer heaved with painful emotions. But in the midst of his more pleasant thoughts, the shrill sound of a whistle inter-

rupted their current. A window of his apartment opened towards the ocean, and he turned to see whence the sound proceeded. He perceived that the moon had struggled through the rack of clouds, and was shedding a dim twilight upon the earth. By this light he saw the brigantine, which all day had been lurking on the coast, now again standing towards the shore. He knew it was the same vessel, though her well-modelled form was but imperfectly shown in the feeble illumination. She ran boldly towards the land, and approached so near the beach that the stranger deemed she must inevitably ground ; but she suddenly rounded to, and her foretopsail was hauled so as to present its forward surface to the wind, which had the effect to keep her stationary. A boat was then lowered from her stern and brought to at her gangway, and three shadowy figures descended to it, and pulled stoutly to land. The boat flew through the water with great velocity, and as she drew nearer, her crew became more distinctly visible. While two of them stretched to the oars, the third stood at the helm and guided her course. He seemed a tall, strong man, rudely dressed, and a leathern girdle buckled round his waist, sustained a cutlass and a brace of pistols. Before the keel grated on the sand, he sprang to land, and strided towards the cottage. He was followed by one of the men, while the other remained to guard the boat. The young stranger who was watching their movements, here lost sight of them

for a moment—the next, they stood within his apartment.

“Ha! have I found you at last?” said the leader, in a low but energetic tone. “I have sought you far and near—but now you are mine!” His olive complexion grew darker, and his black eyes glittered as he spoke. “It is well you are up and ready; I had otherwise dragged you from your bed.”

The young man sunk trembling and shuddering to his feet.

“No cowering, wretch!” resumed the other; “you have played the woman long enough; be a man now, and meet boldly the fate which cannot be averted.”

The young man rose to his feet, as if about to rush from the room; but the grasp of his foe tightened on his shoulder, and he sunk again into his chair. He then thought he might alarm the house; but the hand of his enemy was pressed upon his mouth, while a pistol, which he drew and cocked with the other, was pointed to his head.

“Speak one word,” said he, “utter one sound, or make one effort to escape, and you die on the instant.” He uttered this in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and hoarse with rage. “Come, follow me,” he added; “I have no time to waste on such a wretch. Remember! one faltering step, a whisper, or a glance aside, and a bullet whistles through your head.”

The young man rose, like one under the influence of a spell, and followed his dark foeman, as

he passed with noiseless stride out of the house. He was himself followed by the attendant, who, like his superior, held a cocked pistol, ready to fire on the first doubtful sound or motion. They reached the boat, the prisoner was thrust into it, and it was shoved off. A dozen strokes of the oars set them alongside the brigantine. They mounted to her deck, the boat was dropped and run up, and the vessel filled away. All this was done in profound silence. The prisoner was now permitted to move about the deck uncontrolled; but the keen eyes of his stern enemy, as he stood near the helm, and directed the course of the vessel and the motions of the crew by signs were riveted on his victim.

The brig stood out to sea, and cut through the water at a rapid rate. The cabin of the fisherman on the shore was already undistinguishable from the dark background of hills, and these also had lost their distinctness of outline, and were fast vanishing in the gloom. A cry of "sail ho!" from aloft first broke the silence. It was not necessary to follow this announcement with the usual questions. The vessel reported rushed into plain sight as she opened a point of land that had concealed her. As the eye of the commander of the brigantine rested on her, a tremour shook his frame. For a moment he stood studying her through his glass; then dashing it on deck, he addressed rapid orders to his crew. All hands were immediately busied in making sail and working ship. Though the wind whistled wildly through the cordage, a ring-

tail was added to the mainsail, and every sail that would draw was set. It was soon evident that the strange vessel was chasing the brigantine, and it became necessary that all hands should assist in working the latter, to which end the lookouts were called from forward and aloft.

“Here ! let this trembling wretch go on the foretopsail-yard,” cried the commander. “He can report if any other sail heaves in sight, or at any rate he will there be out of the way. What, coward ! do you shrink ? Nay, then, by heaven ! you shall go. Here, Tom, take this pistol, and follow him up the rigging. If he refuses or falters, shoot him dead.”

The poor object of this persecution shuddered, and cold drops of sweat bedewed his forehead ; but opposition would have been worse than useless, and in the hope that some turn might yet release him from his dreadful thraldom, he began to climb the shrouds. He trembled so violently, that this would not have been an easy task had the brig been lying at rest ; but she was now pitching and rolling heavily, and it seemed to him, as he was swept to and fro through the air, that the next motion would inevitably hurl him into the sea. At last, however, he reached the topsail-yard, and attempted to seat himself on the dizzy perch. But he looked down and saw the waves whirling and boiling below, while the narrow and unsteady vessel seemed to glide away from beneath him, and the mast to fall over of its own weight. His head grew giddy ; a deadly sickness came over his fainting soul, and he

would have pitched head foremost to the deck, had he not been upheld by the strong arm of the man who ascended with him. An expression of sympathy struggled to his hard face, and seeing that the prisoner, if left to himself, would soon lose his hold and be dashed to pieces, he fastened him to the topmost by passing a bunt gasket strongly round his body.

The strange vessel in the meantime was fast overhauling the brigantine. In vain the latter crowded sail. It but buried her deeper in the sea, without increasing her speed. She next attempted to weather on the pursuer, and braced every thing as sharp up as it could be hauled ; but the stranger lay as close to the wind as the chase, and that expedient was also vain. The brig tried the pursuer's sailing on all tacks, in hope to find her weak on some point, and thus obtain an advantage. She squared away ; she braced first on one tack, and then on the other ; she tried her with the wind on the bow, abeam, on the quarter, every way—and every way the stranger outsailed her. The gale was now blowing a piping note, and the scud dispersing before it, allowed the moon to shine down between the higher clouds. The commander of the brigantine called his crew aft, and addressed a few earnest words to them. The conference lasted but an instant, when the men were seen hurrying forward, and directly after issued from the caboose, each bearing a blazing faggot in his hand. With these they set fire to the vessel in various places ; then

lashed the helm, lowered a boat from the lee quarter, where their motions could not be seen by the vessel in chase, and jumping into it, pulled under cover of their own brig towards the shore. The fire soon caught the dry and pitchy deck and light bulwarks, and spread with fearful rapidity. The unhappy young man on the yard looked down on the scene without the power to release himself from his dreadful place of captivity. Even could he have loosened the knot which bound him there, and which was but drawn the tighter the more he struggled, his situation would have been little improved. The deck was already a sea of fire. It had caught the sails, and towered up in a pyramid far above his head. He writhed in agony and strove to shriek, but it seemed as if the flames which roared around him had scorched his throat, and deprived him of the power of utterance. He felt his flesh shrivel and crack in the intense heat, and his garments as he moved chafed the skin from his body. The sails, however, were quickly consumed or blown off in blazing fragments into the sea ; but the wind, which then visited his cheek, brought no relief, but added tenfold anguish to his blistered flesh. He turned his seared eyeballs towards the shore, and they fell on the boat, midway, the inmates of which were rendered visible, and their savage features shone with horrible distinctness, in the glare of the burning vessel. His foe, towering above the rest, stood in the after part, and his face was turned

with an expression of fiendish joy, as it seemed, towards his writhing victim, whose agonized motions he could discern in the hellish light. From this maddening sight the tortured wretch turned towards the pursuing vessel—but she had descried the boat and changed her course! All hope of rescue now died within him. The flames were fast eating into the mast at the deck, and streaming up the dry and greasy spar with appalling fierceness, while their roar and crackling sounded to his frenzied ear like the exultation of infernal spirits waiting for their prey. The shrouds, too, were on fire, and the pitch that boiled out from them added to the fury of the conflagration. The victim saw that his fate was near at hand, and ceased to struggle. Again the heat came up with scorching power, and a thick pitchy cloud of smoke wrapt him for a moment in its suffocating folds. It passed away and he could see again. The shrouds were quite consumed, save a few blazing ends which waved round him like the whips of furies; and the flames, which had lingered for a moment round the thick body of rigging at the mast head, were now climbing the top-mast, and had almost reached the spot where he was bound. At this moment the brig rolled to windward, and he felt the mast tremble and totter like a falling tree. She slowly righted and lurched to leeward—the mast cracked and snapped—he felt his body rush through the air—the spar fell hissing into the ocean—the cold water closed over his scorched and shuddering body—he threw out his

arms and made one more frantic effort to release himself—the knot that bound him suddenly gave way—and—But we will let him tell the result in his own words.

On the following morning, the young men was seated in the same apartment of the fisherman's cabin, to which we have already introduced the reader. Writing materials were before him, and his pen was busy in addressing a letter to a friend. We have an author's privilege of looking over his shoulder, and take the liberty to transcribe the following passage of his epistle :

The Letter.

“ I shall return to town immediately, for I do not find the sea-air is of any advantage to my health ; and this sudden change of weather will render the hot streets of the city endurable, while here I am actually shivering with cold. My malady is not one, my dear friend, which sea-air or change of climate can remove. It is seated, not in the body, but in the mind ; and wherever I go I meet with something to remind me of my loss. Even the simple but kind wife of the humble fisherman with whom I lodge, does or says something twenty times a-day to make me feel what I have suffered in the untimely death of my poor Eliza. No matter—I shall soon follow her. * * * * *

“ The limits of a letter will not allow me to tell you of a strange adventure I had last night. I was both burned to death and drowned ; but the particu-

lars of this sad accident I must reserve for our meeting. You will conjecture that this happened in a dream—and it was the wildest dream that the fancy of a sleeper ever framed. It is curious how much real torture, and for how long a time, one may experience in a half hour's slumber. I have a very vivid idea, now, of what the martyrs must have suffered, and am amazed at their fortitude. My dream was suggested, probably, by a conversation among some sailors, which the wind wafted to my ears, though it was not intended for them. You will smile when I tell you out of what slender materials my sleeping and feverish brain created a conflagration and an ocean. When I waked, in all the horror of a double death by fire and water, I found that in my slumber I had overthrown a pitcher into my lap, and that my feet were toasting something too close to a fire, which had blazed up after I fell asleep. I ought to mention that I had taken a rather larger draught than usual of my opiate mixture. Of such shreds dreams are made."

STANZAS.

BY MISS EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I am not now
That which I have been.—*Byron.*

I AM not what I have been !—pain
Has stolen the roses from my cheek,
And never can I know again
The health their hues were wont to speak.

I am not what I have been !—care
Has left its traces on my brow ;
What matters it ?—bright smiles are there,
To hide the gloom that lies below.

I am not what I have been !—Time
His work of wasting too has done ;
My life is in its earliest prime,
But ah ! my heart's glad youth is gone.

I am not what I have been !—life
For me has lost its every charm ;
I'm weary of wild passion's strife—
I can no longer brave its storm.

I am not what I have been !—Fate
On me has laid her heaviest doom ;
And now in patience I await
Her last, her kindest gift—a tomb !

A KENTUCKIAN'S ACCOUNT OF A PANTHER-FIGHT.

BY JAMES H. HACKETT.

I NEVER was down-hearted but once in my life, and that was on seeing the death of a faithful friend, who lost his life in trying to save mine. The fact is, I was one day making tracks homeward, after a long tramp through one of our forests—my rifle carelessly resting on my shoulder—when my favorite dog Sport, who was trotting quietly ahead of me, suddenly stopped stock still, gazed into a big oak tree, bristled up his back, and fetched a loud growl. I looked up and saw, upon a quivering limb, a half-grown panther, crouching down close, and in the very act of springing upon him. With a motion quicker than chain-lightning I levelled my rifle, blazed away, and shot him clean through and through the heart. The varmint, with teeth all set, and claws spread, pitched sprawling head fore-

most to the ground, as dead as *Julius Cæsar* ! That was all fair enough ; but mark ! afore I had hardly dropped my rifle, I found myself thrown down flat on my profile by the old she-panther, who that minute sprung from an opposite tree, and lit upon my shoulders, heavier than all creation ! I feel the print of her devilish teeth and nails there now ! My dog grew mighty loving—he jumped a-top and seized *her* by the neck ; so we all rolled and clawed, and a pretty considerable tight scratch we had of it. I began to think my right arm was about *chawed up* ; when the varmint, finding the dog's teeth *rayther* hurt her feelings, let *me* go altogether, and clenched *him*. Seeing at once that the dog was undermost, and there was no two ways about a chance of a choke-off or let up about *her*, I just out jack-knife, and with one slash, *prehaps* I didn't cut the panther's throat deep enough for her to breathe the rest of her life without nostrils ! I did feel *mighty savagerous*, and, big as she was, I laid hold of her hide by the back with an alligator-grip, and slung her against the nearest tree hard enough to make every bone in her flash fire. "There," says I ; "you infernal varmint, root and branch, you are what I call *used up* !"

But I turned around to look for my dog, and—and—tears gushed smack into my eyes, as I see the poor affectionate cretur—all of a gore of blood—half raised on his fore legs, and trying to drag his mangled body toward me ; down he dropped—I

run up to him, whistled loud, and gave him a friendly shake of the paws—(for I loved my dog !)—but he was too far gone ; he had just strength enough to wag his tail feebly—fixed his closing eyes upon me wishfully—then gave a gasp or two, and—*all was over !*

A VISION OF THE HUDSON.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Part First.

'Twas in the flush of the summer's prime,
Two hundred years ago,
When a ship into an unknown bay
Came gliding—soft and slow.

The hoarse north wind had sunk down behind,
The weltering waves were past,
And the gentle gales just toy'd with the sails,
And hove them from the mast.

Up, and still up, the stream she bore,
As well I ween she might ;
For her hardy crew might roam the world through,
Nor mate that goodly sight.

Earth, water, and air, and the glorious sky
With a holy calm were imprest ;
And each island that lay in that sheltering bay
Seemed a paradise of rest.

All, all was still, on river and hill,
At the dawn of that summer's day ;

There was not a sound, save the ripple around
The ship, as she cut her way.

Then the sails flapp'd back, for the wind was slack,
And the vessel lay sleeping there ;
And even the Dutchmen exclaim'd, "Mein Got!"
As they gazed on a scene so fair.

For the sun was glancing on mountain and plain—
Was glancing on forest and stream—
And the bright young isles (fair Nature's smiles)
Lay basking in his beam.

Anon—the land breeze, that among the trees
Had been loitering since break of day,
First kiss'd the night-showers from the forest flowers,
Then came out on the waves to play.*

And the birds that had press'd until then their nest,
Sprang forth the fresh leaves among ;
And with thrilling voice, bade the woods rejoice
In the melody of song.

'Neath the grateful shades, in the forest glades,
The fawn play'd wild and free ;
And the branches rung, as the squirrel sprung
Lightly from tree to tree.

"Twas a scene of joy, without alloy,
Nought marr'd mild Nature's plan ;
Sigh, miscreant, sigh at the reason why—
There was not a trace of man !

Not a trace of man, till a light canoe
Shot o'er the nameless river ;
And in the far wood an Indian stood,
With arrow, bow, and quiver.

* "Hast thou been out upon the waves at play?"—Ahem ! Bryant.

(One of a race, that from the face
 Of earth is fleeting fast ;
 One of a race, of whom the trace
 Is mingling with the past.

One of a race, of free, brave men,
 Whose course is almost run ;
 Who have swiftly past, on destruction's blast,
 Towards the setting sun.)

The word was given—the anchor fell
 With a harsh and grating sound ;
 Startling the deer in each lonely dell,
 And the sleeping echoes around.

“ Hoist out the boat !”—she was soon afloat—
 (Some were stowing the sails meanwhile)
 And the first rough band, from old “ father-land,”
 Pulled on to Manhatta’s isle.

They landed and walk’d and wander’d about,
 To see what they mote see ;
 Huge lumps of prose (you may well suppose)
 In that maze of poetry.

And aye they marvell’d and talk’d and swore,
 As over the scene they hover’d ;
 And doubtless they would have smoked their pipes,
 Had tobacco been then discover’d.

Then soon they planned, with ruthless hand,—
 (Small care for Nature had they,)—
 With ruthless hand, to despoil the land,
 And seize it for their prey.

To fell the trees, waving light in the breeze,
 To uproot the delicate flowers ;
 To build dwellings of wood, of stone, and of mud,
 In the sacred forest bowers.

But what was said and done—what scath was wrought,
 What desolation in that western clime ;
 How gold, and sin, and grief, were there o'er brought,
 May furnish matter for another rhyme.

Part Second.

Gone, gone, all gone ! from that verdant isle,
 Are the sacred forest bowers !

Gone, gone, all gone ! with their radiant smile,
 Are the delicate woodland flowers !

All—all is changed ! where the wild deer ranged
 The tall green groves among—
 Where the squirrel played in the chestnut's shade,
 And the bird trill'd forth its song—

There are streets and roads, and the many abodes
 Of a most transcendent nation ;
 And on the sod where the Indian trod
 Men play at civilization.*

On the river's banks, where the graceful ranks
 Of willows droop'd silently o'er
 The calm blue waves, and the lonesome caves,
 And the rocks of that peaceful shore,

There are docks and slips—and boats and ships—
 There's the feverish strife of men ;
 A ceaseless hum, and a smell of rum
 From the toper's loathly den.

* Of course no one would be so stupid as seriously to uphold the superior advantages of a savage over a civilized state of existence ; but though the times are bad enough, I hope they are not so bad, that a man is required to be rational and statistical in rhyme.

And the bright young isles (fair Nature's smiles)
 Are built and dwelt on, I trow ;
 They have christen'd them all with Christian names—
 One is " Gibbet Island" now !

When morning gleams, the bright sun now beams
 On a region of smoke and steam ;
 And he rubs his eyes, and vainly tries
 To think that he still may dream.

And holy Silence has fled the spot—
 Has fled to the far, far west ;
 For the rout by day, and the drunkard's fray
 Through the night-hours broke her rest.

And is this the work of that uncouth band
 Who landed here of yore ?
 Of that uncouth band, from old " father-land,"
 Who first profaned this shore ?

No ! here we may trace a more restless race,
 A race that will very soon
 Take shares in the plan of some sapient man
 To macadamize the moon.

Little did they, these good Dutch folks,
 These drowsy-headed men !
 Little did they but smoke and sleep—*
 And their babes were as one to ten

To those of the sharp, keen-witted tribe,
 " Down to the eastward" bred ;
 Who " push'd from their stools" the quiet Dutch owls,
 And sate themselves down instead.

* Note by printer's devil.

Of their love of smoke, and their love of sleep,
 Neither "time nor tide" observing ;
 And their love of liquor—*vide* the Knicker-
 Bocker of Washington Irving. (*First attempt.*)

Sad havoc have they with nature made,
And as little they care therefor,
And they'll still "improve," while a single shrub
Remains on that business shore.

Let them do what they will, 'twill be lovely still,
That ever-glorious Bay !
There are features of lofty beauty there,
That disdain man's petty sway.

Go—in the gorgeous autumn time,
As the sun sinks from the sight ;
And the Weehawken woods are bathed in floods
Of his glorious, solemn light ;—

And the sparkling Bay, 'neath his fading ray,
Is one sheet of rolling fire ;
And the thousand hues of the piled up clouds
Brighten, ere they expire.

And the tremulous ray of the flickering day
Falls on leaf and on grassy sod ;—
And you'll gaze on a scene of the glory and power
And majesty of God !

A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.—*Wordsworth.*

AH, Nature !—young, fresh, blooming, beautiful Nature ! how pleasant art thou to the eye of the smoke-dried denizen of the populous city ! How grateful is thy balmy breath to his senses—how beneficial to his lungs ! We may herd together amid brick and mortar, and enmesh ourselves in the cares and struggles of life ;—we may swarm in theatres,—we may congregate in club-rooms, where hot punch and hotter politics, and multitudinous segars impregnate the whole air with caloric ; we may study the crafts of commerce and the tricks of trade ; we may become knowing fellows, and sneer at “innocent ruralities ;” we may do all this and more, until we come to think slightly and disre-

pectfully of thee,—to look upon thee in merely a useful light, as a producer of grain and feeder of cattle, and to deem poets and all who “babble o’ green fields” on a par with Falstaff, in his dotage:—but let the man who has once been familiar with thy face—who has *once* sincerely loved thee, find himself on a green sunny knoll some fine summer’s morning, gazing upon thee in all thy purity and beauty, and he will feel as if the imaginary elixir of life were poured into his veins—as if the freshness of seventeen had come back upon his heart—his town existence will seem as a confused and feverish dream, and early thoughts and boyish visions will crowd sadly but pleasantly upon his memory. True, his lot is cast amid lanes and streets, and therefore he trudges back to smoke and dust, to bustle and business once again; but not without having his feelings, as well as his frame, fresh-aired; not without having some earth-stains cleansed from his mind, and at least a few of the dirty incrustations which daily habits of contentious jangling have gathered on his heart, loosened or removed.

“I always veeps when I sees a green leaf,” says Peter Pastoral in the play, and the audience immediately titter at poor Peter’s expression as a piece of cockney affectation. Perhaps ’twas not so—perhaps he spoke truth, and a metaphysician might be able to prove it. True, there is no good reason why a man should perambulate the fields with a pocket-handkerchief at his face; yet a walk in the country,

where you are surrounded by all sorts of good and kindly influences, has a softening effect upon the stiff and rigid feelings, and the “foolish dew” is nearer the eyelid at a moving incident—the coin nearer the orifice of the pocket at a charitable appeal, then when treading the stony pavement of the town. It is hard to pass a beggar in the country—it is easy in the streets. Man, like an adjective, is frequently governed by proximate substantives or substances. Earth and ocean, in their beautiful and sublime forms, have some effect upon even the least sensitive lumps of clay. Would the most ineffable puppy practise the airs and graces he brings into play on the public promenade, beneath the shadow of the tall hoar trees, gnarled and massive, and moss-grown at the roots, whose “high tops” have, for centuries “been fretted by the gusts of heaven?” No; the spirit of the woods would silently rebuke the pretty, perfumed gentleman, and he would, for once, feel the incongruity of affectation. Even Beau Brummell, at his best, could scarcely have lectured upon starch by the falls of Niagara. Or place a man on some “tall cliff,” with the ocean, in its simple grandeur, at his foot, and the fresh breeze playing on his brow, would he not, unless he were the veriest earth-worm, experience an expansion of soul? Would he not feel temporarily ennobled? Could he abase himself by a mean action—deceive a friend, drive a bargain, lie, equivocate, standing face to face with his Maker’s most magnificent creation? True, the

varieties of the human species are infinite, and there may be fellows who can walk with a short, sharp, dapper, self-satisfied strut, along the sea-shore, in the calm of a summer's evening, when the sun is going down behind the waters; but it is a thing that requires to be seen to be believed. Oh, it is good to be with Nature! She rebukes artificialities; she strips us of our sophistications; she is the mildest of democrats; the only thoroughly sincere and tolerant inculcator of the great doctrine of equality; making us humbler yet higher, and properly teaching how to estimate the city-born "meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust."

'There is a good deal of cant and delusion on this same subject too. Some people pretend to be in love with nature, or deceive themselves into a belief that they are so, because they are a good deal in her company, though, at the time, they are merely using her as a handle for scientific purposes. These are your "learned Thebans," who go mineralizing and botanizing over the country, in search of materials for catalogues, or book-making, or papers for journals of learned societies. They look upon the beauties of nature, but do not *see* them. Like Lady Macbeth, their "eyes are open, but the sense is shut," except for scientific purposes. Point out a fine bold precipice, or overhanging cliff that imparts a peculiar charm to the landscape, to one of those, and he will explain forthwith the various strata of which the one is composed, and whether the other is granite or

freestone. Walk with another through the fields, and his head is so full of the different species of grasses and Latin and Linnæus, and the proper classification of plants, the discoveries of some and the errors of others, that he notes not the waving of the rich meadow, the clear brook winding silently through it, or the graceful undulations of hill and dale around ; take him into a wood, and he goes groping about the tree-roots, inspecting the dank mosses, and the numerous and interesting family of fungi. Hundreds of people again “do so love nature !” exactly as they “do so love music !” because it is just as easy to say they love it, as that they love it not, and sounds a great deal better ; it savors of fine taste, and sweet, delicate feelings, and therefore they “do so love it,” while another numerous class obtrude themselves into her presence for the ostensible object of gazing on her divine beauties, but in reality for the gross, earthly purpose of sharpening their appetites—“doing themselves good,” as they call it, so that they may be enabled, without injury to themselves, to devour an additional portion of her productions. Others go to suck poetry out of her, and imbibe as many rural images as will decently suffice for an effusion ;—others, because they are tired of the town ;—others, because they have nothing better to do.

There is one class of beings it is difficult to meet with anywhere without sorrow of heart, but more especially in the country, in the “spring-time of the year.” It is the delicate in health—those on

whose brow death has already set his mark ; who look as if they were not long for this world. It was on one of those delicious May mornings, when spring is gently falling into the embrace of summer, which unite the freshness of the one season with the gaiety and fervor of the other—one of those mornings which fill you with joyous hopes and pleasurable anticipations, and make you feel complacently towards yourself, and peaceably and charitably towards all men. A slight shower had fallen, but the blue heavens were without a cloud. I entered one of those fine old lanes one so frequently meets with in pictures, scarcely marked with the track of man or brute, and which seem made for little other purpose than to beautify the country. The grass was still glittering with the rain-drops, and the unclipped hawthorns, in full bloom, which formed the hedge on either side, shook pearls and blossoms from their fragrant bosom, as the fresh breeze ever and anon gently agitated their branches. At one of its picturesque turnings there was an individual resting against a gate, and gazing at the springing corn. I recognised him at a glance as a youth belonging to the district, a lad of much promise, who had left a couple of years previously for the university, where an ardent thirst for knowledge, united to a kind and social disposition, which insensibly led him into the dissipations incident to a college life, had proved too much for a naturally fragile constitution, and after a short, ineffectual struggle with the insidious destroyer, consumption, he had returned home to die. There

he stood—a blasted piece of mortality—withering, withering away, amid the universal flush and bloom of rejoicing nature ! There was something anomalous in this—a want of sympathy with the season, which spoke, in every leaf and blade of grass, of life and vitality. What must have been his thoughts, as he looked at the surpassingly bright and beautiful creations around him, which were so soon to be seen dimly and indistinctly through the gathering mists of death ? How busy must memory have been at such a moment ! How hot and feverish must have seemed his midnight revels ! And where were his friends—his boon companions—his hail-fellows-well-met ? Leading the life he had led—carousing, hunting, enjoying themselves, with all the untamed vehemence of youth—and he was dying !

“ Tush !” whispered Selfishness in my ear, “ that is no concern of yours; pursue and enjoy your walk;” and, like most other people, I followed that most plausible personage’s advice, until the windings of the lane brought me out to the open common.

I like an old common. It bears no impress of man or his handiwork. It has not been dug, or ploughed, or manured, or drained, or diked, or divided, or planted, or otherwise scientifically improved. The air is freer there—the turf firmer. It is as nature made it. There is a careless wildness about it which is mighty agreeable after leaving a highly cultivated country, where hedges, ditches, gates, and sign-posts are continually reminding you

of the jealous "rights of property." There is no valuable "stock" to call for the farmer's watchful interference; and it is untenanted, save by the hardy moorland sheep, or wandering gipsey's ass; or the still more independent animals, hares, rabbits, foxes, etc., which man has been unable to decoy into servitude. You may roam for days without seeing "the cut of a coat or the fashion of a doublet," and that is a great consolation. Moore says,

"We know how the charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

Sometimes; the company of a friend is, occasionally, pleasant enough; indeed very pleasant when you cannot be utterly alone. But though at most times gregariously disposed, I, for one, hold it best in the country to be alone, with no company save your own thoughts and "the birds of the air and the beasts of the field." You are neither obliged to talk, nor to listen, or to coincide in opinion. Any thing that wears small-clothes, even in the distance, becomes a blot—an interruption—destroying the harmony and peaceful quietude of the scene, and reminding you of the tailor and the town, and things you wish to forget. It is good to wend your solitary way to some lonely hill-side, and there lie down, a man emancipated for a time from all the cares, bustle, and business of life—from all the passions, prejudices, forms, ceremonies and proper behavior of society, with no sound to break the stillness save the music of the wild and happy birds that flutter unscared around, or the hum of the bee extracting honey

from the heather-blossom, or the low murmur of the wind among the broom ; and there to lie for hours pondering over the checkered past, or shaping pleasant visions of the future ; or recalling your early aspirations after what was good and pure and beautiful, since perchance sneered and scoffed at ; or thinking of old companions and distant friends ; or losing yourself in the regions of poetry and romance ; or humming old tunes ;—until, refreshed in body and mind, you arise, go home, and get laughed at by inveterate men of business for *wasting* your time. Let them laugh; the bond-slaves of Mammon ! They at least cannot “go and do likewise.”

ASTRONOMICAL SPECULATIONS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

“ASTRONOMY, geography, and the use of the globes.” Every card or circular of every schoolmaster or schoolmistress, advertiseth the willingness and capability of the said master and mistress, for a reasonable stipend, to infuse the aforesaid particles of knowledge, with innumerable other particles, together with all sorts of classical information, to say nothing of morals, manners, accomplishments, and the inculcation of the “observance of the strictest cleanliness,” into the head of every juvenile of whatever capabilities, that may be consigned to their charge. This is undoubtedly desirable, and the only drawback is its utter impossibility. Indeed the professions of this species of the human race have always appeared to me as wildly extravagant as those of a romantic lover partially intoxicated, and their undertakings about as feasible as those of the worthy knight of La Mancha. Did they propose to give the mere sketch or outline—the technicalities of those sciences, one or two of which it takes the life of man to master—it would make

the thing appear more probable, more decent, more conscientious; but perhaps their familiarity with the arithmetic may have the effect of expanding the imaginative faculty in an outrageous degree, and hence the riotous and unchecked flights of fancy in which they indulge in their advertisements and other lucubrations for the cajolement of soft-hearted mothers and softer-headed fathers. Ay, cajolement! I fearlessly repeat the word. What care I for them? I am "grown up" now—free, emancipated—"they shall never whip me more!"

I cannot say that I ever liked or felt attracted toward the (*par excellence*) sublime study of astronomy; at least not further than was barely necessary for the comprehension of its more attractive neighbor, geography. It is too vast, too stupendous a study for a mind of moderate caliber, requiring one of a somewhat Miltonic cast and dimensions thoroughly to comprehend its grandeur and its glories. I get (like Robert Montgomery) out of my latitude amid infinite space, and experience a puzzling and uncomfortable feeling of vasty vagueness which I cannot possibly mistake for the essence of the "true sublime." I can admire and feel the beauty of the quiet night with her multitudes of stars or worlds, and our world's lamp—the moon—hanging in the midst. I can invest them with kindly influences and attributes, imagining how they are gladdening the route of the wayworn wanderer over the solitary waste, or glittering on the path of the home-bound mariner. I can imagine the thousand lovely dells,

and silent streams, and peaceful cottages "embowered in trees," that they are complacently looking down upon, making beauty still more beauteous; I can imagine the manifold tribes of lovers they are surveying walking in quiet happiness, or tremulous joy, or pouting coyness, or sheepish bashfulness, beneath their beams, engaged in all sorts of speculations, from plans for the realization of the most extravagant bliss down to the most feasible and economical means of purchasing household furniture. I can imagine the multitudinous race of youthful poets who are standing on innumerable balconies, with folded arms and upturned eyes and upturned hair, with a mixture of hazy inspiration inflating and leaden dulness pressing upon their pericraniums, jumbled up with confused notions of power and Byron and might and majesty, until the chilling night-dews check the formation of incipient sonnets to Venus, Jupiter, or "fiery Mars," by hinting that they may catch a cold; and they walk into their chambers, and stalk from the contemplation of immensity unto their pier-glass, to contemplate how *they* may have looked should any proprietors of petticoats from adjacent windows have made *them* the objects of their terrestrial speculations while they were picturesquely gazing on things celestial. I can imagine all this and much more, while lolling lazily out of the window, on a moonlight night, in a speculative mood; but when I come to view those heavenly bodies scientifically—astronomically—arithmetically—touching their

size, distance, density, specific gravity, etc., together with considerations respecting the centripetal and centrifugal forces by which their motions are regulated, my imagination, as the sailors say, is "taken all aback!" It is making mere matter-of-fact work of it, subjecting the objects of one's love, wonder, and unbounded admiration, at once to "cold, material laws," to weight and measurement, and divesting them of all their beautiful and poetical properties.

Mythologically considered, I love the planetary bodies well. Literature cannot do without the gods and demi-gods, and full and half-bred divinities of former times. Beautifully has Schiller said, in his *Wallenstein* (as beautifully translated by Coleridge)—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion ;
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forests by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, or wat'ry depths ; all these have vanish'd,
They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits, or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
Yonder they move—from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down ; *and even at this day*
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair."

No more need be added on this point. "The

words of Mercury are harsh, after the songs of Apollo."

I entertain another quirk or notion against astronomy, except when studied for practical purposes. Though humility be a good thing, a sense of extreme littleness is not; and when we turn from the tremendous—the astounding study of astronomy, to consider what *we* are in connection with what *is*, we become ludicrously small, even when viewed through that powerful magnifier—our own estimation. In the study of natural history, when we read of thousands of insects inhabiting a drop of water, or colonizing a green leaf, we are Brobdignagians, the least of us. But when we come to consider that this "great globe" itself, with all its storms and tempests, its thunder and fierce lightning, is, as regards size, a mere trifle to that of surrounding bodies, and, compared to them in quantity, as a grain of sand to its brethren of the sea-shore, the consideration has a depressing and not an elevating effect. In such a case, what are we who strut and fret about, and take upon us "pride, pomp, and circumstance?" What is our glory or grandeur—our wit or wisdom—our civic, literary, or military fame? Why, we are comparatively smaller than we can possibly comprehend. Shakespeare is a midge, and Napoleon a thing too diminutive to be thought of. Our virtues and our vices sink into insignificance, as, who should trouble themselves about the virtues of a grasshopper, or the vicious propensities of a caterpillar, or enter with

interest into the humors, whims, foibles, and eccentricities of a mite? We lose our distinctive qualities as men and women, and become a mass of animalcules. It is discouraging to think of it.

Again, to a certain class of minds, such as have never thoroughly been able to master the perplexities of the multiplication-table ; the billions, trillions, quintillions, and so on, with which astronomy abounds, is perfectly incomprehensible. They read of a billion or so of miles, but have about as clear an idea of the distance implied, as they have of the occult mysteries of duodecimals. They have a vague idea, perchance, that it may be as far as China and back again, but nothing more. For my own part, I had always looked upon the enumeration of the sum total of the national debt of England as the most august and imposing mass of figures that could be brought together for any conceivable purpose. Why, look now, it becomes comparatively an unostentatious unit, as it were, a mere fraction. "The distance of the star Draconis appears, by Dr. Bradley's observations, to be at least four hundred thousand times that of the sun, and the distance of the nearest fixed star not less than forty thousand diameters of the earth's annual orbit ; that is, the distance of the earth from the former, is *at least* 38,000,000,000,000 miles, and the latter not less than 7,000,000,000,000 miles. A cannon-ball, supposing it could preserve the same velocity, would not reach the nearest of the fixed stars in six hundred thousand years!" There is goodly

work enough to upset any moderate man's notions of time and space. Had this cannon-ball taken its departure in the time of Cheops, or even Cheops' grandfather, (if the imagination can roam so far back into the dense blackness of the past,) it would even now be merely at the outset of its journey. Cheops' grandfather dandles young Cheops on his knee: he in turn grows up, waxes in years, builds the everlasting (in our frail acceptation of the word) pyramids, lives to an antediluvian age, dies, is buried, and forgotten; successive generations spring up and pass away; states rise and fall; empires expand and decay, and expand again, up to this present 1834, and yet this cannon-ball, that has been travelling all this time with inconceivable rapidity, is, as it were, but a hop, step, and jump on its way towards the nearest fixed star! This way of thinking will never do. It diminishes our ideas of the sombre stateliness of the past, and makes "hoar antiquity" a thing of yesterday. The by-gone glories of departed empires, looming with added grandeur through the indistinct and spectral past, must seem, to a mind familiarized with such unconscionable notions of time and space, but as things that had existence an inconsiderable time ago, last week, or the week before. Let us leave this speculative star-gazing, and turn our attention to our own snug little portion of the solar system, with all its infinite varieties of men, manners, customs, and countries. Abandon astronomy to Doctor Herschel and other

lineal descendants of the Chaldees who had devoted themselves to it, and it alone ; and therefore may deduce from it some great and useful results. It is not necessary that our artizans, lawyers, poets, clergymen, and agriculturists, should have the motions of even the primary planets revolving in and addling their head-pieces. And as for the sweeteners of our life and tea ; the makers of our pies and the mothers of our children ; it is not fitting that they trouble themselves about the relative distances of the fixed stars. Let them rather go on as they have done ; inventing fashions, quoting Byron, working lace, multiplying albums, and fulfilling their destinies.

THE RIVALS;

A TALE OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIAM COX.

IT was on a Sunday afternoon, in the middle of March, 18—, when a young man, of diminutive dimensions, planted himself at the corner of one of the principal streets in the busy and populous city of ——. Under all the circumstances of the case, this seemed a most singular proceeding. A fine May morning, as is common in March, had given place to a December afternoon ; and a keen, raw, northeast wind, admirably calculated to perform the part of a rough razor, blustered and bellowed along the melancholy street, sweeping it of every vestige of humanity gifted with sense enough to know that a warm fireside was comfortable, and pence enough to procure one. An old apple-woman, seated by the borders of the swollen kennel, and a hungry dog gnawing at a bone, were the only substances endowed with vitality perceptible, except the young man who had located himself in

such an apparently unnatural situation. His appearance was pitiable in the extreme. Seduced by the flattering appearance of the morning, when the sun shone and the southern breeze blew, he had thoughtlessly arrayed his limbs in the gay garniture of spring, and the consequence was, that there he stood, exposed to all the assaults of a raw, chill, unfeeling northeaster, in a new pea-green coat, nankeen trowsers, and pale-complexioned waistcoat with a delicate sprig, lemon-colored gloves, and white silk stockings. His face, as a natural consequence of such a costume, in such a situation, in such weather, exhibited a sample of the varied hues of the rainbow, though it can scarcely be added "blent into beauty." "Pale, pale was his cheek," or rather pipeclay-colored; blue were his lips; while his nose, which was of a fiery red at the base, deepened, through all the intermediate shades, into concentrated purple at the extremity. His hair and whiskers, which were of a bright scarlet, formed a striking fringe or border to his unhappy-looking countenance. He wore his hat on one side of his head, at about an angle of seventy-five degrees, which, in warmer weather, and under more favorable auspices, might impart a sprightly air to the wearer; just now, however, it was most incongruous when coupled with the utter misery and desolation of the sum total of his personal appearance. There is little more to be added, except that he was within a fraction of four feet ten inches in height, that he

kept a shop for the retail of tobacco and fancy snuffs, and that his name was Thomas Maximilian Potts.

But wherefore stood he there? "That is the question." The sympathetic hearts of the ladies will readily anticipate the answer—he was in love. Yes, fondly, passionately, and, we may say for a man of his size, overwhelmingly in love. That little body, slight and trivial as it appeared, contained a heart—to correspond; and that heart had long been in the possession (figuratively) of Miss Julia Smith, only daughter and sole heiress of Mr. Smith, the eminent biscuit-baker, who resided in the second house round the identical corner at which Potts had stationed himself.

The case stood thus. He had been invited by the fair Julia to tea, and, as he fondly hoped, to a *tête-à-tête*, that afternoon. He had hastened (in the expressive phraseology usual on such occasions) on the wings of love to keep the appointment, when lo! just as he arrived at the door, his eyes were blasted (figuratively also) by the sight of his hated rival, James Fish, chemist and druggist, entering his bower of bliss. He shrunk back as if a creditor had crossed his path; but trusting it might only be a casual call, waited patiently in his deplorable situation for the reissuing and final exit of the abhorred Fish. But the shades of evening fell deeper and deeper, the drizzling rain came down thicker and thicker, the wind blew keener and keener—"Poor Tom was a-cold!" The component parts of his body shook and trembled like the

autumnal leaves in the November blast—his eyes distilled drops of liquid crystal, and, in the copious language of Wordsworth, his teeth, like those of Master Harry Gill,

“Evermore went chatter, chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.”

But there is a limit to human endurance. He could not stand it any longer—so he went and rapped at the door, and was forthwith ushered into the parlor.

“Bless me! how late you are, Mr. Potts,” exclaimed Julia; “but do take a seat near the fire,” added she, in a sympathizing tone, as she took cognizance of the frigid, rigid condition of her unhappy suitor.

The scene which presented itself to the eyes of Potts was (with one exception) extremely revivifying. Every thing spoke of warmth and comfort. The apartment was small, snug, and double-carpeted; the curtains were drawn close, the dull, dreary twilight excluded; and brightly and cheerfully burnt the fire in the grate, before which, half-buried in the wool of the hearth-rug, reclined the fattest of poodles. At one side of the fire sat the contented and oleaginous biscuit-baker, Mr. Smith, in his accustomed state of semi-somnolency; at the other, Frank Lumley, a good-looking, good-tempered, rattle-pated coz of Julia’s; while in the centre was placed the vile Fish. The fair Julia herself was busied in preparing the steaming beverage which cheers “but not intoxicates;” and while it is

getting ready we may as well at once introduce the company.

And first, of Fish, who was in truth a most extraordinary piece of flesh. In altitude he approximated to seven feet, and the various extremities of his person corresponded to his altitude. His mouth, teeth, lips, nose, and eyes, were on the most unlimited scale, and as for his chin, there was no end to it. His hands, had he ever had the bad fortune to have been apprehended on a charge of pocket-picking, if allowed to have been produced in evidence, would have ensured his acquittal by any jury in Christendom ; indeed, the idea of their going into an ordinary pocket was absurd ; while his two feet were fully equivalent to three, thus giving the lie at once to that standard of measurement which dogmatically asserts that twelve inches make one foot. Yet with all those weighty helps—those extraordinary appendages, the sum total of the man was nothing ; in fact, he never weighed more than one hundred pounds in the heaviest day of his existence. To in part account for this, it must be taken into consideration, that his columnar body was shrunk, sapless, and of small and equal circumference in all its parts ; his neck, scraggy and crane-like, could scarcely be accounted any thing as regarded weight ; whilst his legs, which were really *very* long, fell off about the calf, but gradually thickened as they approached the knees and ankles, so that the old woman who was in the habit of knitting his hose, used to make an extra charge in consequence of

having to narrow the loops at this portion of his anatomy, instead of having, as is common, to widen or enlarge them. All this rendered Fish peculiarly ill adapted for tempestuous weather ; for carrying, as he did, his head so high, the wind naturally took a powerful hold of him, and though his extensive feet prevented his being blown over, yet his weak flexible body swayed and bent and bowed to every blast, like the boughs of a sapling willow. A cast-off coat of his was preserved as a curiosity in the lodge of the tailors' society of his native town ; and it is a well-known fact, that during a severe fit of influenza under which he labored, no less than seven eminent surgeons were secretly negotiating with the sexton of his parish church for the reversion of his most extraordinarily constructed *corpus* : but he lived, and science wept as he recovered. In mind and temper Fish was as mild as milk ; one of the most simple, kind-hearted, inoffensive creatures that ever breathed. He followed Mr. Coleridge's advice, and loved, with a temperate love, "all things both great and small," even that smallest of things, his rival, Thomas Maximilian Potts, tobacconist.

Smith (the eminent biscuit-baker) was exactly the reverse of Fish in personal endowments. He was a short, pursy man, "scant of breath," and as fat as a dodo.* In venturing a wager on which of the vari-

* *Vide* Buffon's Nat. Hist.

ous disorders which flesh is heir to" was eventually the most likely to terminate the career of Mr. Smith, you might have backed apoplexy against the field. He was a man of few words ; indeed his conversational powers were limited, in consequence of having devoted his faculties early in life solely to the absorbing study of biscuit-baking, by which he had made a fortune. He had no thirst for knowledge or information, or indeed any thing, excepting punch ; so that he did little else than saunter about the doors in fine weather ; doze by the fire in foul, smoke, tipple, read the newspapers, and give his assent to whatever Julia proposed.

Julia herself was as merry, hearty, pretty a little girl as a reasonable man could desire, with cherry cheeks, fair complexion, hazel eyes, auburn hair, ten thousand pounds, and the sweetest little mouth in the town. She was of the middle height, neatly moulded, of a comfortable plumpness, yet without inheriting from her father the slightest tendency to undue obesity. Pleasant in manner, cheerful in temper, quick-witted, light-hearted, and of the loving and lovable age of nineteen, it was altogether a shame that Miss Julia Smith continued Miss Julia Smith. Whether she had ultimately to become Potts or Fish—but it is wrong to anticipate.

Her cousin, Frank Lumley, was, as has already been observed, a good-looking, good-hearted, frank, spirited young fellow, whom every body liked, and yet whom every body prophesied would never do good, in consequence of a singular deficiency in his

intellectual qualifications, namely, an utter inability to calculate the value of money, although clerk to his uncle the rich banker, who prudently kept Master Frank's salary as low as possible, on the ground that there would be "the less thrown away." Poor was Frank, and poor was he likely to remain, a circumstance, however, which did not seem to give him the slightest uneasiness.

In far less time than it has taken to introduce the company, they had brought the tea-slopping to a termination ; and the weak, washy, warm-water implements being removed, the conversation, under the cheering influence of Julia's eyes, became brisk and animated. True, Master Francis said little, rose suddenly from his chair, sat suddenly down again, crossed, uncrossed, and recrossed his legs, regulated the fire and candles, patted the poodle, and performed all those evolutions proper to people not over and above comfortable ; but Fish, who was deeply scientific, lectured away most innocently to Julia about sulphur-baths, medicinal springs, gases —oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—acids, alkalies, and so on to the end of the chapter ; while Potts, who was a kind of literary creature, being a soiler of commonplace-books, a scribbler of patriotic paragraphs, and president of a debating nuisance, kept chattering away at an amazing rate about Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, and the Ladies' Magazine. Julia sat in the middle, listening complacently, dividing her smiles equally, and occasionally in-

quiring of Francis. "if there was any thing the matter with him?"

But the conversation, from literary and scientific, suddenly took a personal turn. Fish had inadvertently made some disparaging allusion to littleness as connected with the human form, whereupon Maximilian became wroth and indignant exceedingly. He proceeded to assert that there had never been a lengthy poet, painter, player, or even warrior, of any eminence (he was a little ill-informed wretch, that Potts,

"Brisk as a flea, and ignorant as dirt")

—that extraordinary height, in fact, debased the intellectual faculties—that all great men, from Alexander to himself, had been little ones—winding up, in a magnificent manner, with that quotation which every man under five feet four inches, has at his tongue's end—

"Were I as tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in a span :
I'd still be measured by my soul,—
The mind's the standard of the man!"

This furious piece of declamation was followed by an indescribable sound between a groan and a grumble from the eminent and recumbent biscuit-baker, who arose from his chair, shook himself, inquired the clock, said he felt inclined to sleep, (he had done nothing else for the last three hours,) wished the company a good night, and waddled off to bed.

Mr. Lumley also showed an inclination to depart,

and Fish and Potts reluctantly followed his example. Julia condescendingly volunteered to show them the door herself.

"Good night, Miss Smith," said Fish, with a mournfully tender inflexion of the voice, at the same time stretching forth his ponderous paw to perform the operation of shaking.

"Good night, Mr. Fish," kindly responded Julia, placing her small, delicate hand in some part of his.

But Potts parted not so prosaically. "Farewell, Julia," he muttered, in an impudent under-tone—

"Farewell! a word that has been and must be
A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell!"

"Bless me," quoth Frank, "I have forgotten my gloves—how unfortunate!"

"Very," said Julia, as she closed the door after Fish and Potts, and followed Frank up stairs to look for the gloves.

Brightly and beautifully shone the sun on the ensuing morning. Mild and balmy was the air, blue and serene the sky, and a universal harmony and cheerfulness seemed to pervade all nature. In a neat little church, a short distance from the town before alluded to, the bells were ringing merrily to and fro in consequence of the great heiress Miss Smith having that morning, as the old spinsters of

the district said, "thrown herself away on handsome Frank Lumley, at the same time jilting" (as they alleged) "Mr. Potts who had an excellent business, and Mr. Fish who had a better." Be that as it might. Lovely looked the little rural church-yard of which we were speaking—lovely looked it, cheerful, almost gay. The vocalists of the spring, unconscious of the solemnity of the place, sent forth a continuous stream of rich and merry music from every bush and tree with which it was adorned; there was a murmur of music in the mild and myriad-peopled air, and there was most exquisite music in the gentle rustle of the bride's white satin dress as she tripped timidly down the narrow church-yard path towards the carriage at the gates, which was waiting to bear her away to purling streams and pastures green for the allotted month of honey.

How quick flies evil tidings to those concerned ! As she walked along with her eyes modestly bent downwards, they rested, quite unexpectedly, on the perturbed visage of Mr. Potts. Manifold were the emotions depicted therein—wrath, disappointment, affected disdain, wounded, self-conceited, and concentrated indignation, were a few of them. **He** raised his arm slowly, and pointed impressively to the skies, as much as to say, "There are your deceits and perjuries registered !" Julia instinctively looked up, when lo ! high above her, but distinctly visible, she beheld the rueful, lugubrious physiognomy of Fish, bent reproachfully, though

“more in sorrow than in anger,” upon her. It was too much. She hastened forward, and, without venturing another glance, entered the carriage. Frank, who appeared most insultingly happy, bowed to each of the gentlemen, and followed his fair bride. The door closed, the driver mounted, the little boys clustered round the gates volunteered three cheers, and away drove the new-married pair.

Fish stood as one entranced, until the last rattle of the wheels died away upon his ear. He then buttoned his coat, let his hands fall to the bottom of his trowsers-pockets, and stalked solemnly homewards. When arrived there, he shut up his shop, retired to his private apartments, closed the window-blinds, sat down by the fire, and sought and found relief in a flood of tears.

Potts, who was of a more fiery temperament, scorned to wet an eyelid. He strutted away, no one knew whither; but late on the evening of that eventful day, he was discovered in a state of insensibility at a small blind tavern in the neighborhood, with the trivial remains of the seventh tumbler of brandy and water before him. On the table lay a loaded pistol, and from his waistcoat protruded an unfinished “Ode to Despair,” all about Tartarus, Tantalus, Tisiphone, and other cramped classicities. They carried the little fellow home, put him to bed, and left him to sleep off his love and liquor at his leisure.

“But what of that little flirt, Julia?” exclaims

some maid of many years. Why, what of her? What have I to do with her misdemeanors? I am not bound to follow the prescribed fashion of manufacturing immaculate heroines. I describe Miss Smith as I knew her. She might have a slight shade of coquetry in her composition, but it was very slight; and then she was an only child, a beauty, and an heiress. Not that Potts is to be adduced as any proof against her, for he was one of those presumptuous varlets that can extract meanings flattering to their vanity from the commonest civilities; but Fish—the meek, the modest, the unobtrusive. Yes, she must in sport have angled for Fish. Some tempting bait or other must have been mirthfully thrown out. Perchance she was tickled with the idea of catching so very extraordinary and altogether unmatchable a lover. After she had caught him, there is a good deal to be said in her favor for not gratifying the expectations she had raised. Think of such a man in any household or domestic arrangement she might picture to herself—it was ludicrous.

Or imagine Fish in his night-cap. What a shock it must have given to all poor Julia's notions of the sublime and beautiful!

No, there is much to be pleaded in extenuation.

If the "whirligig of time brings round its revenges," it also brings about its reconciliations. I

know not precisely how matters came about, but this I do know—that Frank invariably purchased his brown rappee at the shop of Mr. Potts ; and that early in the ensuing year Fish acted as sponsor to a fine chubby boy, the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. Lumley.

SPECIMENS
OF A
FREE AND EASY PROSE TRANSLATION
OF
THOMSON'S SEASONS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

Spring.

HA ! look now at that old, shrivelled impersonation of ague, cramp, and rheumatism, who, "with due cold nose and wrinkled brow," is stealing along the great northern turnpike, shrinking, like a guilty thing, from the jolly sun, who is levelling his fiercest rays at the retreating recreant. It is discomfited Winter, once more in full flight towards his "regions of thick-ribbed ice;" there to sit amid storm and darkness, brooding over plans of future wreck and desolation, and recruiting his exhausted energies with fat leviathans, polar bears, and unctuous seals, until his appointed time of coming forth. Hark to the music of emancipated nature, as the grim old tyrant vanishes finally from the

sight behind you huge dark chain of mountains. The budding trees, stirred by the gentle wind, murmur forth their gratitude ; there is a soft, low rustle of thankfulness in the tender grass ; the sparkling stream sends forth its song of joy as it goes rippling and bounding over the shallows ; and from every wood and coppice the feathered warblers pour forth a stream of melody to the tune of "Gloomy winter's now awa'."

Ho ! Molly ! throw open the windows that front the "soft southwest," and stow these top-coats, plaids, and umbrellas, in the attic. Let us look forth. Lo !

"Now Nature sheds her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets of daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea."

The spring violet, "blue as the sky above it," is faintly tinging the gale with its odoriferous breath—the pale primrose is timidly peering from the hedge-side—while the early daffodil,

——— "That comes before the swallow dares,
And takes the winds of March with beauty,"

together with crocuses, polyanthus, and the other spring flowers, are shedding their various sweets around in all the full maturity of their beauty.

But what is the still, tame rejoicing of trees, flowers, vegetables, grasses, and esculent plants, to the flutter of joy—of ecstasy, which pervades the animated portion of nature ? What exquisite minstrelsy—what a mass of "wood-notes wild" are

borne by the gentle breeze from yonder grove—what billing, what cooing, what “amorous descendants,” what impassioned lays? What coquetting and flirting and declarations and acceptances are going on among the feathered tribes. And who would you suppose, fair one, is the bird to lead the van in the matrimonial experiments of the season?—the tender thrush, the gay linnet, or blithesome lark, so busy carolling forth their hopes and fears. No such thing. You see yon great, awkward, dismal-looking creature, as black as a crow, for it is a crow, or a rook, or a raven, or some other of the pie tribe, who waddles about with the grace of a duck and the self-consequence of a turkey—that fellow, with the gravity of a clergyman, and who, indeed, looks cut out for the chaplain of the woods—even he, is the first to woo and win; and long before the other amorous triflers have half completed their household arrangements, he has taken home his fair bride, (all brides are fair by courtesy, though black as the one in question,) and ere the woods have ceased to resound with the preparatory din of courtship, the bird of business smiles grimly on his callow young. Deduce a moral from this, oh ye fair! It is ‘not among the herd of “pretty fellows”—of moths—of ball-room exquisites, who, “never wedding, ever wooing,” keep fluttering around your beauties like bees (or wasps) round beds of flowers, that that useful, nay essential animal, a husband, is for the most part to be extracted. No—it is your quiet, grave men, whom you mock

and flout and quiz and laugh at, that are the pre-destined fathers of your children. Though apparently unconscious of the existence of such things as females, yet, like his grace of Gloster, they "are sudden if a thing comes in their head." They see you home once from a friend's—hand you your shawl or gloves twice, and then the next time they catch you alone, it is,

"Say will you marry me,
Dear Ally, Ally Croker?"

or whatever else your sweet name may be.

But let us look at the quadrupedal department—those cows, for instance, just released from a course of winter diet. How they seem to luxuriate in the change! And then what a melting richness—what a flavor of fields and flowers—does their present food impart to the butter! How different from the dry, fozy essence of turnips, which spoils our toast and temper through the winter months. Welcome, sweet Spring! if for nought but this.

Sure there is some subtle essence of joysome undue preponderance of exhilarating gases in the atmosphere. What a unanimous buoyancy of spirit seems to animate that group of horses in the next field! and what a ludicrous development of muscular power is there in the awkward freaks and gambols of those fat, uncouth, large-headed, plebeian horses, as they jolt about in the vicinity of that slim, young chestnut colt—delicate yet vigorous—which flies across the meadow, and wheels and curvets as if every muscle in his body had the

pliancy of silk, with the strength and elasticity of whalebone ! Look at him ! what elegance of attitude ! what exquisite grace and freedom of movement ! Would even the most ultra-democrat, with such a contrast before his eyes, think of saying that blood—that an unblemished ancestry was nought ? With regard to the animal man, to be sure, whose genealogical affairs are naturally subject to so many contingencies, it is a matter of but very little consequence ; but to a horse, an unblemished pedigree—a stainless descent—is all in all. Whatever similarity there may be in the crimson current which flow through the veins of prince and peasant, in the horse it is as the difference between ruddy Burgundy and muddy porter. However little it may matter to the individual man, if his

— “ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,”

it is not so with the racer. Like Cæsar’s wife, his dam’s purity must not even be suspected. Look again at that young colt ! Well may he arch his beautiful neck, and distend his disdainful nostrils, and look with surprise, pity, and contempt, at the indescribable movements of that lump of brawn which goes lumbering past him at a pace which it is impossible to characterize as either a trot, canter or gallop. Well may the young patrician stare. The rich blood of Arabia swells his proud veins. His sires were the free, the noble, the “desert born.” No dull, domestic drudgery—no servile toil, weighed down their generous spirits, or wearied their fleet limbs. Theirs

was the poetry of animal existence. To career day after day over the illimitable sands—to browse in the still of even-tide, unchecked and uncontrolled, beneath the lofty palm or date tree of some oasis in the sandy wilderness—to quench their ardent thirst at the same bright, sparkling rill as their rider, and then lie down, side by side, his sole companion—his trusty and his trusted friend! And what will be thy fate, young scion of a noble stock? Methinks I see thee (“in my mind’s eye, Horatio”) already arrived at full perfection. I see thee led on to the cleared course, thy golden skin glistening in the sunshine. Thou walkest, for thy years, gravely and sedately down, not fleering and jerking about, as many of our skittish fillies do, but full of calm, conscious power. I see that anomalous piece of humanity—“in art a man, in weight and bone a boy”—yclept a jockey, bestride thy back. Now thou art getting into a line with thy two competitors, (horses well known to fame,) and the betting is tremendous. “Off—off—they are off!” cry a thousand voices at once. They take the lead —thou art last—but never mind that. They lead thee down the hill—no matter. Ha! thou passest them on the flat, thy friends are in ecstacies, and thy groom-boy’s eyes are suffused with tears of joy. “Well done, chestnut—gallant chestnut—there’s a pace for you!” Speed thee—speed thee—deserve those encomiums, for the eyes of many are upon thee! Here stands thy owner, who has staked his

money and judgment on thee ;—here thy trembling
backers ;—here thy devoted groom ;—here,

“ Here is the trainer that watch’d o’er thy colthood,
And here is the stable-boy, dearer than all.”

Thou wouldest not bring disgrace and ruin on those who love thee? Speed, horse, speed! Ha! by Jove! but the black horse gains upon thee—so does the gray! Perhaps it is that thy jockey finds thou hast the speed of them, and is only manœuvring to make a better race;—perhaps thou art short of wind!—perhaps (horrible surmise!) thou art already dead beat. This next important turn will try. They gain upon thee yet. Thy backers look in each other’s faces for comfort, but find none;—“ cold drops of sweat hang on their trembling flesh, their blood grows chilly”—now the turn! the turn! thou art last! and they “freeze with horror.” The struggle now becomes tremendous between thy two rivals. Neck and neck they come thundering along, amid the suppressed breathing of the multitude—every muscle, every nerve, every fibre of their splendid frames exerted to the utmost. Neck and neck, and thou lying close at their quarters! Heaven and earth! why does thy jockey hold thee in;—is this a time for cold delay? A few seconds more, and thou art but a lost, dis-
honored horse! Whip and spur are doing their work upon the black and gray—a few strides more, and all is over—when lo! thy rider slackens thy rein—he curbs thy impetuous spirit no longer—and, like the arrow from the bow—like the bullet

from the rifle—like the sheeted lightning from the overcharged cloud, thou dartest past them, and, untouched by the spur, unscathed by the whip, thou art crowned the victor of that “hard-run field,” amid the silent blessings of thy backers, and the more obstreperous admiration of the less concerned spectators.

“Pooh!” exclaims some direct descendant of the governor of Tilbury fort,

“All this thou canst not see,
Because 'tis not in sight!”

whilst some other unsympathizing spirit impertinently inquires,

“What has all this to do with spring?”

As much, sir, as

“The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,”

has to do with autumn. Both are graceful episodes. Surely if there is reaping in August, there is racing in April.

There is something especially exhilarating in the first unequivocal spring-day. Your mind feels buoyant as a billow, and clear and serene as its crystal depths. All your thoughts are delightfully anticipative—the antipodes of the dark, sombre reflections of closing Autumn, or the semi-suidal glooms of foggy November. There is a general revivification going on around, and you feel ten years younger than at the close of the preceding year. You are sportive and speculative. You chalk out futurity with plans and projects, and say unto

yourself, "This will I do." You could almost as soon persuade yourself to take a dose of arsenic as read "Blair's Grave," or "Hervey's Reflections among the Tombs." A few months ago you thought of making your will, for fear you should be "suddenly cut off." How preposterous—how extremely ridiculous! What *could* have put such a thing into your head? *There is time enough for that.* In the meanwhile you will go and plant young trees, beneath whose umbrageous shade you will seek shelter from the heats of coming summers! and sit and repeat the legends of other years to your great grandchildren. In short, you have a decided feeling that you will be a patriarch!

Beautiful Spring! delicate divinity! capricious loveliness! hide not thyself behind that mass of murky clouds from my enraptured sight. I am no remorseless limner, intent upon portraying thee, after a fashion, and then sticking thee up, arrayed in a green gown, straw hat, and white stockings, in every village ale-house through the country! Much wrong has been done thee in this particular. The brothers of the brush and graver have much to answer for. Even in the ancient edition of Thomson, thine own peculiar bard, now lying before me, what do I look upon as thy representative? A dowdy country wench, one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois at the least, with a rough, coarse complexion, and indescribable features, dressed in a tight-made, long-waisted gown, frilled at the breast, walking, or rather straddling over

the fields, with a substantial basket of flowers, which she is tossing about with a gawky-like affectation of ease and sprightliness. At her foot trots a large, stupid-looking lump of lamb or mutton; and underneath the whole, in order to cut off every chance of escape, is inscribed in remorselessly legible capitals, "SPRING." But the evil does not stop here. It is susceptible of one aggravation, and the bookbinder has hit upon it, by placing this delicate impersonation in shameless juxtaposition—in most irreverent proximity to—in fact, impudently facing the bard's beautiful invocation—

"Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal mildness, come !
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend !"

But lo ! even while I write, thy charms, oh lovely Spring, increase in intensity ; the air becomes too calorific for comfort ; and thy ardent bridegroom, fierce and fervid Summer, impatiently rushes on. Sweet Spring, farewell !

Summer.

Whew ! how awfully—how unmercifully hot it is ! The intolerant sun, with an eye like molten brass, glares fiercely on his poor, perspiring victim, man, who hies in all directions to shady coverts, cellars, sylvan arbors, ice-houses, or any sort of

retreat, natural or artificial, that promises a shelter from his sultry foe. It is noonday, and the enemy triumphantly lords it over earth and heaven, flaring and glaring upon the unfortunate plants and shrubs, who shrivel up their leaves, droop their heads, and bear his hot assaults as best they may, until the cooling dews and blessed breeze of evening comes to renovate their shrunken frames. How still is all around ! The cattle recline mute and motionless in the shade ; the birds are silent in the hedge ; and there is not a sound save the occasional hum of pestiferous insects, born of the solar beam for the sustenance of swallows, and the plague and torment of all other created things. A drowsy listlessness seizes body and mind, and a horror of locomotion pervades your every thought. What are now the boasted sports of the field—the spirit-stirring joys of the chase ? Revolting images of toil and sweat. What the whilom pleasant canter, or lively drive ? Things to be abhorred even in imagination. You do not even wish your “darest foe” worse than a seat on a rough-trotting horse, going fourteen miles an hour along a hard, dusty, glistening turnpike. You take up a book—it is too hot to read ; you open your lips to converse, but tire in the middle of a sentence. In fact, you are so completely nerveless and unstrung, that you could not go through with the veriest trifles imaginable—pay your debts or peruse the “Triumphs of Temper.” In such weather, I will not tell you to be patient, (the most aggravating thing man can be told,) but follow your

natural impulses, loll, roll, and tumble about for a few hours longer, until the enemy begins to slacken his fire ; or better still, steal quietly away to the pleasant greenwood, and “under the shade of melancholy boughs” forget for a while the heat and hubbub of active existence.

The last plan is especially to be recommended. It is perfectly delicious, on a sultry summer’s day, to steal away to a sequestered nook in some antique wood, unto whose venerable trees some tiny brook “singeth a quiet tune,” blending the gentle rippling of the waters with the still more gentle rustling of the leaves. It is like casting oil upon the waves ; your temper mollifies, the irritation of your nerves subsides, and mind and body calm and cool simultaneously, as you luxuriously stretch yourself on the greensward beneath the shelter of some mighty oak, draw your hat partially over your face, and attune your mind to pleasant thoughts. You feel just in the temper to exclaim with the old poet, in his address to Melancholy—

“ Friends and companions, get ye gone !
‘Tis my desire to be alone ;
Ne’er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this—
‘Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss !
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

True, to look upon, you are a lumbering ungraceful lump of mortality. Yet how many delights is that apparently insensate log susceptible of even as it

lies ! Man is a mysterious animal. There is a touch of the sublime about the creature, even in his inertness. Just as he lies there, what strange conceits, what wild fancies, may be busy at work beneath that ungraceful old hat ! What dreams of poesy—half spontaneous, half reminiscent—may be passing through the head it hides ! What gorgeous visions—what enthusiastic dreams, till the mind gradually becomes more and more oblivious ; the stream flows more sweetly, the leaves rustle more gently, the gale sighs in a softer cadence, and the hum of the bee falls drowsily and yet more drowsily on the ear, until an abrupt, unequivocal snore puts poesy to flight, startles the dryads, hamadryads, and other sylvan deities around, inharmoniously announcing that the palace-gates of the soul are closed.

"Tis evening ! The sultry sun has gone to bathe in the huge Pacific, and pensive twilight steals timidly over copse and "hedgerow green." The amorous dove coos in the wood, and in manifold directions groups of human turtles are seen gliding stealthily along from the more open country to contiguous dim obscurities, there to transact a little comfortable courtship. But what says the poet, ladies, to this sort of work ?

"Ah now, ye fair !
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ;
Dare not the infectious sigh ; the pleading look
Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulmentation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,

While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft moments with betraying man."

Tut! the poet has made much ado about nothing. The greatest danger is of your catching cold from the evening damps. When your lover entertains you with talk of kisses, blisses, raptures, responsive souls, and other pleasant unintelligible jargon, all you have to do is to put on a Lucretia-looking countenance, and commence a series of inquiries respecting houses, furniture, pin-money, and other matters of practical import. It is perfectly wonderful how such a course will tranquillize his ardent passions, especially if he be of the small poetic tribe, who rarely mean what they say, more rarely know what they mean, and are generally gentlemen of excellent prospects without a sixpence. The bard of the Seasons, however, has hardly used you well; his advice is most impertinent. Doubtless the hearty confidence of a brother-poet, blithe Robie Burns, who understood these matters as well as most people, and much better than Mr. James Thomson, will be more in accordance with your taste.

"And sage *experience* bids me this declare—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Summer is the season of watering-places.. The citizen's wife saith unto the citizen, "Well! go I will—and there's an end of it!" The citizen thinketh to himself there is not an end of it, but he was

born to obey, and go he must. Poor creature ! heartily art thou to be pitied, even as a sensitive flower rudely transplanted to an uncongenial soil. He saw the sea yesterday, he sees it again to-day, and he will lie down at night with the uncomfortable assurance that to-morrow will again find him amid shells and weed, instead of mud and merchandise. Look at him just now ! You would think he had taken root where he stands. Is it that he has fallen into a trance of admiration, gazing on the blue and boundless deep ? No such thing. A doubt has for the last hour occupied his vacant mind, as to whether the advancing tide will reach his toes or not, and there he patiently stands to solve the problem. He rather inclines to the opinion that it will not. It approaches within six inches—wavers—and then visibly retreats. Hurrah ! he is in the right ! and he trudges[’] along the hot, monotonous sand, in search of health and happiness, felicitating himself as he goes, on the most excellent guess he has made. Further up the beach is seen his evil genius—that is, his wife, glistening in sarsnet and armed with a parasol, industriously employed in collecting cockle-shells and pebbles ; whilst his eldest daughter, a child to whom he has ever behaved affectionately, repays his kindness by quoting to him Byron and others on the magnificence of large bodies of salt water. Poor fellow ! But, as the man says in the play, “ there is another and a better world ! ”

Despite of all its drawbacks, Summer is a pleasant season. Manifold are its delicious fruits and

fragrant flowers, and lamb and green peas are more especially its own. Pleasant to the olfactory department is the odor of the new-mown hay, and doubly delicious to the arid palate the draught of nut-brown ale. To say nothing of the glorious rising or going down of the sun, look how he is employed for our good throughout the live-long day; not with the merry though transient glance of Spring—not with the waning smile of Autumn; but ardently, untiringly—ripening the fragrant orange, luscious melon, the almost too exquisite pine. Or what is more, pouring his fierce favors on the thousand hills of “vine-clad France”—on the fruitful valleys of the glorious, the worshipped, the venerated Rhine—or the blooming banks of the blue Moselle, impregnating the glowing clusters of grapes with that mysterious juice, that has in all times and seasons been found a cordial for the heart of man—that nectarean draught, which, let the waterbibber say what he may, when quaffed in tolerable moderation by people of generous spirits and clear consciences, exhilarates the inward man, breaks down the chilly barriers of worldly circumspection and restraint, and induces such a feeling of good-will and benignity to all created things, as is not to be obtained by swilling *aqua pura* by the gallon. But mightier quills have sung thy praise, O wine! Blessings on thee! and on the Summer sun that brings thee!

Autumn.

Merry, mellow, melancholy Autumn approaches, his countenance overshadowing and changing from "gay to grave" as he moves onward. He is like unto a tippling sentimentalist over his cups; riotously jolly at the outset—then quietly good-natured, meekly pleasant, until the liquor has thoroughly done its office, and a change ensues. The toper becomes all at once infected with pensive sadness—"he is melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe, or a melody of Moorditch:"—the flood-gates of sentiment are thrown open; he discourses of mutability and change; he hazards an opinion that all must die; his voice becomes tremulous with tenderness, and broken and disordered with hiccup; a Listonian plaintiveness overspreads his countenance, and large drops of sympathetic woe "course one another down his innocent nose;" in common parlance, he is "crying drunk." So it is with Autumn. Nothing can be more mirthful and hilarious than the early part of his career—nothing more dismally lugubrious than the close. In the former we have the perfection of all Spring planted and Summer ripened; fields of yellow grain, the stems trembling with their golden fruitage, and teeming orchards basking in the clear September sky: in the latter, the sickly fog—the dead, dull patterning

of the rain—the fall of the withered leaf—the wail of the groves over their departing loveliness; coughs, colds, catarrhs, quinseys, together with hosts of intensely blue devils, that creep into your every thought and incorporate themselves in your every action. 'Tis a moping time, but let us not anticipate.

The harvest—the plenteous harvest is over. The produce of the stripped fields is securely lodged in the farmer's store-house, and the hearts of the holders of bonded corn sink within them. Now comes the agricultural saturnalia—the appropriate season of rustic revelry. Now is the farmer's "harvest home," and jovial, mighty feasts in honor of the happy consummation of the labors of the year are rife in all the country round. The rafters of the huge barns shake again as the "fun grows fast and furious," and country swains and damsels trip it most vigorously on the "light fantastic toe," or, more correctly speaking, "solid foot." Heavens! what thews and sinews must compose those limbs that withstand the continuous succession of jolts, jerks, and dislocations which ensue when the Paganini of the district rattles away at "The corn-rigs are bonnie, o," or the still more boisterous "Wind that shakes the Barley." Little reck they for "the foreign aid of ornament;" all they want, like William Tell, is, "action, action, action!" and verily they get it; yet, thanks be to their sturdy frames, however plentiful bruises and flesh-wounds

may be on those saltatory occasions, serious consequences but seldom ensue.

But the season creeps on, and nature sickens.
Wan October is almost overpast.

“ The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heap'd in the hollows of the groves, the wither'd leaves lie dead—
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.”

I have a theory of marriages. There should be none—or few—in Autumn. Spring, when Nature puts on “ her mantle green,” trimmed with flowers, is the appropriate season for the youthful and romantic—the fresh in heart and hope; Summer for the more mature, worldly, and light-hearted; Winter for the cold and prudent—those who lack additional cash and comfort—from whose vocabulary “ bliss” has long since been expunged, and “ convenience” substituted in its place. But in the season of falling leaves and drooping flowers; when the bird has ceased its song; when the earth is filled with fading loveliness, and the sun is dimmer in heaven, none but the widow and the widower—those of blunted or blighted feelings and affections, on whom never more “ the freshness of the heart shall fall like dew,” should, as the lawyers say, “ join issue” in the season of desolation and decay.

Some people, with heads of lead and nerves of whipcord, pretend that the changes of season or atmosphere, or the scenes of physical renovation or

decay with which they are alternately encompassed, makes no sort of difference with them ; that they are just as elate in spirit, groping through a fog as basking in the sunshine ; and that, with the exception of the mere animal sensations of cold, damp, etc., it is of little moment to them whether they are saluted by the soft southwest or raw northeast ; and as far as the different changes and shades of thought and feeling, called into action by the bursting beauty of Spring or the decaying glory of Autumn, that it is mere whim, fancy, imagination. This may be true as regards their own petrified souls and cast-metal carcasses ; otherwise it is thoroughly false. If the mind is involuntarily anticipative, and therefore cheerful, in Spring, it is just as naturally and involuntarily retrospective, and therefore melancholy, in Autumn. Did ever man catch himself chuckling over a by-past jest as he walked over the sere, brown fields ; or humming a cheerful ditty as he trod the mazes of the withered wood towards the close of October ? The moan of the wind, as it whirled the dry leaves from the tree, and the hollow echo of his footsteps as he stalked over them, would soon convince his heart and ear that there was a discord in the strain—that it was not in unison with the mournful melodies of the dying year. No : all that savors of “ *L’Allegro* ” seems light and vain—frivolous and heartless, at such a time and in such a place. “ Then comes the fit again,” to which all are occasionally subject, when the mind turns distastefully from the future to pertinaciously dwell

upon the sorrow-checkered past. There *are* moments when the mists of memory are more welcome to the mind than the most radiant visions of hope—when what is to be, no matter how full of promise, is vapid and impertinent in comparison with what has been. Then we smile faintly and sadly over remembered joys, and more faintly and sadly still over remembered sorrows. But the mind cannot *sustain* itself in this mood. Cheerfulness will at length break in. We turn our steps again to the habitations of men. We agree with the poet, that—

“ ‘Tis in vain
To complain
In a melancholy strain,
Of the days that are gone and can never come again,”

and we hasten homewards, where, if plump partridge, or delicate pheasant, or tender leveret, or other appropriate delicacy of the season, await our coming, a visible change ensues. A mild cheerfulness irradiates the bosom, dispelling the tender melancholy that lately reigned paramount. Our animal—our carnivorous nature returns; the fumes from the savory viands ascend to the brain, driving thence all thoughts of mortality or decay. A placid gladness steals over us, we eat, and are happy! “What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason,” etc.

Winter.

"The storm comes on apace."
From an unpublished Melodrama.

Hark to the low muttering—the solemn sobbing of the coming tempest! Ay, the grim old tyrant, Winter, is with us again; not as we saw him last—weak, shrivelled, attenuated, and retreating—but strong, fierce, resistless, and advancing with giant strides and strength. Armed with the terrors of the elements—the bellowing wind, the piercing sleet, the blinding snow, and rattling hail—he rushes onward, scattering desolation and dismay in his terrific progress. Old Ocean hears him afar off, and the dull, black surge already begins to chafe and mutiny, and leap instinctively towards the deck of the laboring vessel. The old weather-beaten sailor, with pipe in cheek and one eye closed, cocks the other over the weather-bow, and oracularly announces that there is much "dirt" in the sky. Down comes every inch of superfluous canvas; sails are stowed—reefs taken in—the ship made "snug," (snug !) and then, imperturbable as the anchor, he awaits the coming shock. He is no hero; he dislikes death as much as a divine or a philosopher; grog is still pleasant to his palate, and the odoriferousness of tobacco has not yet departed: but custom has enabled him to meet calmly and coolly that

which would turn the heart (and stomach) of a hero inland bred, to look upon. May he escape the fishes! though in truth they would have no great catch. He is altogether too tough and weather-beaten for pleasant mastication; and even the least particular of sharks would prefer an old tarpaulin. Meanwhile, onward sweep the savage winds over the icy seas of the North, the boiling Atlantic, and limitless Pacific, seeking in every quarter their trembling prey, the frail and flying vessel. Ay—many a gallant spirit will be “quenched in waters cold,” before their fury is again laid to rest, and they learn once more to murmur mildly o'er the summer sea.

But let us leave the grand and dreary—the dull and dreadful deep—and look landwards. Can this mass of mud and clay, and thorns and brambles, and barren hills and miry valleys, be our sweet earth that we have taken such delight in for the last nine months? Verily, as it is written in Irish, “she hath clothed herself in nakedness.” The poor, forlorn groves, divested of all their gorgeous drapery, have not wherewithal left to make a decent appearance, and stand, like “unhousel’d” beggars, sighing and shaking in the unpitying wind, while their pretty tenantry flit uneasily about from bough to bough in search of their scanty fare. The melancholy cattle stand ruefully contemplating the foodless fields, doubtless

“Chewing the cud of sad and bitter fancy :”
or scanty are the materials for furnishing other cud

to chew ; and the mournful cry of the plover from the barren moors strikes desolately on the ear, mixed with the sullen sound of the swollen stream, and the fitful gusts of the damp raw wind. Starvation and desolation are all around. We sympathize with the forlorn condition of inanimate nature in every shape, but more particularly the poor trees. Can there be a more distressed, poverty-stricken object than a stripped tree, especially when one calls to mind "its high and palmy state" in the times that are past ? Look at that solitary one, for instance, in the middle of the opposite field. A few short months ago, and it waved its verdant branches most musically in the summer wind, and threw them protectingly over the recumbent cattle, which, tired of cropping their flowery food, and plagued by the noontide heats, sought shelter beneath its grateful shade. Look at it now, without a rag to its back, as desolate-looking as a hungry man with his hands in his breeches pockets, instinctively feeling for the sixpence which is not.

Without wishing to appear singular, I must own that I am one of those persons who have a strange antipathy to death. The nearer he approaches, the more odious he appears ; and that shape is ever the most unamiable in which he advances slowest. True, in a misty afternoon, after a heavy dinner and a pot of porter, when one feels stupid and pathetic, I have caught myself repeating with the poet—

"There is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

And have even proceeded (heaven forgive me !) so far as to add—

I long to lay this aching head
And throbbing heart beneath the soil—
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

But only let me perceive the remotest chance of such a consummation, and what a revulsion of feeling immediately takes place ! How soon a doctor becomes ennobled in my eyes, and even a quack is invested with a tinge of respectability. What a trifle is bleeding, blistering, or swallowing of the most nauseous substances in such a case ! No more idle, *healthful* bravado about throwing "physic to the dogs." All sorts would be swallowed cheerfully, ay, even ipecacuanha, rather than quit this "vale of tears." This is not heroic, but it is true ; and when I hear the sage, the philosopher, and the moralist, discoursing about death as calmly as about their dinner—when I hear the preacher eloquently laying down the law touching the nothingness of life, and the grave being without any terrors for the virtuous, (amongst whom I presume myself included,)—when I hear patriots—mushroom ones—mob-operators, fellows in the street, magnanimously roar out that it is a mere trifle when encountered for the public good, I really begin to think at times that

mankind must have grown all valiant, and that this distaste of mine for "shuffling off my mortal coil," arises simply from some idiosyncracy—some constitutional peculiarity which I am unable to account for. Be that as it may; at all times and in all seasons—the blithesome Spring, the blooming Summer, or temperate Autumn, I have always some reason or other for not wishing to die just then; but in Winter, the gloomy tyrant is my peculiar aversion. Oh, who can look at the dirty, dull, dreary, dismal church-yard, with its melancholy ranks of monumental stones, and fancy, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, that there will be "snug lying" in its precincts! I imagine a hole dug by the side of the dull, blank wall, through that dank, cold soil, saturated four feet down by the dissolving snow. Really, Mr. Bryant, it is asking too much to require any person to think of approaching such a receptacle,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Such a thing is not to be thought of. Then imagine yourself left sticking in the mud, the gloomy night gathering in, and the driving sleet pattering on your "winter-quarters;" while all your friends, who stood shivering and crying (with cold) round your grave, are off to their warm, cheerful hearths, in order to enjoy a few additional comforts to compensate for their past sufferings. "Poor fellow!" exclaims your chief mourner, as he lights his cigar,

places his feet upon the fender, and lolls back in his easy chair—"poor fellow! (puff) I wonder if he was much in debt?" Can there be any question which of the two has the best of it? True, your dealer in truisms gravely asserts that it makes no sort of difference; that you will sleep just as soundly and comfortably there as if imbedded among rose-leaves or eider down. Most true, says reason; but I trust my imaginative faculties are of too respectable an order to give credence to such a story. I cannot divest myself of the idea of sensation. No—give me Summer, when earth is warm, and the kindly sun sheds a chastened cheerfulness on your last abiding place.

But to leave these doleful themes. Winter has its comforts. It is the most sociable of seasons. Man is more gregarious at this period than any other. Cut off from nearly all communion with nature, even the most unsociable of the species combine to eat and drink more in bodies. Now is the time for fun and frolic, and song and sentiment, and hot punch and foolish speeches, and "proudest moments of your life." Now is the time for the small quiet room, brisk fire, and favorite author. Now does the keen bracing north wind blow, and the glowing skater skims gracefully over the smooth black ice. Now tinkle the merry sleigh-bells over hill and dale, and shines the clear cold moon, as lads drive lasses in the unceremonious country, or beaux drive belles in the outskirts of the polished city—

"O'er the pure virgin snows, themselves as pure,"

or otherwise, just as it may happen. And now, O Winter ! comes the especial season of feasting, of harmless relaxation, and joyous revelry—now comes merry Christmas and jolly New Year. These, Winter, are thine own. Oh, there is much to be enjoyed and be thankful for on this slandered earth of ours—at all times and at all seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—by the possessors of warm hearts, good tempers, sociable dispositions, clear consciences, and undebased animal functions. Health and happiness to all such ! May they see many a bright revolving year, and e'en let the gloomy grumble and the ascetic sneer, to the end of the chapter, as best pleaseth them.

LITTLE FLORENCE GRAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I was in Greece. It was the hour of noon,
And the Egean wind had dropp'd asleep
Upon Hymettus, and the thymy isles
Of Salamis and Egina lay hung
Like clouds upon the bright and breathless sea.
I had climb'd up th' Acropolis at morn,
And hours had fled as time will in a dream
Amid its deathless ruins—for the air
Is full of spirits in these mighty fanes,
And they walk with you ! As it sultrier grew,
I laid me down within a shadow deep
Of a tall column of the Parthenon,
And in an absent idleness of thought
I scrawl'd upon the smooth and marble base.
Tell me, O memory, what wrote I there ?
The name of a sweet child I knew at Rome !

I was in Asia. 'Twas a peerless night
Upon the plains of Sardis, and the moon,
Touching my eyelids through the wind-stirr'd tent,
Had witch'd me from my slumber. I arose
And silently stole forth, and by the brink
Of golden "Pactolus," where bathe his waters
The bases of Cybele's columns fair,
I paced away the hours. In wakeful mood

I mused upon the storied past awhile,
 Watching the moon, that with the same mild eye
 Had look'd upon the mighty Lybian kings
 Sleeping around me—Crœsus, who had heap'd
 Within that mould'ring portico his gold,
 And Gyges, buried with his viewless ring
 Beneath yon swelling tumulus—and then
 I loiter'd up the valley to a small
 And humbler ruin, where the undefiled*
 Of the Apocalypse their garments kept
 Spotless ; and crossing with a conscious awe
 The broken threshold, to my spirit's eye
 It seem'd as if, amid the moonlight, stood
 "The angel of the church of Sardis" still !
 And I again pass'd onward, and as dawn
 Paled the bright morning star, I lay me down
 Weary and sad beside the river's brink,
 And 'twixt the moonlight and the rosy morn,
 Wrote with my finger in the golden "sands."
 Tell me, O memory ! what wrote I there ?
The name of the sweet child I knew at Rome !

The dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon,"
 And still I am a pilgrim ; I have roved
 From wild America to spicy Ind,
 And worshipp'd at innumerable shrines
 Of beauty, and the painter's art, to me,
 And sculpture, speak as with a living tongue,
 And of dead kingdoms, I recall the soul,
 Sitting amid their ruins. I have stored
 My memory with thoughts that can allay
 Fever and sadness ; and when life gets dim,
 And I am overladen in my years,

* "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments ; and they shall walk with me in white ; for they are worthy." Revelation iii. 4.

Minister to me. But when wearily
The mind gives over toiling, and, with eyes
Open but seeing not, and senses all
Lying awake within their chambers fine,
Thought settles like a fountain, clear and calm—
Far in its sleeping depths, as 'twere a gem,
Tell me, O memory ! what shines so fair ?
The face of the sweet child I knew at Rome !

A CHARCOAL SKETCH OF POT PIE PALMER.

BY EDWARD SANFORD.

THE poets have told us that it is of little use to be a great man, without possessing also a chronicler of one's greatness. Brave and wise men—perhaps the bravest and wisest that ever lived—have died and been forgotten, and all for the want of a poet or an historian to immortalize their valor or their wisdom. Immortality is not to be gained by the might of one man alone. Though its claimant be strong and terrible as an army with banners, he can never succeed without a trumpeter. He may embody a thousand minds; he may have the strength of a thousand arms—his enemies may quail before him as the degenerate Italians quailed before the ruthless sabaoth of the north; but without a chronicler of his deeds, he will pass by, like the rush of a whirlwind, with none to tell whence he cometh, or whither he goeth. A great man should always keep a literary friend in pay, for he may be assured that his greatness will never be so firmly established as to sustain itself without a prop. Achilles had his

poet ; and the anger of the nereid-born, and Styx-dipped hero is as savage and bitter at this late day, as if he had just poured forth the vials of his wrath. The favorite son of the queen of love, albeit a pious and exemplary man, and free from most of the weaknesses of his erring but charming mother, might have travelled more than the wandering jew, and, without the aid of a poet, the course of his voyage would now be as little known as the journal of a modern tourist, six months from the day of its publication. The fates decreed him a bard, and the world is not only intimate with every step of his wayfaring, but for hundreds of years it has been puzzling itself to discover his starting-place. There has lived but one man who has disdained the assistance of his fellow-mortals, and finished with his pen what he began with his sword. We refer to the author of Cæsar's Commentaries, the most accomplished gentleman, take him for all in all, that the world ever saw. Let us descend for a step or two in the scale of greatness, and see whence the lesser lights of immortality have derived their lustre. The Cretan Icarus took upon himself the office of a fowl, and was drowned for all his wings, yet floats in the flights of song, while the names of a thousand wiser and better men of his day passed away before their bodies had scarcely rotted. A poorer devil than the late Samuel Patch never cumbered this fair earth ; but he is already embalmed in verse, and by one whose name cannot soon die. A cunning pen has engrossed the record of his deeds, and perfected his

judgment-roll of fame. He is a co-heir in glory with the boy of Crete—the one flew, and the other leaped, into immortality.

There is one name connected with the annals of our city, which should be snatched from oblivion. Would that a strong hand could be found to grasp it, for it is a feeble clutch that now seeks to drag it by the locks from the deep forgetfulness in which it is fast sinking. Scarcely ten years have passed, since the last bell of the last of the bellmen was rung, since the last joke of the joke-master-general of our goodly metropolis was uttered, since the last song of our greatest street-minstrel was sung, and the last laugh of the very soul of laughter was pealed forth. Scarcely ten years have passed, and the public recollection of the man who made more noise in the world than any other of his time, is already dim and shadowy and unsubstantial. A brief notice of this extraordinary man has found admittance into the ephemeral columns of a newspaper. We will endeavor to enter his immortality of record in a place where future ages will be more likely to find it. As Doctor Johnson would have said, "of Pot Pie Palmer, let us indulge the pleasing reminiscence."

The character of Pot Pie Palmer was a kindly mingling of the elements of good-nature, gentleness of spirit, quickness and delicacy of perception, an intuitive knowledge of mankind, and an ambition, strange and peculiar in its aspirations, but boundless. There were sundry odd veins and streaks,

which ran through and wrinkled this goodly compound, in the shape of quips and quirks and quiddities, which crossed each other at such strange angles, and turned round such short corners, that few were able to analyze the moral anatomy of the man. It is not strange then, that his character should have been generally misunderstood. He was a jester by profession, but he was no mime. Unlike a clown at a country fair, who grins for half-pence, he asked no compensation for his services in the cause of public mirth. He was a volunteer in the business of making men merry, for it was no part of his calling to put the world in good humor, and it has never been hinted that he received a shilling from the corporation for his extra services in the cause of happiness and contentment. He might have been as serious as his own cart-horse, without the slightest risk of losing his place. If he had preserved a becoming gravity, he might have aspired to a higher office than that of the chief of the corporation scavengers; for a long face has ever been a passport to preferment. But he disdained to leave his humble calling as long as he was sure he could remain at its head. He knew full well that there were few who could chime with him, and he would play second to no man's music. He was mirthful, partly from a spirit of philanthropy, and partly because he was so filled with gleeful and fantastic associations, that they overflowed in spite of him. He was not merely a passive instrument that required the cunning touch of

a master to awaken its music, or like a wind-harp that is voiceless till the wind sweeps over it. He was a piece of mechanism that played of its own accord, and was never mute, and his notes were as varied as those of a mock-bird. If there were those around him who could enjoy a joke, he offered them a fair share of it, and bade them partake of it and be thankful to the giver ; and if there was no one at hand with whom to divide it, he swallowed it himself—and with an appetite that would make a dyspeptic forget that he had a stomach.

He was the incarnation of a jest. His face was a broad piece of laughter, done in flesh and blood. His nose had a whimsical twist, as the nose of a humorist should have. His mouth had become elongated by frequent cacinations ; for his laugh was of most extraordinary dimensions, and required a wide portal to admit it into the free air, and his eyes twinkled and danced about in his head as if they were determined to have a full share in the fun that was going on. Time had seamed his brow, but had also endued it with a soft and mellow beauty ; for the spirit of mirth was at his side when he roughened the old man's visage, and had planted a smile in every furrow.

Pot Pie Palmer, like many other great men, was indifferent to the duties of the toilet ; but it was not for want of a well-appointed wardrobe, for he seldom made his appearance twice in the same dress ; and it is not an insignificant circumstance in his biography, that he was the last distinguished

personage that appeared in public in a cocked hat. In dress, manners, and appearance, he stuck to the old school, and there was nothing new about him but his jokes. He would sometimes, in a moment of odd fancy, exhibit himself in a crownless hat and bootless feet, probably in honor of his ancestors, the Palmers of yore, who wore their sandal shoon and scallop shell. It may be well to remark, while on the subject of his wardrobe, that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumor that Mr. Palmer wore red flannel next to his person. This mistake has probably arisen from the fact that he was seen dressed in scarlet at a fourth of July celebration. We are able to state, from the very best authority, that cotton and not wool was the raw material from which his dress on that occasion was fabricated, his outer garment having been a superb specimen of domestic calico; and that he assumed it for three especial reasons—firstly, in honor of the day—secondly, to encourage our infant manufactures, in the cause of which his exertions had always been active—and thirdly, because he had received a special invitation to dine with the common council.

Pot Pie Palmer was an autocrat within his own realms of humor. He had no peer in the joyous art. His whim-whams were his own, and he was the only professed wit that ever lived who was not addicted to plagiarism. He was a knight-errant in the cause of jollity. His worshipped ladye-love was an intellectual abstraction, the disembodied spirit of fun, and wo to the challenger who was bold

enough to call her good qualities in question. It was rough tilting with the old but gallant knight. We have been witness to more than one tournament in which an essenced carpet knight cried craven, and left the ancient warrior in full possession of the field. But gentleness was the ordinary wont, as it was the nature of Pot Pie Palmer. He knew that to be the sad burden of his merry song, was a nine-day's melancholy immortality even to the humblest, and it went to his heart to see a man laugh on the wrong side of his mouth. His humors were all in the spirit of kindness. He "carried no heart-stain away on his blade;" or if he incautiously inflicted a wound, he was ever ready to pour into it the oil and wine of a merry whim, so that its smart was scarcely felt before it was healed.

Pot Pie was a poet; for where humor is, poetry cannot be far off. They are akin to each other; and if their relationship be not sisterly, it is only so far removed as to make their union more thrillingly delightful. No one could tell where his songs came from, and it was a fair presumption that they were his own. He has been considered by many the only perfect specimen of an improvisatore that this country has ever produced. His lays were always an echo to the passing scenes around him. Like the last minstrel, he had songs for all ears. The sooty chimney-sweep who walked by, chanting his cheery song, was answered in notes that spoke gladness to his heart, and the poor fuliginous blackamoor passed on, piping away more merrily than ever.

The anomalous biped who drove a clam-cart, would needs stop a moment for a word of kindness from Pot Pie, and he would be sure to get it, for the Palmer was not a proud man. In the expansive charity of his humor, he knew no distinctions. Even in his jokes with his brother bellmen, there was no assumption of superiority. He despised to triumph over their dullness, and he rather sought to instil into their bosoms a portion of his own fire.

It was a part, nay the very essence of his calling, to receive from the tenants of the underground apartments of the houses where he had the honor to call, those superfluous vegetable particles which are discarded—especially in warm weather—from the alimentary preparations of well-regulated families. There was a smile resting on his cheek—a smile of benevolence—as the dusky lady of the lower cabinet transferred her odorous stores into his capacious cart; a graceful touch of his time-worn and dilapidated ram-beaver, and a loud compliment was roared forth in tones that made the passers-by prick up their ears, and the dingy female would rush in evident confusion down the cellar-steps, seemingly abashed at the warmth of his flattery, while at the next moment there would peal up from the depths, a ringing laugh that told how the joyous spirit of the negress had been gladdened, and that the bellman had uttered the very sentiment that was nearest her heart. He had his delicate allusions when the buxom grisette, or simpering chambermaid presented herself at the door, half

coy and half longing for a word of kindness, or perchance of flattery, and they were sure never to go away unsatisfied. For though there were tossing of pretty heads, and pert flings of well-rounded forms, and blushes which seemed to speak more of shame than of pleasure, you would be sure if you gave a glance the moment after at the upper casements, to see faces peering forth, glowing with laughter and delight.

Palmer's genius resembled that of Rabelais, for his humor was equally broad and equally uncontrollable. We have said that he was a poet, a street-minstrel of the very first rank. He threw a grace, beyond the reach of art, over the unwashed beauties of a scavenger's cart. It was to him a triumphal chariot, a car of honor : he needed no heralds to precede its march, no followers to swell its train ; for he made music enough to trumpet the coming of a score of conquerors, and the boys followed him in crowds as closely as if they had been slaves chained to his chariot. He was to the lean and solemn beast that drew him on with the measured pace of an animal in authority, like the merry Sancho to his dappled ass. There never was a more practical antithesis than the horse and his master ; and it must have been a dull beast that would not have caught a portion of the whim and spirit of such a companion. Unfortunately, the pedigree of Palmer's steed has been lost ; and it will continue to be an unsettled point whether he came honestly by his dullness, or whether nature had made him dull

in one of her pranksome moods. It is still more uncertain whether Palmer selected him out of compassion, or for the sake of making the stupidity of the animal a foil to his own merry humors.

Palmer carried us back to the latter part of the middle ages, when ladye love and minstrel rhyme were the ambition and the ruling passion of the bard-warriors of the time. The love of song was part of his nature ; and he was enough of a modern to know that a song was worth little without a fitting accompaniment. With a boldness and originality that marked the character of the man, he selected an instrument devoted to any other purpose than that of music ; and so great did his skill become, aided by an excellent ear and a perfect command of hand, that, had he possessed the advantages of admission into fashionable society, there is every reason to believe that the humble bell would soon have rivalled the ambitious violin. He was the Paganini of bellmen, the Apollo of street-music. He modulated the harmony of voice and hand with such peculiar skill, that the separate sounds flowed into each other as if they had been poured forth together from the same melodious fount. No harsh discord jarred upon the ear—no false note could be detected. His voice was naturally deficient in softness, and ill-adapted to express the tender emotions ; but he had cultivated it so admirably, and managed its powers with such peculiar skill, that none could tell what might have been its original defects. He preferred the old and simple ballad style to the sci-

entific quavering of more modern times. In his day, we had no Italian opera, and he was without a rival.

Palmer was a public man, and it is in his public character we speak of him. Little is known of his private life, or of the secret motives and hidden springs which moved him to aspire to notoriety. There is a flying rumor that in his early years he was visited by a fortune-teller, who prophesied that he would make a noise in the world, and that the sybil's prediction was the cause of his aspiring to the office of corporation bellman. Our authority upon this point is apocryphal, and it must be strong evidence to convince us that superstition was a weakness that found admittance into Pot Pie's bosom. He was probably an obscure man previous to his taking upon himself the cares of public office ; for we are assured by a highly respectable citizen, that it required the influence of strong political friends to secure him his situation. It is equally probable that he was not in affluent circumstances, as it is known that, on being inducted into office, he had not two shillings about him to pay the necessary fees ; and that he made a compromise with the mayor, on that occasion, by advancing a number of first-rate jokes, which his honor was kind enough to receive as collateral security for the payment of his official demand. On taking possession of his office, he found that he was engaged in a calling which was in bad odor. Its ordinary duties were mechanical. He was brought in contact, in

the transaction of his business, chiefly with the lower classes. His brothers in office were little better than patient drudges, who had no soul beyond receiving their stipulated salaries. Finding that his office could give him but little reputation, he determined to give reputation to his office. He courted popularity, not by the arts of a demagogue, but by kindness and courtesy to all around him. He would occasionally throw a joke by the way-side; and, if it took root and produced good fruit, he would sow another in the same soil; and he thus continued his husbandry, until a blooming harvest of ripe humors and full-grown conceits had sprung up wherever he had passed. It is not improbable that Palmer's figure was in the mind's eye of our Bryant when he spoke of "a living blossom of the air." It is not strange that his popularity should soon have become general, but it is not a little singular that it should have experienced no ebb and flow. The fickle breath of popular favor was to him a breeze that always blew from the same point of the compass. During his long public career, there was no interval of diminished reputation, no brief period of questioned authority. He swayed the sceptre of his wit firmly to the last; and when it departed from his hand, there was none bold enough to claim it.

To form a correct estimate of the powers of one who, in one of the humblest pursuits of life—a pursuit calculated to beget and keep alive narrow and sordid views, to check all noble aspirations, all

ambition for fame in the eyes of the world, and to lessen a man in his own eyes, had the spirit to soar above the common duties of his calling, to create himself a name, and to make himself the lion of his day, the wonder of his time, outrivalling all cotemporary lions and all imported wonders, and who had the ability to effect all this, we must place the bellman and his calling alongside of other men whose situations in life, in point of conventional respectability, are on a par with his. The collectors of anthracite coal-dust are as ambitious as he was to make a noise in the world, and they blow their trumpets as loudly as if they aspired to imitate the example of the conqueror of Jericho, and to make the walls of our city crumble before their blast. But, like ranting actors, they only split the ears of the groundlings. There is nothing poetical in the shrill blast of their horns ; and we have never seen one of them whom our imagination could body forth into any other shape than that of an everyday, matter of fact, vulgar dustman. We are like the unpoetical clown—

“ A cowslip by the river’s brim
A yellow cowslip was to him,
But it was nothing more.”

So in our eyes, a collector of ashes is simply a collector of ashes, and that is all we know or care about him. No Napoleon of his order has arisen among this class. No man of his time has sprung, phenix-like, from the ashes. Had the noisy tin-trumpet, instead of the clanging bell, been the emblem of

Palmer's office, how would its base and common notes have been softened and melted into melody, till they spoke such eloquent music as even, in these latter days, visits not the ears of common mortals. Even the fame of poor Willis might have been dimmed ; and the Kent-bugle, which he charmed into the utterance of such melting melody, might have been pronounced an inferior instrument to the mellow horn, when breathing the airs and variations of Pot Pie Palmer. The dull man of ashes, though possessing, as the emblem of his calling, a musical instrument, the very mention of which awakens a hundred stirring associations, has so far neglected the advantages of his situation, as to make himself the most unpoetical and unendurable of street-bores. Is there a milkman in the land who is distinguished for any thing beyond a peculiar art in mixing liquors, and for combining, with a greater or less degree of skill, lacteal and aqueous fluids ? We have never seen the man. Descend in the scale. The sooty sweep, though he has a special license from the corporation to sing when and where he pleases, though the only street-minstrel acknowledged and protected by our laws, is still regarded by the public eye as the poorest and humblest of all God's creatures ; and there is no instance on record of his having, even in his ^{most} climbing ambition, aspired to any other elevation than the chimney-top. In brief, there is no humble public employment, no low dignity of office, with the single exception of that of the corporation bell-

men, that can furnish an instance of its possessor having arrayed it in poetry and beauty ; and to Pot Pie Palmer belongs the undivided and undisputed honor.

“ Green be the laurels on the Palmer’s brow !”

But, says some cynical critic, “ where be the jests of your Yorick, where is the recorded or remembered proof of his wit, his music, or his poetry ? Let us have some single specimen of those powers which you are applauding to the echo, or at least furnish us with some traits from which we can picture to ourselves the moral physiognomy of the man ?” To this we have several answers. The fame of Pot Pie Palmer, to be secure, must rest chiefly on tradition. A dim legendary immortality will outlast all other kinds of fame, for no one can call its title in question. Its very dimness invests it with a soft poetic halo that lingers over and brightens it, giving it the enchantment of distance, and arraying it with mystic beauty. We abhor a downright matter of fact, palpable reputation, for as sure as it is tangible, it is equally sure to be meddled with, and perhaps pulled to pieces. We wish to preserve, if possible, the fabric of Palmer’s fame, from the touch of hands that would but discompose its delicate and fairy handiwork. Besides, we are fearful of marring a good joke by repeating it awkwardly. The spirit and soul of the Palmer are necessary to him who would repeat the Palmer’s jokes. His was unwritten humor. We have sought diligently, but without success, for some account of

his private life, but we have completely failed in our search. We are enabled to state, however, on the very best authority, that the Pot Pie papers, which have been preserved with religious care by his family, will in due time either be given to the public, or made use of as the basis of an article in the next edition of American Biography ; and we think that Palmer's chance for fame is at least on a par with nine out of ten of those who figure in that department of the Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.

Poor old Pot Pie ! The memory of the kind-hearted and joyous old man is sweet and savory. We think of him as one of those who were pleasant in their lives ; while in his death he and his jests were not divided. They went down to the tomb together. Time, the beautifier, has already shed its soft lustre over the recollection of his humble cart and its odiferous contents ; and we think of it as sending forth to the pure air a perfume like the aroma breathed from a field of spices. We look in vain for a successor to fill the place left vacant by his departure ; for a voice as blithe and cheery as his ; for so cunning a hand ; for a visage that beamed forth more mirth than Joe Miller ever wrote ; for taste in vestimental architecture so arabesque and grotesque, and yet in such admirable unison with the humor of the man ; for that intuitive perception of the character of human clay as never to throw away a jest upon a fruitless soil ; and for so plentiful a garner of the seeds of mirth

as to scatter them in daily profusion, while, like the oil of the widow's cruise, they never wasted. We do not think of him as of a hoary Silenus, mirthful from the effect of bacchanalian orgies, or as the Momus of this nether world, most witty when most ill-natured, or as of George Buchanan, or any other king's fool, for there is degradation connected with these jesters—but as the admirable Crichton of his time, the glass of fashion and the mould of form to the corporation scavengers, “the rose of the fair state,” as one whose combination and whose form were such that, of all his class, we can select him alone and say, “here was a bellman.” Glorious old Pot Pie.

“ His name is now a portion in the batch
Of the heroic dough which baking Time
Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime
Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
Shall tell of him.”

THE BEECH-TREE.

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

THERE's a hill by the Schuylkill, the river of hearts,
And a beech-tree that grows on its side,
In a nook that is lovely when sunshine departs,
And twilight creeps over the tide :
How sweet, at that moment, to steal through the grove,
In the shade of that beech to recline,
And dream of the maiden who gave it her love,
And left it thus hallow'd in mine.

Here's the rock that she sat on, the spray that she held,
When she bent round its gray trunk with me ;
And smiled, as with soft, timid eyes, she beheld
The name I had carved on the tree ;—
So carved that the letters should look to the west,
As well their dear magic became,
So that when the dim sunshine was sinking to rest,
The last ray should fall on her name.

The singing-thrush moans on that beech-tree at morn,
The winds through the laurel-bush sigh,
And afar comes the sound of the waterman's horn,
And the hum of the water-fall nigh.
No echoes there wake but are magical, each,
Like words, on my spirit they fall ;
They speak of the hours when we came to the beech,
And listen'd together to all.

And oh, when the shadows creep out from the wood,
When the breeze stirs no more on the spray,
And the sunbeam of autumn that plays on the flood,
Is melting, each moment, away ;
How dear, at that moment, to steal through the grove,
In the shade of that beech to recline,
And dream of the maiden who gave it her love,
And left it thus hallow'd in mine.

A TRUE THOUGH TOUGH YARN,

ABOUT PATTYGONEY AND OTHER MATTERS.

BY TYRONE POWER.

“Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas.”

A FEW years back it was my hard fortune to be penned, for four months, on board a transport taken up to convey to glory and the liver-complaint, some two hundred soldiers, and thirteen officers, being detachments of four different regiments, serving in his majesty's Indian territories.

In this “glory-box,” as the soldiers not unaptly christened the ship, after getting a devil of a clawing in a gale of wind in the Western ocean, we hauled in for the “Cape de Verds,” where, by keeping the soldiers on constant fatigue duty, for I verily think, if left to themselves, the villains would have preferred sinking to pumping, we at length happily arrived, dropping our anchor in the harbor of St. Jago, and here we discovered we were likely to quarter for some time, the ship requiring a complete overhauling. Having seduced a comrade to

join me, I got through two days, by rattling over the island, after my Tartar fashion, much to the astonishment of the Portuguese of all colors, who I fancy set us down for mad, and not without some reason, when it is considered that we were pelting up and down their arid sand-hills, with the thermometer at one hundred.

When this course was over, we had nothing left for it but to stay frizzling and playing whist to the accompaniment of the carpenter's hammer, on board our prison-ship, or to pass the day in social chat, with a very agreeable pirate crew, who occupied a cage-like den, adjoining the guard-house, and employed themselves in making cigars for the use of their visitors, handing them through the grating, with a hospitality and benevolence of manner quite enchanting. These were not any of your "younger-son-like" pirates, all bloody and bilious, and looking as if their dinners disagreed with them; but gay, lively, good-humored looking robbers, such as it would be quite a pleasure to have one's throat cut by—chaps that would hand a man over the ship's side, to walk the plank, with a hearty squeeze of the fist, and give him a cigar to light himself to the bottom by. This was certainly the pleasantest society of the city of St. Jago, and I fancy the most exclusive; the gentlemen were perfectly unembarrassed about their fate, feeling pretty confident that before the Portuguese authorities would decide on their condemnation, they would be once more at large, rocking on their ocean-mother's breast. Their schooner had

been run ashore on the island of May, by a British sloop of war, and there they left her, well knowing that it was more their interest to surrender to the Portuguese government, than to his Britannic majesty's sloop. The governor's schooner had, a few days after our arrival, gone down to wait for, and bring up the captain of this gentle crew, who was reported as badly wounded; and this captain I felt a vast curiosity to become acquainted with, having learnt that he was a countryman, through a servant of mine, who had made a confidential acquaintance with the *soi-disant* Spanish cook of the crew, a fellow with a red head, a Celtic phiz, and a Munster brogue as rich as buttermilk.

In the harbor was an American ship bound down to this same island for salt, so by way of killing time, and satisfying our curiosity, two of us resolved to take a passage in her, and come back in the governor's schooner, which was to return in about six days. Accordingly, on board we went; and on a fine moonlight night, or rather morning, stood with the land breeze on our beam, out of the harbor of St. Jago. Our first mate was an Englishman, with whom I had, on several occasions, whilst roaming about the town, held sundry palavers: his name was Tibbs, and a more thorough-going tar, of the old school, I have seldom encountered. He abominated steam, and all recent inventions connected with his profession; although a sober man, he had a positive love for grog, and a superlative contempt for the temperance society;

the which, looking at it as of American origin, was, as Mr. Tibbs said, "a fashion he could by no means understand ; seeing that the people were no fools, that rum was both good and plenty in the states besides very drinkable whiskey, and noways dear withal."

He was, like most old sailors, a bit of a grumbler, and, as I soon discovered, no great lover of America, or American ships, although he frankly admitted, that they were clipping boats, well found, and capitally provisioned ; good living being a first-rate consideration with all tars, who are greater gourmands in their way, than the uninitiated imagine. The merits of American sailors, also, he admitted with equal frankness ; yet still, after all this, it was pretty plain he had no absolute love for his present mess. I at once saw by his manner there was some mystery lurking in Mr. Tibbs's mind, and this I inwardly resolved, if possible, to fathom before we parted.

On our second night out, coming upon deck during the first watch, I found my ancient friend more than usually wroth, muttering all sorts of expletives against yankee ships and yankee crews : as in this mood he paced by my side, I ventured to observe, that it struck me as odd to find him hanging on so long in a service he disliked ; since, if I rightly understood him, he had been in it for six years at the least.

" Well !" said the old boy, turning short round on me, thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of

his pea-jacket, and pausing for full half a minute, during which he chewed "the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and his huge quid of Cavendish together —"well, now that is reason too, Mr. Thompson, and yet after all, you'd say my logic about the matter is none so bad, if you know'd how the land lays—seeing that I can't help myself no how."

"Not help yourself, Mr. Tibbs?" I exclaimed, purposely throwing a little quiet surprise into my query. "Why, how is that? I should have thought that a thorough-going seaman like you might sail under any flag he chose to lift his hat to."

"Not if I was to be hanged for it, can I get clear of the stars and stripes of these yankees, any more than if my only shirt was made out of a bit o' their buntin'. By jingo, I begin to think sometimes that I'm clinched to it for life."

Again we resumed our walk, and a pause occurred, which I was fearful to break with any direct question, knowing well that no yarn is half so good as that which is yielded voluntarily from the full-fraught bosom. I felt I'd got him on the right tack, and considered it best to give him his own way.

Having surveyed the clouds awhile, and consulted the dog-vane, he crossed the deck, hailing the watch, with "Step along here, some of ye, and square away the yards—let go the buntlines afore; come aft."

The sleepy "Ay, ay, sir," was succeeded by the tramp of the watch, lazily straggling along the waste, and handling the rigging, until the yards

being duly adjusted from main to skysail, back rolled Mr. Tibbs to where I stood leaning against the rail, enjoying my cigar.

"Will you try one, old boy?" asked I, perceiving at a glance that he was big with his story.

"Thank ye, sir," responded Tibbs, and to it we went—puff, puff.

"Clippers in light winds, these American craft, Tibbs," I muttered between the puffs, deliberately leading back to the old ground, where I felt assured there lay good sport, if I could only rouse it.

"They are all that," puffed Mr. Tibbs, in response, "and no want o' rags, I will say"—puff, puff—"carry on's the word with them, through all weathers; they never mind makin' a few stu'n-sail-booms, because why, you see, spars is as cheap as molasses among 'em, and uncommon pretty spars their yellow pine makes surely, as ever clean cloth was bent on to."

Here followed several long, satisfactory puffs; whilst, under cover of the smoke, on I pressed with, "Then you really admit that they do possess some good points, these yankee ships—eh, Mr. Tibbs?"

"There is no better swims salt water, depend upon it, Mr. Thompson," promptly answered the mate, with the air of a man resolute to do justice, in defiance of his prejudices, "nor none better found in every way, that I'll say for them as long as I live."

"Then why, in the name of wonder, do you appear so anxious to quit them, eh, my old friend?"

"Why, in the first place, because I'm a Briton born and bred, and like old England better than I ever can like America. In the next place," and here the old man's voice dropped a note or two, "because I've gotten a sister, and a little slip of a girl, a daughter of my own, living about four mile off Falmouth. But, mostly of all, I do really believe because I can't get away for life."

"Can't get away!" I muttered; "what, are you then chained to America, Mr. Tibbs?"

"Fast as a Carolina niggar!" rapped out Tibbs, in his former very emphatical tone.

"As how, and by what means?" asked I, really becoming anxious to hear how the old tar had become possessed of this odd notion, with which he was evidently most seriously imbued.

"All along o' being twice cast away, Mr. Thompson," mournfully sighed Tibbs, whilst, in my most encouraging way, I cried,

"Well, now clap on, old messmate, and tell us all about it."

"It is a long yarn," says Tibbs, in a deprecatory tone, evidently most desirous to spin it off to one towards whom, as a countryman, and a piece of a sailor, he felt some sympathy.

"Never mind, but lay along the sooner," returned I, quite as willing to listen as my companion, despite of all his coquetry, was to talk. After a finishing puff or two at his cigar, therefore, he passed the back of his hand across his lips, and with a half smirk on his weather-beaten phiz, began:

"Mr. Thompson—it's a queer story; though, to be sure, I'll be bound it will make you laugh to think o' my being such a fool; but howsomever you shall have it, end for end. Well, you see, it was in the year 1816, I sailed mate of a Liverpool ship, bound for Sable Island, and an uncommon tidy run we had for about fifteen days, when, just as we got to the westerd o' the Banks, we fell in with unaccountable foul weather, rain and hail and wind and fog, and more of all on 'em than we much cared for; however, we kept on making westing, in hopes o' gettin' a southerly blow, out of all this dirt, till at last down it came all of a lump, tails up, a regular roarer, about nor'-nor'-east. The first thing as happened partic'lar, was, just as we'd clew'd up top-gallant-sails, away went our main-topsail-yard in the slings. 'O Lord!' squeals our skipper, shootin' up the companion, and clappin' his two fins fast together; 'what shall we do, sinners as we is!' No sooner said, than puff, away flies the foresail and foretopsail-yard—jam goes the skipper's two fins together agin, chock-block!—but afore he could rap out a single word this time, snap, snap, flies cross-jack-yard, and mizzentop-mast; and with that out bolts his O Lord! with half a dozen little saints tack'd on to it for this last spell. Our skipper, you must know, was one o' your new-fashioned sea-saints, a regular white-o'-my-eye chap, as read the Bible in his berth all day Sundays, and got drunk every blessed afternoon on shoushong tea, with a trifle o' brandy in it by way o' milk; and

yet, if you'd believe his long yarn, he'd as soon ha' toasted his cheese with the devil's three-pronged tormentor, as fairly fist a can o' right rum grog. Well, any way, there he stood this time, staring aloft, like Peter's pig ; and I must confess, it was a little bit puzzlin' to fix where to begin first. However, one at a time's best, thinks I, so up the fore-rigging I starts with a gang to send down the crippled spars, to see and get 'em fish'd—we wasn't partic'lar well handed, and it was just as much as both watches could do to overhaul one mast at a time, while the saint, and the boy at the helm, look'd after the deck. Well, there I stuck aloft for five precious hours the very first spell, and then I sent the hands down to get their suppers—we'd gotten both yards on deck by this time, and I stopp'd aloft, puttin' the riggin' a little to rights, afore I come down to fish the sticks. As I was a workin' away, thinkin' what a precious job I'd gottin' afore me, bang we comes, right stem-on agin something cruel hard ; tumble goes I off the lifts, right heels over head into the loose sail—hold on, thinks I, for I felt that it was no feather-bed that was slippin' under our kelson—reel goes the ship over on her beam ends, and squash goes the foremast into the water. Well, I kept scrambling and wriggling, to get my head out o' the sail, if it was only to tell how near I was to the bottom ; and at last seeing there was no time for being over nice, I fumbled out my knife, and "cut away" was the word for dear life. But, would you believe it, no sooner

was I got into day agin, than I spies, pullin' away to leeward, the only boat we had, with all hands aboard, and our sanctified sea-cow of a skipper in the stern-sheets, half slewed round, squinting like a dog-fish at the poor barky. I found out that the mast I'd been on was floating alongside, held fast by the lee-rigging ; so I scrambled over it, till somehow or other I got up into the weather-chains, and waved my arms overhead, and shouted blue murder, for I saw the ship was settling down fast ; at the same time yowl goes something under my foot, and looking down, there stood shivering our captain's little poodle, Gracy, as he used to make such a pope of, skrewin' herself close under the lee of the bulwarks. Well, yelp and yowl went poor Gracy, and shout, hallo, and whistle, went I ; but it was all o' no use—once the men lay on their oars for a minute, but I saw our saint jam his fins together, so I knew no good could come o' that ; and so it proved, for they gave way again, leaving poor Gracy and old Bill Tibbs, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, going right for heaven."

" What ! Mr. Tibbs, did they then desert you, conscious of your being yet alive ?"

" Conscience be cursed !" cried Tibbs, mistaking the word ; " the lubbers hadn't as much conscience as would bait a codline among 'em."

" Were they then Englishmen ?" I inquired with an indignant air.

" Every mother's son of 'em, excepting the skipper, and he was a Paisley weaver."

"Yours must have been but a bad sort of berth, just then, old boy!"

"Why, I thought so myself at the time; but I've had worse before and after. Well, when I couldn't see the boat no longer, I crawled further aft, and got outside on the starboard main-riggin', where I was high and dry; and after I'd shook myself, I begins to look about me—both the after-masts were yet standin'; on the weather-side, the quarter-deck well out of water, the sea wasn't much, and the barky seemed tryin' to right herself every lurch she made; so, thinks I, if I could come by an axe, I'd lend you a hand, old lass, by easing you of these spars—as we'd been all ready to fish, when the second squall nipp'd us short, I guessed the carpenter's tool-basket might yet be lying somewhere in the lee-scuppers, so I bends on one of the loose leading-lines, takes a turn o' the bite round my wrist, and slips right down to leeward, where, after a good deal o' divin' and duckin' about, I sure enough gets a hoult o' the very thing I wanted—now then haul away, my mate, says I, with a good will, and try your luck, for there's life in a barnacle adrift—slash away, at it I went, and soon doused the lanyards, for they was strained as taut as fiddle-strings—the poor barky behaved like a livin' poor cretur that know'd she must either right or sink, till at last, after a heavy grunt, and a couple o' long dives, luff goes her bows right out o' water, and up she turns, till she was as right as a marlin-spike. Huzza! cries I—'bow, wow,' barks Gracy, givin' herself a shake, on find-

ing she could once again keep her feet, without hangin' on by her claws, as she'd be'n compelled to afore. Poor little bitch ! I couldn't help takin' a hearty squeeze of her paw, when she jumped up on me, as much as to say, thank'e, old chap—for there we two was, any way, officers, crew, and supercargo. Soon a'ter night came on, and a long watch I had on't ; however, the weather was moderate, and we wanted for nothin', for on the quarter, right abaft the skipper's berth, I know'd there was a lot o' cheeses, and sody-water, of his own, that he'd gotten for his venture—and O dear ! how you'd a laugh'd, Mr. Thompson, to 'a seen the little poodle a watchin' me openin' the sody-bottles. Pop goes the cork, phiz goes the water, and bark-away goes Gracy, all the time wantin' a drink at it, poor brute ; ay, and she took to it at last quite natural, and, I do believe, liked it."

" Could you manage to get any rest at all, Mr. Tibbs ?" I here inquired, just by way of filling up the pause, while he turned his quid and glanced upwards at the lofty sails bellying in the light breeze.

" Why, I tell you, sir," he again resumed, in the same quiet tone, " it wasn't the best place for a nap, seeing that the fore part o' the ship was every now and then made a clear breach over by the sea, and the wonderment to me was how she kept afloat so long. However, the second night, or I may say mornin', I dropped off, across the top o' the companion, where Gracy and I always kept, and slept as

sound as a sunned turtle—and there, I fancy, I'd a slept on till St. Peter had hailed me, if it hadn't be'n for poor Gracy. I was a dreamin' away, and gettin' all-a-tanto to go ashore at Falmouth in first-chop twig; shavin' away, as I fancied, and swearin' a good un at my razor for scrapin' me so, when all of a sudden I wakes up—and, ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughin' when I think o' that—what, after all, do you think I took for a sawin'-razor, Mr. Thompson?"

"Why, may be the dog clawing away at your face, Tibbs," replied I.

Tibbs stared for a moment, startled by this cunning guess, then gravely demanded:

"Did I ever spin you the same yarn afore, sir?"

I assured him never.

"Well, I guess'd not," he continued, "but blow me if it isn't queer, too, for you've hit the mark, sure enough. When I opened my eyes, there was little Gracy, holdin' her nose close to my face, barkin' for dear life, and lickin' away at my mouth with one of her fore paws, as much as to say—rouse up, old chap, it's your watch. I sits up in a minute, and, my eyes, what a look out was there! Land within half a mile—a long, low head, white with surf, glistening in the first rays of sunrise and the old ship rolling fast on with a heavy ground-swell. Hold on all, says I, for we'll soon be brought up—and sure enough so we was in ten minutes after—bump she comes, and then wheels right broadside on. She never gave a second rise—the

old barky was done. On roll'd the next long swell right over all, and away goes poor Gracy from my side. I managed to hold on, that once, but soon saw, if it was ill to go, it was worse to stay—so, giving myself a bit of a shake, I jumps on my feet, and the very next wave away I went after the poodle, that still kept head on the ship, as if tryin' to come abeard agin after me.

“I never was no great fish at swimmin', and don't exactly know how the devil I made such good weather on it;—any way, in a very short time, roll I comes high and dry on to the beach, and in a minute or two after I spies little Gracy, scramblin' about the edge o' the surf close to my berth; I run down to lend her a hand, and only to see, Mr. Thompson, the kind natur of the poor brute our jew-parson deserted; may I be d—d, if she wasn't all the while hangin' on to the hat, that had been washed off o' my head by the sea that struck us when we took ground. When I see'd her tuggin' and turnin' keel up in the surf, makin' no more way than a bumboat on a bowlin'—knowin' she could swim like a dolphin—I wondered what ailed her, poor thing; however, I got her to land, hat and all, so there were we was at last, sound as cocoanuts, although it was closer shavin' than I liked or would ever wish to try again, I can tell you, Mr. Thompson.”

“Did you ever hear what became of your cowardly captain and his companions?”

“Not for certain, sir; but it stands to reason they

was all grabb'd for cod-bait by old Davy, as none of 'em ever turn'd up, that I could hear on."

"But, Mr. Tibbs," I here observed, "I don't exactly see what reference this wreck and providential escape of yours has to your long, or as you consider it, forced stay in the States."

"No reference," repeated Tibbs, with a knowing smile; "why, heaven help you, I haven't told you a quarter yet."

"The devil you haven't," thinks I, as Tibbs walked to the binnacle, to look at his watch, at the same time singing out—"Seven bells there"—half past eleven o'clock! I felt sleepy, and cast about to find excuse for deferring the balance of this really tough yarn, when the breeze saved me the trouble, by hauling a couple of points forward, rendering a change in the disposition of the yards necessary; under cover of which movement, I was enabled to make a good retreat, reminding Tibbs, in one of the pauses of his many orders of "A pull o' this," and "a slack o' the other"—that we'd spin the rest of the yarn off the reel next evening—"So, good night, Mr. Tibbs," said I, "and here are a couple of cigars to see out your watch."

"Good night, sir, and thank'e," responded Tibbs, his eyes watching the main-top-gallant-yard, as it was rounded in by the braces—and down I dived to my berth, to think on the strange accidents which checker the life of the meanest tar one looks upon, although few possess the art of my friend Tibbs, in a smooth unvarnished tale, to make the

truth known. The talent is not universal amongst these wonder-seeing sons of the ocean ; and a good yarner is in as great esteem in the galley, or on the forecastle, as a first-rate *conteur* in a Parisian circle.

The following night, my ancient friend having the middle watch, I knew an amiable companion would be properly appreciated, and resolved, therefore, should the weather promise well, to keep the short hours with him. As a preparative measure, I turned in for a couple of hours, after an early supper ; and possessing, at that period, the enviable talent of sleeping whenever and wherever it might prove convenient, enjoyed a most refreshing slumber. Half an hour after midnight, I flung my cloak over my shoulders, lighted my cigar, and chose my post to windward, just abaft the main-chains, the station regularly chosen by Tibbs when inclined to 'baccy and rumination ; the quarter-deck he looked upon as tabooed to the captain's use, and not to be profaned by any such practices. Happily the night proved most propitious for an idler ; a light but steady air just kept the lofty sails asleep, the clews of the mainsail were triced up, and there was little motion to check the ship's way, except when, now and then, the huge foresail would flap back against the rigging till the tall mast groaned again, then lazily belly outward before the gentle breeze, that appeared striving, as it were, to sustain the mighty canvas, and control it to its right use. Not a single cloud, not a flitting vapor, could be detected

within the whole circle of the horizon ; whilst high over head were congregated incalculable myriads of stars, dazzlingly bright—not appearing like they usually do to us shore-folks, as though inlaid within the floor of heaven, but like small globes of flame, flickering within the bosom of a vast lake of ultramarine, transparent as pure crystal, yet dark and fathomless. As I rested here, gazing into that deep sky with painful intensesness, and absorbed in fancies that had wholly obliterated my first light purpose, I was suddenly awakened by the voice of Tibbs, hailing me with—

“ Ah, Mr. Thompson, is that you, sir ? I guessed it was, a bit agone, when first I catch’d the light o’ your cigar on the forecastle.”

“ A very light breeze this, Mr. Tibbs,” I remarked, in return.

“ There’s more aloft than you think for, sir,” replied the mate, resting his elbows and back against the rail, and eyeing the royals as they bowed steadily outward, continuing, “ she’s a snaky craft, this here, in light winds, Mr. Thompson, and steals over smooth water faster nor you’d think. Sweet morning for a lunar, aint it, sir ?”

“ Is there any moon visible now, Mr. Tibbs ?”

“ It will be wisible about sunrise, if it continues as clear as it is now, and Wenus as well,” replied Tibbs. “ I’ve seen the day, sir, I’d a given a month’s wages for such a morning, when I’ve bin a boxin’ about off the Horn.”

“ You’ve doubled the stormy Horn, then, eh, old boy ?”

“ A few times, sir,” grinned the old sailor, taking a longer whiff than usual ; and then, with a sort of involuntary respiration a landsman would have hailed for a sigh, continued—“ Tried once too often, though—worse luck last trip !” Another and yet a longer puff followed. I was silent, and he resumed—“ You know, sir, I was a telling you about my goin’ ashore in the Betsy ?”

“ I sha’n’t forget that story in a hurry, my friend ?”

“ Well, then, you’ll say it’s the queerest story ever you heard, afore I finish my log,” knowingly replied Tibbs.

Seeing, therefore, that the time and all things were agreed, and by a certain quiet chuckle of recollection visible on the phiz of my crony, feeling that he was ripe for action, I came to the point at once, with—“ By the way, Tibbs, let’s have out the rest o’ that story ; and, first and foremost, whereabouts had you lighted on the occasion of that same mishap ?”

“ Close in aback o’ Cape Ann, sir. I tould you how the skipper’s bitch and me got ashore, and a precious tramp we had on’t all that night, knee-deep through heavy, soft sands, till in the morning we fell in with a big, decent-lookin’ house. I turned in at the gate, and brought up on the front steps, thinkin’ to wait quietly till such time as the people got out o’ bed ; and, he ! he ! I promise you that

wasn't long first, for Gracy, you see, she'd set off rousin' about and overhaulin' every hole and corner, till at last she falls athwart-hawse o' two big dogs, that was moor'd with a chain somewhere or other ; and such a shilly-loo as they kick'd up surely ! all hands in the house was up in a crack, both watches on deck at once, hailin' from all quarters gruff as 'a nor'wester. However, when I told them what was the matter, I must say civiller treatment couldn't be had.

“ ‘ Go down quick, and open the door, you Sam,’ cries an ould chap right overhead; ‘ let the man in, give him plenty to eat, and a stinger of whiskey by way of a nightcap; and, I say, you below there,’ says he to me, ‘ don’t you get under way in the morning till I’ve seen you.’—‘ Ay, ay, sir !’ says I; for I know’d he was a seaman by his hail. Any way there warn’t much fear o’ my startin’ in a hurry ; for, after a good mess, and a jug o’ egg-nog the niggar servant made for me, I was stow’d away in a warm bed ; and blow me if I should ha’ started tack or sheet for a blue moon, if that same old gentleman hadn’t piped me up about meridian next day. Well, I told him exactly how things had gone; and finally, in conclusion, he said next morning he’d give me a lift to Boston, where the English consul would nodoubt do something for me. Well, that’s all right, thinks I, and uncommon kind every body was to us—I mean, Gracy and I ; and the young missus, a slim, fair-skinn’d girl, with coal-black eyes and hair, and a brow of her own as smooth and

white as an ivory fid—ay, as pretty a soul, Mr. Thompson, as you'd wish to look on—she took such a fancy to the poor bitchy, and made me tell about her hangin' on by my hat, in the surf, so often, that I see'd she was crazy to have the beast; so, knowin' as such a berth didn't cast up every day, I told her she might keep Gracy if she was so minded; and, to be sure, how pleased that young woman was, he, he, he! She hugg'd and kiss'd, and laughed and cried over that little black curly devil, all at the same spell; and the old gentleman her father—for she'd got never a mother—he laughed till the water come in his eyes; till at last, I'm shot if I could hold on any longer, but had a sort of a half laugh myself. Ay, it's comical enough, you think, I dare say, Mr. Thompson, that we should ha' made such ninnies of ourselves," here observed Tibbs, noticing a smile which I found it impossible to repress; "but it's my mind you'd ha' turned-to yourself, if you had been in company."

"Nothing is more probable, my old boy," laughed I; "but when did you start for Boston?"

"In the course of next day," resumed Tibbs, "the young lady, the old gentleman, and Gracy, in a coach by themselves, and I and the niggar walet by the stage. This niggar was an uncommon decent creature, and he told me that his master was one o' the biggest ship-owners out o' Boston, and I don't know how it was, but by the time we got into the port, I thought, instead o' leggin' about after our consul, which I'd no great stomach for, though

they all said he was as good a soul as ever lived, Manners by name, and manners by nature, I'd try first if the owner would squeeze me into a decent berth, till I could set square again. No sooner said than done; I put it to him that very day, and he said he'd ship me at once as second officer, on board a craft of his, then going to sea, her old second being sick, and not liking the length of the voyage, I said done, without even so much as axin' to look at the craft, or where she was bound, which I seed pleased the old man mightily. That same night he gave me an order on his cashier, for an advance, and in forty hours after, I was settin' topsails on board the "MISS OURI," bound on a free trade cruise round the Horn, for not longer than three years, or less than two. That was my first service on board a Yankee, and wasn't it queer that I should a come to it in such a-round-about way, whether I would or no, like a press'd volunteer!"

"Now, I think," said I, "that you were in exceeding good luck, to fall in with such a port, and so kind a master; but how did you get on in the "MISS OURI," so called after the young lady who fell in love with your dog, I suppose?"

"Well, now, that is queer again!" here exclaimed Tibbs, giving way to one of his long, low chuckles. If that wasn't the very idea struck me, when first I heard the ship's name; but we was both out—no, "MISS OURI," is the name of one o' their long-shore rivers, as they told me, but I can't say for certain; though I fancy it can't be nothing

particular of a river, since I never see'd it laid down in a chart—any how she was a sweet boat, that same "MISS OURI—" in as first class order as any king's ship that ever rove blue buntin'—we had a prime crew of one hundred and ten men and boys, mounted ten fourteen-pound carronades, and two long eighteens, man o'war bulwarks, hammock nettins, and arms enough for all hands that could use 'em—a sweeter lookin' nor a better behaved boat at all times I never did put my foot aboard of—it's a shame she should ever bin put into sich lubberly hands!"

"Badly handed, eh, Tibbs?" inquired I.

"No, sir, not that," he replied sorrowfully, "I don't delude to the crew, that was all smart enough—but you see we'd gottin' a gentleman skipper—a half-cousin o' the owner's, one o' them chaps that comes aboard with a hop-jump through the cabin-windows, and never goes further for'ard in a ship than the foot of the main-mast. This bird had been to sea for about eight years, chiefly in the Canton-line, where they square-away, and all hands go to sleep for six weeks at a spell, except the cook and his mate, and Jemmy Ducks, for they're compelled to rouse out to fill the coppers, and milk the cow, and feed the poultry—this captain, then, and the two supercargos, used to keep below all day playin' fox and geese, and such sort o' fun—he kept no watch, and couldn't abide cowld blowy weather—however we went bowlin' on like a porpoise, till such time as the captain guess'd he'd like to get a

squint at the coast, afore we haul'd round the Horn —now this I thought at the time sounded uncommon queer, because, you see, Mr. Thompson, he said he had gotten a departure from the Snowy Mountains—which, however, I never did believe, nor don't now. That day, being Monday, we up stick, and cracks away in for the land; at meridian on Tuesday we got an observation after thickish weather, and the captain made us about one hundred and sixty miles off the coast o' Pattagoney. That same night it came on to blow hard—I had the middle watch, and seein' it come down in heavy short puffs, and gettin' thick as Indian mush, I furl'd the spanker and courses; took a second reef on the topsails, and made her as easy as a hummin'-top. Well, sir, just as I'd struck four bells, who should pop out o' the companion but our captain. “What the devil are you about, sir, not to make sail?” was the first salutation he gave me, “loose away main and foresail, and set the spanker, Mr. Tibbs, directly, then call me again in a couple of hours.” “Ay, ay, sir,” says I—and in less than no time, I'd both watches on deck, and as much sail made as she could look up under. Mother o' Moses! but that hooker made all crack again—the sea went streakin' alongside as white and as frothy as thick milk. We'll soon get sight o' the coast o' *Pattygoney*, thinks I, if we walk along at this pace—when in less than a thought after—bang! we brought up all standin'!—I was pitch'd off my feet like an earthquake, and tho' taken slam aback,

when I look'd up and saw the sticks standin', my first order was to lay all to the mast, and bring her by the wind—but I'd no sooner passed the word, than I hears our skipper, mate and supercargo, roarin' in full chorus, "Hold on, she's half full o' water!" Is she; by jingo, thinks I, then it's time to look after one's traps—for, you see, I'd an old pair o' slipyty shoes on, not water tight, nor any thing else; so having a pair o' new first-rater's below, I thought it might be worth while to slip 'em on, in case one got ashore—however I could not get to my berth, for she kept forging over at every heave of the sea, rollin' about like an empty beef-cask, and shipping water on all sides. O! my eyes, what a scene it was, to be sure—cut away was the word; masts, gun-lashin's, and every thing that could be shoved off the hooks, soon went adrift. As the haze lifted, we saw the coast plain enough, stretching away on both sides, and most o' the hands being in a hurry to go ashore, they sets to to get the captain's cutter off the booms, for the quarter-boats was both gone, and the skipper himself did not seem no ways particular about being the last on the wreck. Now you see, Mr. Thompson, he'd bin a devil of a Tar-tar, so the men thinking their mess was now strongest, gave him a broad hint that he'd best wait till his turn come, and that 'ud be when his betters was sarved—this was tough junk, to be sure, but he was obligated to chaw it. The weather moderated, as it got clear, and by about eleven, A. M., every mother's son was safe ashore on the coast of Pattygo-

ney, and the Miss Ouri knock'd into as many chips as an empty sugar-hogshead ; for, you see, that pretty hooker was modelled like a wedge, and never meant to take the ground, so the very moment she struck down she chopp'd, first at one side, than over on the other, groaning and ripping every thing to fritters, like a saw-mill.

" You were not quite so hardly used this bout, any way, Mr. Tibbs," I here put in, in order to give the old boy breathing-time, " since your sufferings were abridged, and you the sooner on *terra firma*."

" Why, I don't know what you call *terra-firma*, sir," gravely growled Tibbs, having readjusted his quid, " but such a blasted coast I never lighted on afore. Pattygoney's the last place God ever thought of makin'—the fag-end o' this precious world——the very jumpin'-place, I do think ; and so the men said too, after they'd shook themselves, and came to look about them. We see'd at once there was nothing to be got by lying here, so after a sort o' council o' war about what course we should steer, we agreed to take the advice of our junior supercargo, and start, end-on, right away from the shore into the heart of our country, for he'd lived a long time at Buenos Ayres, and said that by that course we should soon fall on some *stanchy*, where the Portuguese keeps their cattle, or the cattle keeps them, as we afterwards found out. Not a single biscuit had come ashore from the wreck, nor any part o' the cargo ; and as the squall had back'd right off the land, we didn't see a chance for better luck.

" Well, away we goes, all hands, like sodgers, plaguily down in the mouth you may think, for we hadn't anything we could put a pint o' water in to carry with us—not that it was any great things we left here—and a precious cruise we made of it, you may suppose ; for after standin' on all that day and night, till about meridian next day, without seein' a mortal soul except a few wild deer, we was compelled to bring-to out of sheer starvation ; and then we'd another round palaver. Some said that we should try on for that day, and others that we should turn back for the wreck, seeing that the wind had again shifted and was blowing hard, dead on the land, and there was a chance o' coming by some stray prog. This party provin' strongest, about ship goes the whole famished squad, one after the other, like ducks bearing up for a pond on a hot day. Lord bless me ! but next morning we was a fearful crew to look on. I couldn't help fancying, in the cold, gray dawn, that some of us cast ravenous eyes now and again at one another. For seven long hours I don't think there was a human voice lifted amongst that hundred and ten men, and I've often since thought that one word about that time would have made a mess dish of our dandy captain—but for me and Ruth Hopkins, the boatswain, I'm sure he'd never have look'd on blue water again.

" We made our run back in quicker time than we took to get out, and found the beach cut a very different figure than it did when we left it ; there

was bales and cases and casks enough, lying about, to fill ten such craft as the Miss Ouri, seemingly ; and what was best of all, there was some of our captain's poultry, all alive, and as wild as coots ; but Billy-ducks soon managed to come round the cocks and hens and geese, for they every mother's son know'd him. A half-dead sheep, too, we skiver'd at once, and got a precious fill-out with that and some rice, and precious dear some on 'em paid for it ; you see they'd not wait till the rice was more than half boiled, but kept stowin' away and drinkin' like fishes, till after a bit the rice, you know, Mr. Thompson, begun to swell in the lower hold, and then there they was, by half dozens rolling about on the beach, croaking like Demarara frogs, and blown up as round as pumpkins : a jolly laugh we had at them, to be sure—we christen'd them 'rice-birds.' But the best fun we had was with the pigs ; there was eight or nine o' them devils, mostly China-men, all hearty as cockroaches, but never a near would they come-to, not for Billy-ducks, nor none of us ; this we didn't count much on at first, thinkin' they'd heave short after their frolic was over ; so we continued to mess like admirals out o' what we'd got, till after two or three days we agreed to steer landward again, and accordingly the whole crew, men and boys, was piped up to hunt the pigs. But Lord, Mr. Thompson, you might just as well ha' run after the wild deer—you'd a thought them sly varmint was up to our game, for they kept such a bright eye ahead, that though always hanging on by us, devil

a one could we fist, neither by means o' coaxin' 'em through their messmate, Billy-ducks, nor by giving fair chase. I can't help laughin' to think of them sly pigs ; they outsailed and weather'd on us all, spite of every contrivance we could think on."

Whilst the old boy chuckled for a minute over the image of these jocose porkers, I inquired, "and what stores were you able to collect, after all, for your second voyage ?"

"A couple more dead sheep, and a cask of flour, with about half a bag o' rice, and a good quantity o' shell fish, sarved out fairly amongst us, in messes of seven, so that our provision might be easily carried. This cruise we was pretty lucky, for at sun-down the second day out, we fell in with a couple o' *Mates*, and a whole gang o' cows—my eyes, what a chevy-ho we gave, when we came on them over the brow of a hill by a pool o' water ; we scared them fairly I promise you ; they was on horse, and away before the wind, in a jiffy, and after they had rounded-to, kept a half hours' jaw at long-shot distance, before our supercargo could persuade them to haul alongside, though, he said, he spoke to them in their own lingo, which he did for any thing I know, for he bawled as loud as the best on 'em.

"That night they took us to their master's stan-chy, where we'd as much beef as we could look at, for they'd gotten cows for the killing—and next day our supercargo bargain'd with them to pay two hundred dollars Spanish, if they'd run us into Buenos Ayres, and mount and victual us for the voyage ;

accordingly about noon, they'd catch'd us a horse a piece with their lassos, and we began to get under way. But ha, ha, ha ! Mr. Thompson, the pigs was a fool to that start—not a horse had any saddle, only a piece o' cow-skin, with a strip o' the same for a bob-stay, bent on round the beast's under jaw ; so, as most on us had never been outside a horse afore, no sooner was a hand well up on the larboard side, and beginning to right on to an even keel, and take a pull on the bob-stay, than the horse gets stern-way, and off goes Jack, plump over the starboard bow. Some, to be sure, contrived to hang on for a good bit, by getting a hold o' the horse's mane, or his ears, or his tail, or any other standin' part they could overhaul, being no ways particular, and so weather'd it out ; but a good many swore they'd rather walk than be keel-hauled after such a fashion.

“ I was sarved with a rough beast, to be sure, but luckily I know'd something more than a guess o' the matter, for I'd rode afore that, at Portsdown races, where we used to hire a horse between three on us. So the very moment I got slewed well round on his back, I twisted the bite of his long mane about my left hand, bows'd the bridle taut as a fiddle with the right, and so stay'd myself up, as stiff as a pump-bolt.

“ Next to me, our junior supercargo was the best jockey o' the squad, for I never saw him clean capsized only twice. But after the first day's sail, Mr. Thompson, O dear ! I'd given a trifle to a bin coppered, I promise you ; my two knees, with holding

on, was as red as a marine's jacket, and yet not a pace would that cross-grain'd beast o' mine go, but a rough, up and down short-sea jog, that made me fairly sing out for pain. At last we got safe into Buenos Ayres, where they hurra'd after us like devils, thinkin' we were prisoners o' war, they being at loggerheads with the Brazilians, and to be sure we didn't look much like christians—all half naked, black as colliers, and with beards as long as my arm ; some with jackets and no trousers or shoes, others with long stripes o' silk, all in rags, twisted about them, just as they'd rigged themselves at the wreck, out o' the cotton and silk bales ; some with cotton shawls about their heads, like Turks ; some bareheaded ; but not a hat or cap amongst the whole squad. As for me, I'd bought the half of a plaid cloak from one of our hungry Super's for a ration o' rice ; and in this I'd cut a slit, and poked my head through it, making it into a punchy, as our guide called it ; and as I'd gotten a pair o' trousers besides, I was in pretty decent rig.

" Our next trip was afore the police, and then all hands began to look out for themselves ; and after a day or two I found my way, with a messmate as know'd the country, down to a place called Elsenada—for there was no gettin' out o' Buenos Ayres, it being closely blockaded by Pedro's fleet.

" At Elsenada there was a country brig just about to weigh for St. Kitts ; and the captain said, if I'd like to run the ship's chance, he'd give me a passage. I thought I might just as well be taken

into Rio as stop here ; so, walks my pumps aboard the brig, with my bag in my hand ; and if it hadn't been for the American agent there, I'd ha' had as much use for a clothes-bag, as a baboon has for a wig-box ; but he'd supplied all hands with a few slops, and me amongst the rest, though I'd nothing due to me, and fairly told him I intended to shape my course for old England. But I was out o' my reckoning there, Mr. Thompson ; for, after a short run, we got to St. Kitts ; and, would you believe it ? the only craft there, after all, was a schooner belonging to my old owner, bound home to Boston, and going to sail next day. I thought it rather hard luck—but it was Hobson's choice, that or nothing, go or starve. On board the schooner I went, and was back in Boston in just eighty-four days after I sailed in the *MISS OURI*. After this spell, I guess'd how things was : I felt that it was no use kickin' agin orders ; so here I've held on all weathers, for more than seven years—and here I am for my life, you may depend upon it, Mr. Thompson, laugh as much as you please."

" Well, old boy, I hope it will be a long one, at all events ; and, as for the rest, we don't choose our own billet here, as the soldier says, Mr. Tibbs : and ought to think ourselves lucky when we're served with a good one. You've had no more total losses then since the Patagonian mishap, eh ?"

" Why two on 'em in three months is pretty well, and ought to serve a man for a good spell. No, I've sailed in three of our good old owner's ships—

since the loss o' the Miss Ouri, and always, God be thanked ! with a pretty fair run o' good luck."

" Meantime, as you've made up your mind, like the starling, that you ' can't get out,' you've written to let your sister and your little girl know how you're getting on, I trust ?"

" I've done that, every home trip, I promise you, sir ; and through our owner I've sent 'em more money than I could ha' done if I'd staid at home, that I must confess ; but, after all, a man can't be content, no way, when he's cruising with a line bent on to his leg, no matter how long a range you serve out to him—no, not if you'd feed him with hot bread and roast beef three times every day, and give him a twelve-hour spell below every night ; and I feel I'm moor'd to America for life, as sure as there's a squall in them harmattan clouds lifting away to the east'ard yonder, Mr. Thompson."

As the old sailor spoke, he stretched his hand out towards the eastern horizon, in which direction I had noticed his keen eye turned anxiously for some minutes before ; following the line thus indicated, I readily observed two or three little fleecy-looking clouds, like snow-wreaths, shooting rapidly upwards in the direction of the moon, I turned from my look-out to question my sagacious old comrade, but Tibbs was already mounted on the top-gallant forecastle, and in a moment after, I heard him give orders to turn up all hands to take in sail. Not to lose time, I observed that, while the watch was coming on deck, the old man in his quiet but active manner,

was stirring round the deck, getting every thing clear to furl away—halliards, and clewlines, were overhauled carefully, the spanker brail'd, and both fore and main royals, and top-gallant-sails clewed up. These important operations, I confess, not a little surprised me, since I saw no immediate cause for apprehension, yet though there was nothing like precipitancy in the mate's manner of proceeding, it was nevertheless evidently his desire to get his ship under snug sail with the least possible delay.

Meantime there had occurred no perceptible change in wind, sea or sky, all combined to create the most perfect and lovely repose nature was ever rocked in ; I had continued to watch the course of those silvered clouds, until they were swallowed in the full blaze of the most lovely moon I ever beheld ; they must in their career have rushed across her bright face, but not for one second had they shadowed her beauty from my watchful observance. Still, in no way imposed upon by the continuance of this flattering aspect aloft, Tibbs calmly continued to press his orders, to, "lay-out and furl-away," nor did he cease until every sail in the ship was laid as close to the yards as ready hands and well passed gasketts could bind them—the only bit of canvas left to swear by, was the fore-staysail, and that was hauled as flat aft as the sheets could well jam it.

Although all this had been very smartly performed, and the ship consequently made snug in good time, there was, as it chanced, no great deal of it to

spare, after all ; and when at length the looked-for blow did come, the fierceness of its onset far exceeded any thing in the shape of a squall it had ever been my luck to encounter before. The first rush was, however, luckily for us, the worst, and the good ship received it bravely. It passed over the face of the deep, changing its dark, clear surface, into a vast plain of snow ; nor was it until that mighty blast had done its course, and whirled away, that the cowed sea ventured again to set her many-crested waves in motion, and ruffle it with the gale.

In truth, it is a fearful but a proud sight for a poor journier on the waters, in such a moment—first shrieking to watch the strong ship yield like a rush before the wild assault of the tempest, and turning to your crew, next to note the seaman, calm and unmoved, winning his fearful way amidst the furious winds and waves, ruling and subjugating them, and forcing those terrible elements that shake the world to its foundations, to administer to his purpose, and become his servants to work out his pleasure.

These, and such other thoughts, occupied my mind during the continuance of the harmattan, till as the gale became steady, I crept below, into my snug berth, and was quickly oblivious of the hurly-burly of the storm that raged about us—still the impression of that first wild blast was altogether too vivid to be wholly banished, even by sleep, and my rest was less sound than usual ; the roar of the wind yet rung in my ears, and I dreamed of wan-

dering about, in the dark caves of ocean, and clambering over rocks of coral, hundreds of fathoms beneath the waves ; I was disgusted and bewildered by myriads of fishes, that kept shooting by me in endless droves ; I saw them glance aside in their rapid course, and bend their columns to the right and left as if to avoid me ; I strained my sight to detect the outline of many dull-eyed shapeless monsters, that kept tumbling awkwardly about me, for it was a strange, green light I stood in, with now and then a bright, flickering ray, darting zig-zag through, as though the blessed sun was striving to shed his radiance even in those awful depths. Whilst standing, wrapt in fear and wonder, on a sudden I became conscious of an approaching shadow, of some magnitude ; it added momentarily to the dimness of the place, and threatened total darkness ; instinctively I cast my eyes upwards towards the far-off source of light, and preceived a huge moving body, gradually settling down upon me ; at once I darted aside and upwards, with arrow-like velocity—again I beheld a flickering of daylight, and rejoiced that I was gaining the confines of that monster shadow ; my stroke was plied with redoubled vigour ; my pulse beat thick and strong, I felt a burst of sun-ray through the thin surface between me and the upper world, whilst the water became warmer and more genial. At this moment of hope and impatience, a rude grasp was fixed upon my shoulder, and seemed endeavouring again to press me downwards, and, dared I

have opened my lips, I should have shrieked in agony ; as it was, I quickly turn'd on my side in the yielding element, and with the force of desperation, made a last effort at preservation, grasping that horrid icy hand within my own—in the act, I awoke, and found the hand of my servant firmly clenched in mine. I shook with terror, and cold drops of sweat coursed down my forehead ; my servant stared at me wildly, as I thought, and appeared scarcely less agitated than myself.

“ What’s the matter, Mills ?” cried I, after taking free breath, and satisfying myself that I had really once more emerged into the upper world.

“ O ! get up quick, sir, for the love of God !” exclaimed Mills, in evident trepidation, “ here’s old Captain Tibbs has fallen into the foretop, and murdered himself entirely.”

“ Fallen into ?—fallen out of the foretop, man, you mean to say, I suppose. Here, reach me my dressing-gown and slippers.”

“ Och, I dare say you’re right, sir,” cried the honest and kind-hearted fellow, as he assisted me to pull on my things ; “ but that’s what I heard the men say ; any how, he’s as cruelly smashed as ever you see any poor devil in your life.”

I was mounting the companion-stairs in one minute. The island of our destination was lying bold upon our lee bow, the ship was bounding gaily toward it, and the morning sun shone gloriously upon the glad sparkling waters. About the foot of the foremast was collected an anxious but passive

group, consisting of the whole of our crew, except one hand at the wheel and the man on the top-gallant forecastle, whose lookout, however, for the present, was under the foot of the foresail.

As I and Mills were observed advancing along the deck, the men made way, and there before me lay my honest old Briton, Tibbs—he was stretched upon his back on the lower stu'n-sail, with a jacket or two beneath his head ; his eye was fixed and glassy, his thin gray locks dabbled with his blood, whilst his lower limbs lay contorted in a way that at once betrayed the injuries they had sustained. By his left side knelt my excellent companion and friend, G——, wiping, from time to time, the froth and blood which kept oozing from the poor fellow's pallid lips. As I approached the dying man, G—— raised his eyes, and at once reading my anxious glance of inquiry, shook his head.

“Are both his legs fractured, does any one know?” was my first question.

“Every limb and leg he has is knock'd into chips, sir,” replied the carpenter, who was kneeling at the feet of Tibbs, busily splitting some plank into splints under G——’s direction.

We now set to work, with all the care and skill we possessed, although our means were as limited as our experience ; even the ship's medicine-chest was ashore, having, as it appeared on inquiry, been left for the use of the captain at St. Jago, where he lay sick of fever, in the house of the American consul. We soon procured linen enough, however,

which we tore and sewed into bandages, and assisted by the carpenter and directed by my servant Mills, managed in a little time to bind up the shattered frame of our poor commander into some decent form. Mills proved no bad surgeon, and indeed had picked up some little practical experience, in the many hospitals wherein he had occasionally acted as assistant, during the Peninsular war; for it had been the poor fellow's luck to get hit more or less hard, in every action he had fought in.

We did hope at one time to be able to get our patient to the island, but alas! this hope proved too soon delusive. He had endured our dressing with few indications of perception, and now we had leisure attentively to observe him, evidently grew weaker every minute. I did not once quit his side, but continued to cleanse his mouth, and occasionally moisten his swollen lips with a little white wine; all this while his look continued vacant, and I considered him incapable of recognition.

My heart was painfully grieved as I thought over the superstitious notion which had so oddly taken possession of his imagination, and which it had been my ill fortune to see so quickly and so fearfully wrought to a fulfilment.

As we worked up to our anchorage, the black port-captain boarded us, and with his crew came on deck. Their jabber, and the bustle incident to their coming alongside, was the first thing that appeared to awaken the perceptions of my old friend; and as the sable boat's-crew gathered about us, all

chatter and commiseration, the old man's eye suddenly lighted up, his head turned toward me, a slight smile just gave motion to the muscles of his mouth. I observed, too, that he moved the fingers of his right hand, as if making an effort to close them ; and guessing his desire, I took them gently within my hand, rising upon my knee at the same time, and bending above his pale, weather-beaten face, desirous, if possible, to anticipate any wish he might form. For a moment or two he continued fixedly to gaze into my features. I began to fear that he could not make them out, when, as though by a violent rally of nature, his lips unlocked, and as I moistened, for the last time, his mouth with a spoonful of the wine, he articulated in his clear, low, quiet way :

“ God Almighty bless you, Mr. Thompson, didn't I tell you how it was, sir—I know'd it—fixed for —” a few muttered words evidently followed, but were wholly unintelligible—a moment after, and his lips were again sealed, a thicker froth gurgled and bubbled through them, suddenly they sundered, showing the teeth closely set ; the eyes grew glassy, and the hand within mine felt clammy and cold. I feared to move, when I was roused to a conviction of the truth, I would fain have doubted, by a strange voice, above me, exclaiming, “ *El ha Murio mi Padre !* ”

I now walked quietly aft, and descending to my berth, threw myself upon my bed, nor did I again rise from it, until the afternoon, when G— appeared,

and requested me to come on deck, and read prayers over our departed crony. They could not have selected a sorrier parson. However, I made myself decent, and mounted the deck : it was nigh sunset, and a more lovely evening never shone, even on this latitude of brilliant skies. They had rolled the old sailor neatly up in his hammock, and had stretched him upon a plank, over which was spread the starry ensign of America, whilst across the Briton's breast drooped the union-jack of his own country, to which he had, whilst living, been an honour —the gang-port was open, the carpenter at his post, and all things as decent and well ordered as the means of the ship would allow. Mastering my feelings, for, in my eyes, there was more of impressiveness in this rude ceremonial, than I had ever found in any more formal display, I went through the beautiful service for the dead ; and into a broad pathway of molten gold, which the sun, as it sunk flung over the waves, directly to that gang-port, was launched the “sheer-hulk” of as simple-hearted and honest a tar as ever stepped over a ship's side.

Little remains, save to allude to the particulars that led to this melancholy consummation of Tibbs's prepossession, and few words will suffice for that. It appeared that while anxiously looking out for land, Tibbs had, at an early hour, gone aloft, and was standing for a long time on the top-gallant-yard, from whence, having attained his object, he hailed the forecastle, at which moment, by some mischance or other, he was suddenly observed to

fall—in his descent he struck against the edge of the fore-top, whence bounding towards the larboard side, he alighted right athwart of the iron of the lower stū'n-sail-boom, breaking his left arm in two places, and both thighs, besides receiving a dreadful fracture on the crown of the head.

Our trip, which promised so much novelty and excitement at starting, was doomed to be every way unlucky and fruitless. The mysterious pirate chief had died of his wounds—leaving no word, or sign behind, by which his country might be known, and the schooner of his excellency, the governor of St. Jago, was under orders to sail the next day after our arrival. We had no option but to go on board, and a most awful four days we had of it. Of salt-fish, garlic, and all sorts of filth and abomination, we had abundance; with a plentiful scarcity of every thing else. We hailed, even the volcanic hills of St. Jago with satisfaction; and, once more alongside of our old transport, sprung on to her busy deck, with the glee of school-boys, hailing home for the midsummer holidays. “So light a thing is vanity;” and what is there on earth that is not vanity?

TO A MUSICAL BOX.

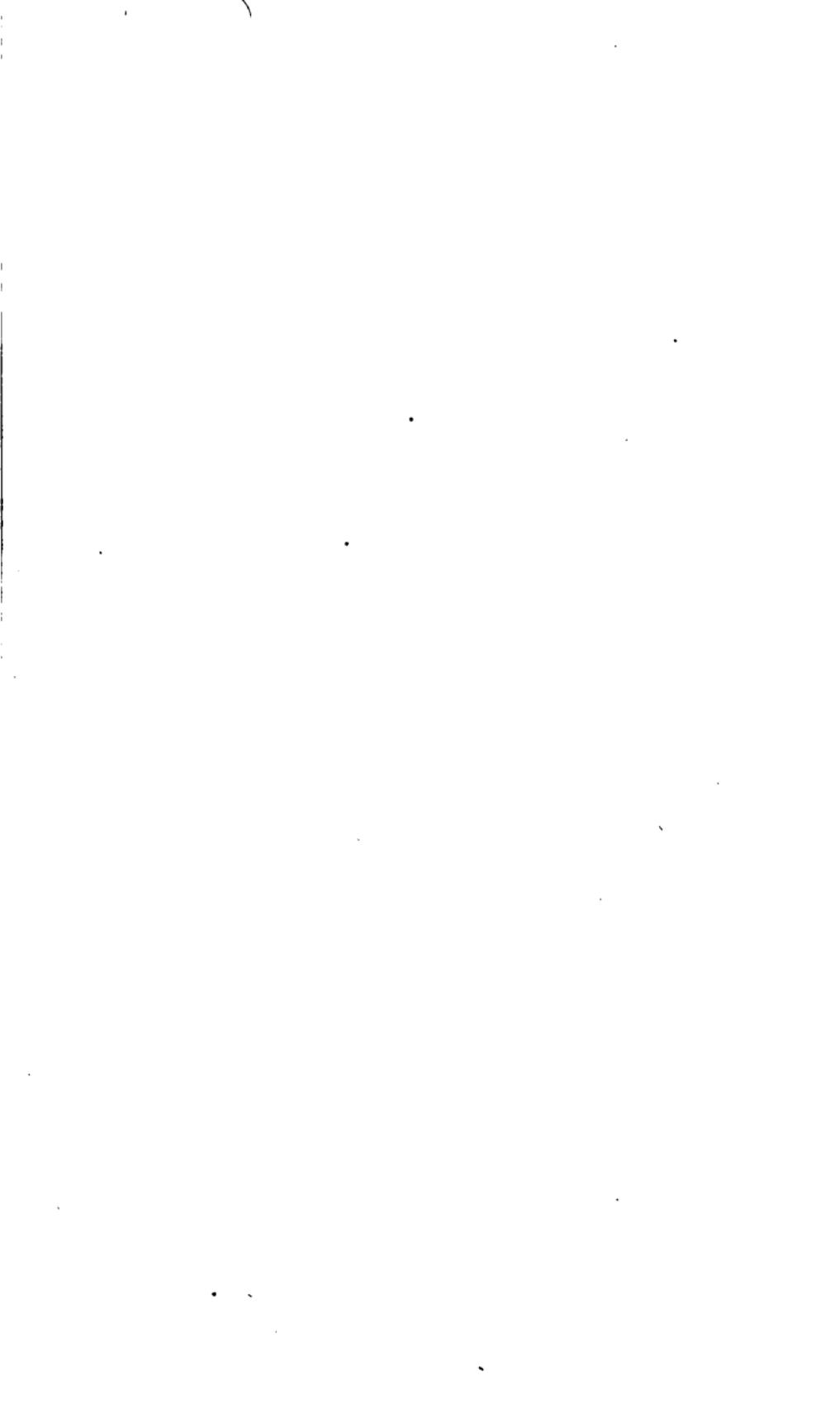
BY MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

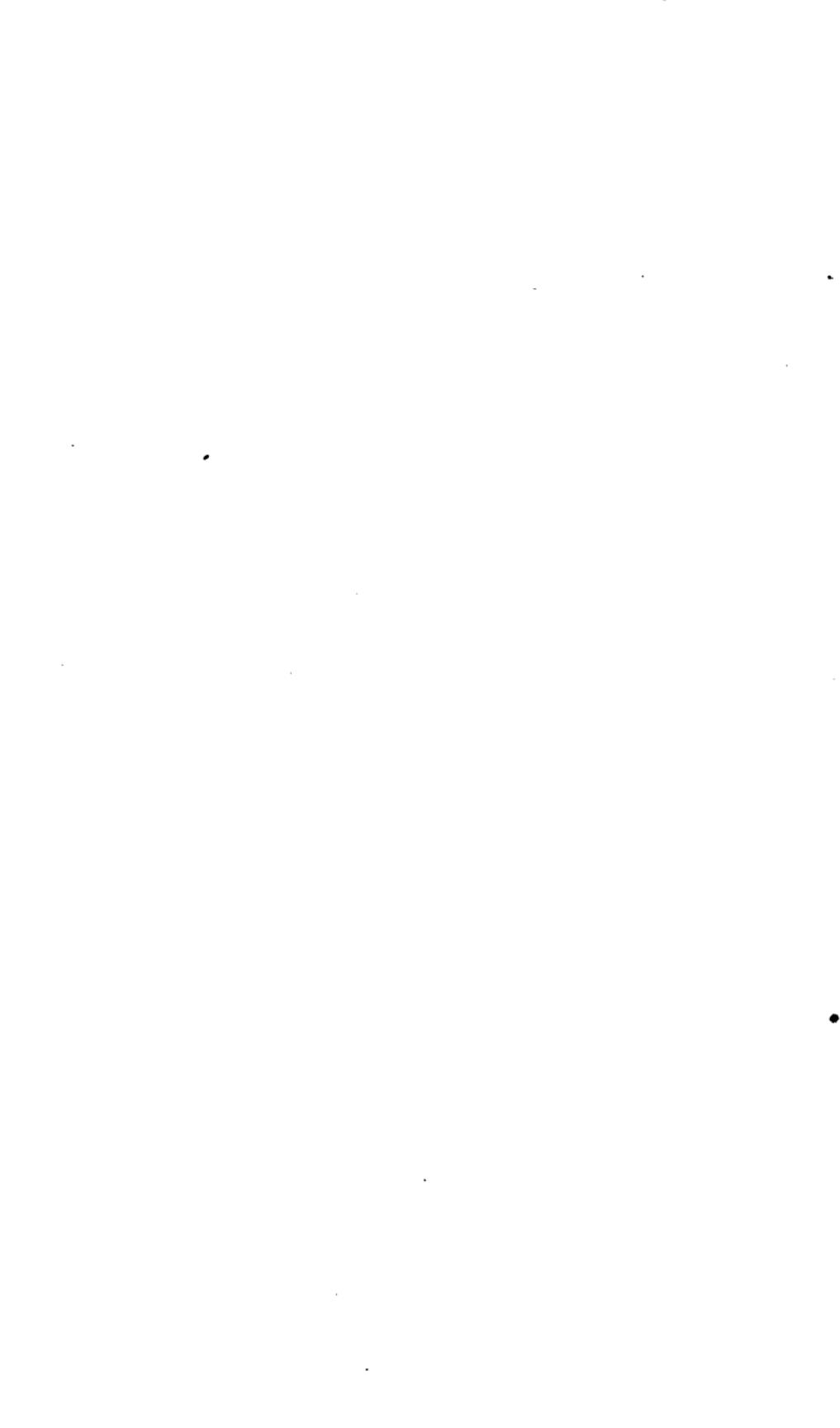
Poor little sprite ! in that dark, narrow cell,
Caged, by the law of man's resistless might ;
With thy sweet, liquid tones, by some strong spell,
Compelled to minister to his delight !
Whence—what art thou ?—Art thou a fairy wight,
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell ?
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow ?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear, pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play,
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou, in darkness, sing'st thy life away ?
And canst thou feel when the spring-time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee ;
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
Of all that lives, save that which is not free ?
Oh, if thou canst, and we could hear thy prayer,
How would thy little voice, beseeching, cry
For one short draught of the fresh morning air,
For one short glimpse of the clear, azure sky !

Perchance, thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free ?
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling ;
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,
To every bud, with honey dew distilling.
That hope is vain : for even couldst thou wing
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay ;
Thou'dst be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,
'Mongst the companions of thy happier day.
For fairy elves, like many other creatures,
Bear fleeting memories, that come and go ;
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,
By absence touch'd, or clouded o'er with wo.
Then, rest content with sorrow ; for there be
Many, who must that lesson learn with thee ;
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully ;
Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
For thy lost bliss, sing but one parting wail,
Poor little sprite ! and then sleep silently.

THE END.













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